This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

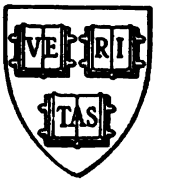
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Br 2107.36(1)

Harvard College Library



BOUGHT FROM THE
ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY
FUND

BEQUEATHED BY
CAROLINE EUSTIS PEABODY
OF CAMBRIDGE

MEMORIALS,

PERSONAL AND HISTORICAL

OF

ADMIRAL LORD GAMBIER,

G.C.B.

LONDON:
Printed by A. Schulze, 13, Poland Street.

MEMORIALS,

PERSONAL AND HISTORICAL

OF

ADMIRAL LORD GAMBIER,

G.C.B.

WITH ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM

WILLIAM PITT FIRST LORD CHATHAM, LORD NELSON,
LORD CASTLEREAGH, LORD MULGRAVE, HENRY FOX FIRST LORD HOLLAND,
THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING, ETC.

EDITED, FROM FAMILY PAPERS,

BY GEORGIANA, LADY CHATTERTON.

"Audi alteram partem."

Second Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1861.

The right of Translation is reserved

Bs. 2107.36 (D)

HARVARD
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
MAY 25 1955

CONTENTS

TO

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Lord Gambier, his family and their connections.—Letters of William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, to Mr. John Pitt, and from Mr. Pelham. 1

CHAPTER II.

Journal and Letters of Lady Featherstonhaugh.—Her description of a Review by the Duke of Cumberland, in 1748.—Marshal Saxe.—Louis Quinze.—Madame de Pompadour.—The Dauphine.—King Charles 4th of Naples. 16

CHAPTER III.

Letters of William Pitt—Mr. Pelham—Lord Cobham. . 34

CHAPTER IV.

Lady Featherstonhaugh's account of Herculaneum, in 1751.—Birth of the Duke of Burgundy, in 1751.—Letters of William Pitt. 43

CHAPTER V.

Encombe described by Lady Featherstonhaugh.—Letters of William Pitt, Mr. Pelham, and Mr. Lethueiller, from Genoa, Parma, and Dresden.—The Court of Frederick Augustus, King of Poland —Frederic the Great, of Prussia.—The Duke of Brunswick, &c. 57

CHAPTER VI.

Letters of William Pitt, announcing his intended marriage to Lady Hester Grenville.—Prophetic observations about it in a letter from Mr. Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to Mr. John Pitt. —Letters of Admiral Forbes—of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland. 71

CHAPTER VII.

Sketch of Mr. Morton Pitt.—King George the Third's bon mot about him.—Letter from George Grenville, &c. . . 90

CHAPTER VIII.

Letter from the celebrated actress, Mademoiselle Clairon—from Lord Lindsay—the Countess of Thun, and the Duke of Brunswick, &c. 104

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. John Pitt's letter relating to Count Benyowsky . . 122

CHAPTER X.

Sketch of Lady Middleton—Mrs. Bouverie, &c. . . . 138

CHAPTER XI.

Letters of Hannah More. 181

CHAPTER XII.

Death of Lady Middleton. 203

CHAPTER XIII.

Letters of Hannah More. 226

CHAPTER XIV.

Captain Gambier appointed to the 'Defence,' 74.—Action of 1st of June. 245

CHAPTER XV.

Letters from Hannah More, continued. 257

CHAPTER XVI.

Letters from Sir Charles Stuart—Hannah More, &c. . . . 272

CHAPTER XVII.

Letters from Lady Chatham—Hannah More. 281

CHAPTER XVIII.

Letters from Mr. Cornish Gambier—Hannah More. . . 317

CHAPTER XIX.

Letters from Hannah More—Duke of York 333

CHAPTER XX.

Admiral Gambier appointed to the Board of Admiralty.—Letters of Lord Hugh Seymour. 340

CHAPTER XXI.

Letters from the Prince of Wales—the Duke of York—the Adjutant-General—the Marquis of Buckingham—Lord Clare—Lord Hugh Seymour—Lady Spencer—the Earl of Euston, &c., on the state of Ireland, in 1796. 347

CHAPTER XXII.

Letters from the Marquis de Chabert to Lord Gambier—Martha More, and Mr. Wilberforce. 374

MEMORIALS, PERSONAL AND HISTORICAL,

OF

ADMIRAL LORD GAMBIER.

81

CHAPTER I.

THE prominent, though disputed position which Lord Gambier occupies in the Naval History of England, and the total absence of any reliable published information as to his personal qualities, call for a few memorial words respecting him, for reasons which I submit to the reader as valid. I submit that he is entitled to a place in the memorial literature of this country, because events of considerable importance revolve round his public career, and because untoward combinations of circumstances have caused him to be misapprehended more than most men.

James Gambier was born in 1756, at the Bahamas, of which his father was Lieutenant-Governor. His great grandfather, being a Huguenot, had left Normandy on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes,

and taken refuge in England. Some monumental fragments in Normandy, together with various other circumstances, prove the family to have been one of antiquity and importance; but the emigrant part of it, not having much cause to bless the land of their birth, and being absolutely deficient in that hybrid moral quality called family pride—systematically ignored their own French antecedents, and the Great Revolution destroyed all further trace of them, the family papers being then burnt.

James Gambier was, with his eldest brother and two sisters (one of whom was afterwards Mrs. Morton Pitt), sent to England while an infant, and brought up by his aunt, Lady Middleton (who was wife of Sir Charles Middleton, afterwards First Lord of the Admiralty, and Lord Barham). He entered the navy in 1767, on board his uncle's (Captain Gambier's) ship, the 'Yarmouth.'

He was lieutenant in 1776, commander in 1778, and captain in the same year. As a captain, he served off the coast of Jersey during the French attempt on the island in 1781; off the coast of North America, under his uncle, Admiral Gambier, and Lord Howe successively, serving on shore with the Naval Brigade at the reduction of Charlestown in 1781, and capturing an American ship of war the same year.

I do not dwell upon these matters—believing that the patience of the public has been more than

sufficiently tried by voluminously minute details of the unimportant services performed by the subjects of memoirs. This compilation being chronological, Lord Gambier's remaining promotions, appointments, and public services will be noticed in their proper place. The subject, however, cannot be postponed without a few words of comment; because the dearth of information respecting him has caused the misapprehension that he owed his advancement to his friendship with Mr. Wilberforce—a supposition resulting from ignorance of the fact that he was nearly connected with the Pitts, and that his uncle and his brother-in-law were strong and influential supporters of the government by which he was created a Peer.

Thus much as regards political influence; but all who knew Lord Gambier most intimately, bear overwhelming evidence in proof of his disinclination to profit by private interest, and his single-minded desire to serve his country to the best of his power —neither desiring honours, nor coveting emoluments. The fact of his having refused a pension is, I think, tolerably conclusive on this last point. If his intimacy with Mr. Wilberforce affected him at all professionally at that period of violent party feeling, it did so to his prejudice, because it made more patent the religious opinions, or rather practice, which have been so grossly misrepresented. No

man in his senses would now accuse Mr. Wilberforce of hypocrisy and cant; yet be it remembered that, when standing up for an uninteresting race, against a body of millionaires struggling for their wealth, almost for their existence, such epithets were very freely applied to his name.

In point of fact, Lord Gambier's views of religion were eminently simple, practical, and devoid of sectarianism—excluding *none* of the generally received amusements of society. I could cite many instances of this; but omit doing so, believing that I can save the reader's time, with an equal claim to credibility, by simply affirming such to be the united and undeviating testimony of the people who knew him best—a testimony given by them to myself repeatedly and without variation.

It may be as well to state, on the authority of officers who served under him, that the quasi religious practices, into which Lord Dundonald says that he "does not care to enter,"* mean, when interpreted, the celebration of Divine Service on board ship. This was carried out by Lord Gambier, in *undeviating conformity to the naval regulations*. He neither added to nor substracted from, altered or modified in the slightest degree, those regulations. He only carried them out, instead of neglecting them. Further confirmation, or rather

* Autobiography of a Seaman. Vol. i. p. 360.

repetition, of this fact will appear in a letter of the year 1809, addressed to the Naval Chronicle.

When it is remembered that this was done, and the principle involved therein first and unsupportedly asserted by a junior captain at the end of the last century—the conscientiousness, moral courage, and persistency of the man only require to be known to be appreciated in this country.

The sort of insinuations to which he, a man of a proud and sensitive nature, was thereby subjected, till he effectually silenced them by his excessive gallantry on the glorious first of June, may be indirectly gathered from the good-humoured banter of a personal friend on that occasion. As his ship, the 'Defence,' floated past, mastless and little more than a wreck, Captain Pakenham, of the 'Invincible,' seized a speaking trumpet, and called out to him, "Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth."

Among those family documents on which I shall have occasion to draw largely in the following pages, there are many letters to, from, or concerning different connexions or friends of Lord Gambier, living at, or just before his time. It is evident that this would be no claim for their insertion in a printed book, wherein (as I believe) unconsidered or useless matter is a crime, being a surreptitious means of obtaining the reader's attention under false pretences: but the people to whom I allude have each a distinct claim to the amount of

notice they receive; and of some it may be said that while they lived they were remarkable in their several spheres of action, and when they died, they left each an uninherited individuality.

Such documents must always have a value peculiarly their own. They place the reader in the warm life-atmosphere of topics whose immediate interest has long since passed away; and they represent, not public statements dramatized for the press or the hustings, but ebullitions of private feeling evoked by circumstances as they arose.

The earliest letters in the collection are from the great Lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt), and illustrate a period of his private life very little known. Mr. John Pitt, of Encombe, in Dorsetshire, to whom they are addressed, was a cousin of Lord Chatham; and his son, Morton Pitt, married one of Lord Gambier's sisters, Margaret, a woman of singular beauty and attractiveness. John Pitt was a younger son of the elder branch of the family; and inherited his two magnificent properties, Encombe and Kingston, from his mother, who was the last of that branch of the Greys, and a descendant of the Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey. His elder brother, by a different mother, inherited the paternal property, Strathfieldsaye, afterwards purchased by the nation for the Duke of Wellington, and was the father of George Pitt, in whose favour the dormant title of Rivers

was revived in 1776. Mr. John Pitt was in office during four successive ministries, from 1744 to 1757.* He was a man of very great political influence in Dorsetshire, and went by the *sobriquet* of the Great Commoner of the *West*, in contradistinction to his famous cousin, "The Great Commoner of England."

The first of these letters, which, by the bye, refer chiefly to those peculiarly English questions known generally as county business, is dated 1747—Mr. Pitt then being member for Old Sarum and Paymaster of the Forces in the Pelham Ministry.

To comment upon them would be an impertinence to the reader, whom I would only remind, as regarding the unofficial simplicity and kindly freshness of feeling which they breathe throughout, that Mr. Pitt was fast rising into that fame which will last till genius and rectitude shall cease to be honoured and the art of printing be forgotten.

It was just four years since he had made that speech on the Committee of Supply which gained him the spontaneous applause of the British nation,† and eight months since he had refused

* Broad Bottom, Pelham, Newcastle. } One of the Lords of Trade.

Pitt——(first)——One of the Lords of the Admiralty.

† An individual instance of which was shown practically by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who, two months before her death, made a codicil to her will, dated August 11th, 1744, in

two recognized perquisites of office and applied the sums to the public service.*

FROM MR. PITT TO MR. JOHN PITT.

Bath, January 7, 1747.

Dear Pitt,

I am extremely anxious to know the result of your examination at Wareham into the usage with regard to conveyances in point of time; which, I understand, would probably guide the proceedings upon the question relating to them. This, Lyttleton has informed me, was the object of your journey into Dorsetshire, in consequence of the meeting had upon this matter. I can have nothing more at heart, my dear Pitt, than your success, and to be able to be of any use to you. I am at present far

these words: "I also give to William Pitt, of the parish of St. James's within the Liberty of Westminster, Esq., the sum of Ten Thousand Pounds upon account of his merit, in the noble defence he has made for the support of the Laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country."

* It was customary that £100,000 in advance should remain in the hands of the Paymaster, and as customary that the said official should place the same in government securities—pocketing the interest of the sum and his own principle. It was also considered fair to take half per cent. perquisite on the subsidies granted by the British Government to the King of Sardinia and the Queen of Hungary. When Mr. Pitt refused to levy this official blackmail, the King of Sardinia in admiration offered him the sum as a gift; and on the latter declining to accept it, the King said, "Surely this Englishman is somewhat more than a man."

from well, and unless I find infinitely more amendment the next week than I have hitherto done since I came hither, I fear I am not able to get through one day's attendance in the House. However, as I gain ground, I have reason to hope that, by a little more time here, I may get rid of my disorder quite, before it fixes, as it did once, upon a part so hard to dislodge it from. If any accident should put off the hearing for a few days (which I almost wish, because I can't think with patience of being absent), I beg you will let me know it as soon as you do: as also, how soon any question of much moment in the cause is likely to be come to. I have no doubt but you will be fairly and honourably supported, which is the greatest pleasure to me, under the mortifying apprehension of not being in a condition to attend the House. If I leave this place so as to be in town by the 19th inst., I beg to have a line from you as soon as you can.

Bad news from Quarry Hill. I believe they mean to deal like Jews, in which case I will break off.

Though I write this to London, I am not quite without hope that you may return from Dorsetshire by way of Bath, which will be the greatest pleasure to me,

My dear friend and kinsman,

Your affectionate friend,

W. PITT.

The two following letters are on the subject of an election* and the means whereby it was won by Mr. Drax, who (being otherwise unknown to Fame) obtained, by means detailed in these two letters, the honour of having his name mentioned by the great William Pitt.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

London, July 23, 1747.

My dear Pitt,

It is with the greatest concern and indignation that I perused your letter of the 20th, from Wareham. I am extremely sorry that the distance is so great, and my presence here at the office in some measure necessary for a few days, otherwise I would set out immediately to come to you. The outrage committed against you and George Pitt is so inhuman, that I feel more resentment at it than will at present leave me in a proper state of mind to offer you my advice. However, all I will say to you as yet upon this matter, I think can be liable to no objection: it is only this; that the

* "You can have no idea of the emptiness of London, and of the tumult everywhere else. To-day the elections begin. The sums of money distributed within this month would give anybody a very faint idea of the poverty of this undone country!" July, 1747.—*Letters of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann*, Vol. II. page 203—204.

Question for posterity. Why does the country always seem undone in the eyes of those whose party is out of office?

more depositions you procure against all persons, the two Drax's especially, concerned in the riot, the better able you will be to judge how far you will carry your prosecutions. These depositions can only be procured properly and with ease now, while the fact is recent in memory, and before people are tampered with. When they are once got, the prosecution is always in your power, and you will have time for second thoughts, and more cool deliberation than, I confess, I am at present able to treat this affair with. I rejoice extremely that you express so much confidence in a petition. I beg you will not leave Wareham before you have settled with your agents all evidence and material for it. You need not fear that justice will be wanting in St. Stephen's Chapel. I hope you will not be confined long, or suffer much pain or disability from your arm. I am impatient, my dear Pitt, to embrace you and see you in perfect health. If George Pitt is with you, I desire my best compliments to him, and hope he is not much hurt. The news you see in the papers* from Italy is true; it

* "Mr. Chute received a letter from you yesterday, (July 27th, 1747), with the account of the deliverance of Genoa, which had reached us before, and had surprised nobody. But when you wrote, you did not know of the great victory obtained by eleven battalions of Piedmontese over six and forty of the French, and of the lucky but brave death of the Chevalier de Belleisle."—*Letters of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann.*

is a very seasonable and fortunate blow. God bless you, my dear Pitt.

Most affectionately yours,
W. PITT.

MR. PELHAM TO MR. JOHN PITT.

July 25, 1747.

Sir,

I am extremely concerned at the account Mr. William Pitt* gives me of the very extraordinary usage you have met with at Wareham; the loss of your election was some surprise, but the accident you had, from the violence of a mob afterwards, gives me real concern. I hope, however, it is not so bad as reported, and that the hurt you had was more slight, and, of consequence, that you are now quite well again.

Mr. Doddington has been again soliciting me very strongly to get the late Governor of Portland Castle restored, which I should not be against trying, had you not sent me word that he busied himself in your election more than was proper or necessary for one to do, who was desiring favours of the Government.

I told Mr. Doddington I had this information, but did not let him know from whom. He enquired amongst his friends, who assure him the man did not concern himself at all, not even to the

* First Earl of Chatham.

giving of his own vote; I then said I would make enquiry also, and as I found, I should act. This is the particular reason of my troubling you with a letter now, and hope soon to hear from you your thoughts upon it. I am told the officers of the revenue did well, but that the Dissenters were in general against you. I am satisfied my friends in London gave proper instructions, but I hear Drax has lately built a meeting-house at his own expense, which got him credit amongst those people, and naturally influenced the congregations in the country.

I am, with great truth and respect, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
H. PELHAM.

The next is from Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, exclusively on West County elections.

MR. FOX TO MR. JOHN PITT.

December 11, 1748.

Dear Sir,

I am engaged by Mr. Pierce to present his petition for Wells; and Mr. Speke does not renew his, so it should seem to point at Mr. Gwyn, and him only. But I am so far from intending that, that I fairly declared to Mr. Speke last year, that against Mr. Gwyn I could not assist him, and should leave him as soon as the question of the

Right of Election should be over. And I now think it right to let you know that it is only to come at that question that I present this petition. So, that, if Mr. Gwyn's friends will be easy in that regard, he may be as easy in his seat, and as free from expense in order to preserve it, as he pleases, and as I, indeed, wish him.

I shall present the petition, of which I have given Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Gwyn notice, on Tuesday. I hope I shall see you in the House to-morrow, when I will hope for your assistance to bring the point I wish in this affair to bear, and which, I can convince you, is such a point as you must wish, and may wish success to, notwithstanding your relation to Mr. Gwyn, to whom I am an old acquaintance, and, with great reason, a sincere well-wisher.

I am, with great truth, Sir,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
H. Fox.

I leave it to your better judgment whether you will mention this letter to Mr. Gwyn till I have had the honor of seeing you or no.

Endorsed by Mr. John Pitt. Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, Secretary at War.

MR. PELHAM TO MR. JOHN PITT.

January 24th, 1750.

Sir,

The Election of Dorchester makes more noise in the town than either you or I thought it would have done, when we first talked together upon that subject; and I find there is a probability, by there being two writs, that there will be two elections. In that case I conclude you will do what you can to secure yourself, as far as is consistent with what has already passed between us. But as I understand Lord Carpenter is making a strong push for the second turn, at least, I must most earnestly insist with you that your utmost force is exerted to keep him out, and to join Mr. Damer. You must be sensible that the * your election was personal regard to you; and, of consequence, how I shall be committed in a certain place, if by that means only Lord Carpenter and another person should be chosen in this Parliament. You see I write with great frankness to you; I most heartily wish you good success, both on a personal and publick account, and flatter myself I shall hear, by the return of the post, that both you and Mr. Damer are chosen.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

H. PELHAM.

* Illegible in MS.

CHAPTER II.

The following fragmentary extracts are from a series of journalistic letters, written by Lady Featherstonhaugh, of Uppark, Sussex. A few words will explain why they are introduced.

She was the first female traveller who ascended Mont Cênis; her description of which, and of Herculaneum, was read by her half-brother, Mr. Letheuillier before the Royal Society, and published in their Transactions. Her eldest brother, Mr. Iremonger, of Wherwell Priory, Hampshire, married Miss Morgan, sister to Mr. John Pitt, of Encombe; and, many years after, Mr. Iremonger's son married Miss Harriet Gambier, a sister of Lord Gambier's and of Mrs. Morton Pitt, whose husband was the eldest son of John Pitt before mentioned.

But, setting aside such indirect claims for insertion here, Lady Featherstonhaugh's letters have an intrinsic value. She was at Aix-la-Chapelle while the preliminaries for the peace of 1748 were being settled, and present at the diplomatic parties

given there by Lord Sandwich, one of the English Plenipotentiaries. Altogether her descriptions have a life-like freshness about them that carries one back, body and mind, over the gulf of years, and sets one down, as it were, ready dressed on the spot. Moreover, her letters, as also those of the before-mentioned Mr. Letheuillier, come in pleasantly as contemporary pictures of continental men and manners, drawn by two private and unprejudiced individuals under manifest advantages. They will, therefore, after the necessary weeding, be inserted among the other letters, according to their dates.

LADY FEATHERSTONHAUGH TO MR. LETHEUILLIER.

Aix-la-Chapelle, Wednesday, June 29th, 1748.

"We waited on the Princess of Orange (at the Hague), whose drawing room is not so brilliant as our King's, all ranks of people being admitted in any kind of dress. She played upon the harpsichord, and sang in the midst of a circle composed of very odd figures. The 'House in the Wood,' where the Prince of Orange goes in the summer, is a damp, disagreeable situation, much inhabited by frogs.

"Shiveling,* not far from the Hague, is a very

* Not known on the maps. Quære—*Scheveningen*, where Charles II. embarked for England on his restoration? The avenue and distance from the Hague warrants the suggestion.

pretty village. We staid at the Hague two days; were well lodged in a clean, elegant hotel, and had a good table provided for us at so much a head. From hence we went to Leyden, a pretty town with a good university; passed one day there, and the next, had a delightful ride in an open Dutch phaeton that holds eight, along the side of the Harlem Mere to Amsterdam, a very busy trading town. The Stadthaus is a very fine building. We saw some of the churches, and rode about the town in a coach put upon a sledge. Many of the Dutch gentry have country houses by the side of Harlem Mere, with gardens down to the banks of it, which look extremely pretty. At one of them we were very politely entertained with tea, &c."

Among the several practical difficulties that stand in the way of carrying out the snug theory of a universal language, as prognosticated by the ingenious author of the "Coming Struggle," not the least formidable is the extreme difficulty of conveying ideas correctly in one's own, and the hopeless prospect of being condemned to work with one formed by a general fusion of all. Seriously, however, one or two expressions in Lady Featherstonhaugh's journal lead one to reflect on the chameleon-like colouring of language.

In the relation between common expressions

and the things they stand for, two peculiarities attract one's attention: first, that certain terms are redolent of the period during which they are habitually used, and fall into disuse with the things signified; secondly, that certain other expressions are heard least when and where the things signified are most abundant.

Of the former class, examples are pretty numerous. For instance, the word *politeness* lost caste in England when the thing it represented came to be virtually reckoned by the ingenuous youth as symbolical of a dancing master; and the same thing happened in France when Frenchmen took to bluntness.

Again, with respect to the expression *waiting upon*, in reference to invitations. How could such a term be fairly used in our own day, when guests conspicuously ignore their host's convenience?

Of the second class, viz.: those terms whose popularity is in an inverse ratio with the abundance of the things signified, the word *liberty* is a representative term.

I take it for granted that, for avoidance of the bayonet-law Scylla, and the mob-law Charybdis, we, in this island, keep as straight as may be in mid-channel, and never more so than at the present time; nor do I anticipate contradiction in further stating that at no period in the history

of any country was the word *liberty* so little used as in England at the present time. In truth it is hardly heard at all, except in such places as "Discussion Forum."

To follow out this branch of the subject might be invidious; but, from the foregoing expressions, it seems to result that terms of present social import fall into disuse with the things they represent; but that those terms which suggest ideas generally received as honourable, under penalty of contempt, do usually make the least noise at those times and places where their presence is most generally acknowledged as a fact.

To return to Lady Featherstonhaugh's Journal.

"From Amsterdam we went up the Amstel in a *trachtschut* to Utrecht where we lay. From Utrecht, we had a long day's journey to Grave, crossing the Rhine, the Waal, and the Meuse. We sailed over the Waal, and crossed the Meuse on a bridge of boats. We were in the dark two hours before we reached Grave, and being in the neighbourhood of the English and Hanoverian army, were alarmed with the apprehension of falling in the way of marauders. Musing on this between the Waal and the Meuse, we were surprised with a number of fires we saw at some distance on each side of the road; and, making a pretty hasty inquiry about them, we had the

pleasure of hearing that the objects of our fears were our safe-guards, for at each fire there were stationed a number of soldiers, to give the alarm if any insult was offered on the high road. This contributed much to our ease the remainder of the journey. The next day we were so fortunate as to arrive at the English camp just as the Duke of Cumberland was reviewing six thousand Hanoverian horse. They went through all the manœuvres of a battle fought unhurt, and remained on the field of battle all alive, and good friends.

"It was a noble sight, but what made it likewise a joyous one, was the consideration that the fatigues and dangers of war were over, and the army going to return in peace to their friends and country.

"The gentlemen got on horseback to see the Review. I sat by the side of a Dutch coachman on the coach-box. The camp extended eight miles, and (English and Hanoverians together) contained forty thousand men. The officers showed us great civilities, and we dined very elegantly in Colonel Letheuillier's tent.

"In the evening we went to Bois-le-Duc, where we were miserably lodged for two nights—being detained much against our will, for want of horses and carriages, and put much out of humour by being carried before a magistrate, and made to pay for a horse which we had neither lost nor killed; but one of the servants had left him on the road in

returning from the camp, not being able to get him on; and we discovered the next morning that he was safely locked up in the owner's stable, whilst he was accusing us before the magistrate.

"The civility of our landlady was not much greater than the justice of our landlord, for she would on no account permit us to eat but at the ordinary, where a great number of officers of different nations dined at the same table, a circumstance not unentertaining, and I have no reason to complain of their want of politeness to the only woman in the company.

"On the third day, we set out from Bois-le-Duc in carts, much like those the Essex calves are carried in, and arrived in the evening with keen appetites at Eyndhoven, rejoiced at the thoughts of mutton and broth; but could by no means prevent the Dutch cook from putting into it vinegar and eggs, which made a dish fit only for herself. Our beds were not more agreeable than our supplies; we all lay upon straw in one room, and though much fatigued, could have no relief by sleep, being devoured by fleas, &c.

"We were glad to set out early next morning for Ruremonde, where the Hussars and Pandours were encamped, under the command of Marshal Bathiany. Fortunately we arrived on the day the Marshal was to review them, and having dined at

the ordinary with a great number of officers, we were afterwards conducted to the Marshal's tent, who received us with great politeness. There we met with a few German ladies, and all kinds of refreshment, and saw the review much at our ease; and it was, perhaps, much the most extraordinary sight I shall ever see.

"The men scarcely look human, the swarthiness of their complexions, their size, their whiskers, the roughness of their dress, without linen, and with bare arms and legs, two or three brace of pistols stuck into their belts, besides other arms, and their method of turning their heads and eyeballs all the same way to look at their general as they march, all this combined together, gives them a fierceness not to be described.

"We saw them drawn up like a Roman phalanx, march, fire, and go through a number of extraordinary evolutions. Their music consisted of kettle drums, so large as to be placed on the ground, and a kind of brass bason, with a very broad brim, one of which they hold in each hand, and beating them together, produce no inharmonious sound, and, accompanied with the kettle drums, a very loud and warlike one.

"From this tremendous spectacle, we went to a very jolly one in the camp, where there was scarce a tent in which there was not the most cheerful music, and the German girls very prettily dressed,

dancing Allemande* dances with their uncouth men, to the greatest perfection. We were greatly delighted with the whole of our entertainment, and very patiently suffered the fatigue and inconvenience of having no other lodging that night but one room in the post-house, where we all sat up till it was light, and could get no other carriage to carry us hither (Aix-la-Chapelle) but an open waggon. This place presents us with a new scene. Here all the plenipotentiaries are met to settle the peace; but the fatigue of business makes them think amusement the more necessary, and they are extremely gay here. We arrived here yesterday, in time to dress and go to the play, and, after all our fatigue, were in spirits enough to be entertained with it. To-day we dine with Lord and Lady Sandwich. She has an assembly every evening, where all the ministers meet, wear the face of friendship, and agree in their parties of amusement, however they may differ in political affairs.

* * * *

Brussels, September 1.

"The next day, passing through Louvain, we saw the French camp. One cannot help regret-

* So called when introduced into society in England. They were known as early as the time of James I. I remember to have seen an old print of Charles I. when Prince of Wales, dancing an Allemande with some foreign Princess.

ting the devastation one sees in so beautiful a country. It will be some years before it recovers its former plenty and cheerfulness. At present it is rendered still more melancholy by the shocking objects we often see by the side of the road [the deserters from the several armies being hung there on gallows, seven or eight in number]. . . . . The house [theatre at Brussels] was filled with well-dressed company, the Marshal [Saxe] sat in a large stage-box, with a great many of his attendants, among whom were some very handsome ladies of a certain sort, who always make part of his suite.

* * *

Paris, December 17th, 1749.

"He [Louis Quinze] is a very handsome, agreeable-looking man. The Queen we saw at dinner in her own bedchamber, attended by some of the ladies and gentlemen of the Court. She looks very unhealthy and dejected, but is esteemed as a very pious, good woman, and has great sweetness and complacency in her countenance. She is now out of favour with the King, and the Lady that succeeds her in His Majesty's good graces is Madame Pompadour, to whom all the court is paid. She is just made Dame d'Honneur to Her Majesty, is a fine woman as to her person, and very sensible and lively. From the Queen's apartment we went to the Dauphin's, and saw him and the Dauphiness

at dinner. He is a very fat, heavy-looking man; she, young and handsome, but not a very good-natured look. They took little notice of each other; and he was intent upon satisfying a very voracious appetite. The business of the table is not the most graceful situation for a man to be observed in. A king and queen who are to eat in public should not do it with eagerness that is disgusting. However, we proceeded to the same ceremony in the department of the Mesdames, and found them making a more cheerful meal; they were five in number, very good-looking young women, with cheeks as red as a piece of scarlet cloth; for in France, the higher the rank, the deeper the rouge. They conversed very freely and cheerfully with each other and with those about them, and seemed well disposed for society and mirth.

Paris, December 20th, 1749.

"Christmas-day we kept by going to Lord Albemarle's,* where the service was performed, as it is every Sunday morning, by Mr. Jeffreys, his chaplain, in two rooms, where about fifty English assembled. In the evening we went to the 'concert spirituel,' an entertainment of the same kind as our oratorios. There were about fifty musicians and as many voices. The choruses were good, but the composition nothing like Handel's. I was in

* The English Ambassador.

the great Opera-House, and I never saw a house better filled with fine company. The ladies all dressed in rich stuffs, a profusion of jewels, and scarlet cheeks, made a most gaudy appearance. To avoid particularity, and not to look as if I was dead, my hair is curled and powdered, with a thousand black pins stuck into it, and I apply a little rose-colour to my cheeks."

How strange is the pertinacity with which we adhere to certain fallacies whose refutation lies physically before our eyes! For instance, the present generation of Englishwomen have witnessed the superior circumference of their Gallic sisters, in the palmy days of "Malakoffs," as Lady Featherstonhaugh witnessed the superior depth of colouring in their cheeks and the superior weight of powder in their hair; whilst intermediate generations have borne record to the same relative proportions: and yet we go on repeating mechanically that French fashions are exaggerated in England.

Which view of the case, like many other general propositions that clash with one's innate* perceptions of justice, contains a sufficient quantity of diluted truth to keep it going. Certain it is that, whether from an inherent aversion to meretricious glaringness, or from some unacknowledged remains

* Pardon, O shade of Locke! Not innate—I abjure the heresy. I mean, producible by early association.

of Puritanism, but, most probably, from both causes combined, a large majority of Englishwomen adopt Parisian fashions, not with exaggeration (properly so called), but either with a kind of shame-faced awkwardness or a bad attempt at effrontery; whereas the *Parisienne* "comprehends her epoch" and carries out the dressmaking "idea" of the day with as much dignity and conviction as if she were annexing Savoy.

LADY FEATHERSTONHAUGH'S JOURNAL CONTINUED.

Paris, January 16th, 1750.

"The Frenchmen are polished and attentive to anything in the female dress; indeed, their civility and attention to the ladies who are of all their parties, is so great and so general, that I am afraid I shall look upon my own countrymen as very deficient* in good breeding.* * * This evening's intelligence is of great importance. Colonel York† is just come in from Versailles, and tells us the Dauphiness is exactly fourteen days gone with child. She now keeps her bed for fear of accidents, dressed in a very elegant manner, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the court visit her, and enquire into the particulars of her health.

* Question for intelligent travellers. Had Lady Featherstonhaugh written her journal a century later, would her comparative view of European politeness have been the same?—Ed.

† Secretary of Legation.

"I sometimes go to the French Opera, but it is all show and noise, and I cannot be pleased with French singing.

"Fresh intelligence from Versailles. The Dauphiness is permitted to walk about her room in low, broad-heeled shoes. She longs for pine-apples, and an express is sent to Holland for them. There are none in France.

Marseilles, August 30th, 1750.

"A longer continuance in this place does not make it more agreeable; the heat is insupportable: the noise disturbs us, and the stinks of all kinds make us wish we had lost the sense of smelling. The only part of the four-and-twenty hours when one might expect a refreshing breeze, the air is rendered so offensive we are obliged to shut all our windows, from the filthy custom of throwing everything out of the windows into the street; upon your head if you happen to be in the way. They have a strange prejudice against our neatness in this respect; they think these smells wholesome, and will, on no account, suffer such buildings as we have, either in their gardens or yards."

As public opinion is apt to progress in a circle, perhaps this economical view of the case may become popular in England in time, to rescue some

of the black mail levied on the city of London by Father Thames.

February 22nd, 1750.

"Avignon is a very pretty, neat town belonging to the Pope. As you cross the ferry, the view of the country up the river and the ruins of an old bridge are very beautiful. The Chevalier* has a palace here, and a sort of Court, composed of poor, miserable English, Irish, and Scotch, that can live nowhere else. They offered us their services, and anything we wanted at Avignon.

Rome, 1750.

"The Pope's (Benedict XIV.) countenance is expressive of great sweetness and beneficence, and his character corresponds with his face. He is much beloved, and his principles so moderate for a Pope, that he is called the Protestant Pope."

"Avignon," says Lady Featherstonhaugh, "is a very pretty, neat town," an epithet which she consistently refuses to every other town in France. Strange that the excepted city should have belonged to the Pope. Be that as it may, however, it is novel and pleasant to miss for once the old stereotyped phrases so constantly dinned into one's ears in the matter of the Swiss Cantons.

* The young Pretender.

"He (the Pope) rides along the street in a very large, old-fashioned coach, drawn by eight horses, the coachman and postilions on the horses, with full-bottomed wigs, without their hats—very ridiculous figures. All the people he meets fall down on their knees. The first time I met him, I got out of my coach to bend my knee as I was bid. He gave me his blessing, and signified he would waive the compliment for the future; so we never willingly put ourselves in the way of meeting him.

"During the year, there are several of the convents open for the entertainment of poor pilgrims; they are fed for three days, that being the time necessary to perform their devotions. As they walk bare-foot, they are first carried into a room to have their feet washed and plaistered, if necessary, and then set down to long tables, where they have soup, fish, and salad. The ladies of the first fashion, as a proof of their humility and penitence, come, at times, to wait upon them. My curiosity carried me there one night; but they, supposing I came there with the same pious design, as soon as the pilgrims were set down to table, a laced bib-apron was brought to me, and a ladle put into my hand. Two men brought in a large copper, with a white petticoat round it that it might not dirt us; and I and two more ladies served five hundred with soup. Other ladies and the priests carried it about, and waited upon them.

Naples.

"We saw all the sport (boar hunting). His Majesty (Charles IV. of Naples) stands behind a tree. His people drive the wild boars before him, and he fires at them. He kills a great number, and that seems to be all the joy of the sport, for he never stirs from the spot he first goes to, and might as well fire at a drove of pigs in a farmyard. But his whole delight and employment is shooting. He never fails going every day of his life (Sundays excepted) to some place for that purpose, and keeps up a weekly correspondence with his brother, the King of Spain, informing him of the number of wild boars, deer, ducks, &c., &c., he kills.

"When he was at Florence, on his way here, he diverted himself with shooting small birds in the gardens of the Grand Duke's palace. His apartments were hung with some very fine tapestry, in which were the portraits of the Medici family. In wet weather, he amused himself with shooting out the eyes of the figures with pistols, upon which they made some excuse to remove it. We saw it repairing, and were told this story at Florence. A pretty specimen of a king! * * He often goes by our windows to some shooting place, in his coach and eight, as hard as the horses can go, attended by his guards and twelve running foot-

men, one of them on each side of the coach with a bag of copper coin, which they throw among the populace as they pass along the streets of Naples, which occasions his being attended with a great crowd and noise. I have sometimes seen the Queen with him, dressed in a yellow riding-habit laced with silver, and a wig over her hair."

CHAPTER III.

Of the same year as the last extract from Lady Featherstonhaugh's journal (1750), there are five pleasantly characteristic letters from Mr. Pitt, one from Lord Cobham on garden architecture, and one from Mr. Pelham, in which he theorizes on the motive power likely to bring a young member to the ministerial benches in Parliament.

MR. PITT TO MR. JOHN PITT.

Pay Office, January 24th, 1750.

My dear Pitt,

Ten thousand thanks to you for a letter which has put me out of great anxiety, occasioned by confident rumours here of the state of Dorchester. My satisfaction would have been complete if you had said one word of your health not being the worse for all you must have gone through; as you don't complain, I will try to hope the best. Manage yourself as much as you can, and come back with health to enjoy victory. I can't tell you how much

I long to embrace you, and get into possession of our pictures, crimson hangings, books, &c.

In commoda publica peccem ;
Si longo sermone morer. ;

Ever yours, my dear Pitt,
W. PITT.

FROM MR. PELHAM TO MR. JOHN PITT.

June 2nd, 1750.

Dear Pitt,

By the letters which came from Hanover last night, I find Mr. Grundy will succeed in his application for the Judge's place, which I am on many accounts very glad of. Though it may possibly give us a little more trouble with Dorchester than a single election would have done. Gundry was with me this morning, and talked everything freely over. I told him what passed between us, which he told me you had, as we agreed, acquainted him with before. His friend, Harris, declines it, and he is of opinion that two of name will not go down, and that the attempting it will probably hurt your interest for the future. I learn also that young Damer's relations have already declared him a candidate; if that be so, and he stands on the right interest, which I can hardly believe he does not, as he is in the army, and has but lately received a favour, surely your family joining with him would make the whole easy. I will contrive to

learn from the elder brother, with whom the younger is now in Italy, upon what foot his brother intends to come into Parliament, and I have not the least doubt but he will deal candidly with me.

You may possibly learn a good deal when you go into Dorsetshire, and as we have a great deal of time before us, I shall hope you will not be driven to a hasty determination any way. You know my thoughts, I will trouble you therefore no more about 'em, but flatter myself you are convinced that I am your well-wisher, and would therefore have you consider well before you engage. I spoke to the Duke about your nephew's leave of absence. He readily consented to it, which I acquainted Captain Pitt with, when I saw him last Wednesday.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most faithful, humble servant,
W. PELHAM.

MR. PITT TO MR. JOHN PITT.

Stowe, August 11th, 1750.

My dear Pitt,

Adieu the hills (or halls) and rocks of Encomb, for this summer at least. I am a good deal out of order, and shall set out to-morrow for Bath. I hope in God this may find you in town; but let it find you where it will, you cannot do so great a

charity as to come and hunt prospects with me, and keep me from hanging myself. I propose to be at Bath by Saturday next, 15th. Come to me, my dear Pitt, if you can, and believe me you will do a real pleasure, and infinite good, to

Your ever affectionate,

W. PITT.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bath, October 11th, 1750.

My dear Pitt,

Though the pleasures of the place are so many and so exquisite, I can't help stealing one moment from them to enquire after your health. I was in hopes to have heard before now that you were well, notwithstanding all the advices of the learned Dr. Brighton and myself; nay, notwithstanding all your own consummate knowledge in physick. But to speak seriously, my dear Pitt, I am not quite easy till I hear how you do. If this should find you still in London, and still in the way I left you, I must repeat my request to you to postpone Dorsetshire affairs, and think of your health; that is, in other words, come to Bath, the seat of health and pleasure. I have the orders of a young lady, I won't name, to let you know she wishes with impatience to see you; if this won't do, you are really worse than I care to think you. I have no return of ague, but am much more

disposed to shake with anything than cold; in short,

Excepto, quod non simul essem, cætera lætus.

Most affectionately yours,
W. PITT.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bath, October 16th, 1750.

My dear Pitt,

I am extremely sorry to hear so bad an account of your disorder, but am much satisfied to find your resolution is taken to come directly here, in order to take advice, and, I hope, to follow it. It would be a great pleasure to me to be in the same house, but that is impossible; nor can I get any lodgings for you on or near the parades, or in any genteel part of the town. However, as people are daily going, as well as arriving, the serviceable Mr. Leake has assured me of a lodging for you by the 22nd instant, and has empowered me to let you know you may trust to it. I long much to see you arrive, and in good hands.

Your very affectionate,
W. PITT.

Be so good as to let Mr. Pelham know when you set out, and ask if he has any commands for me.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

London, November 15th, 1750.

My dear Pitt,

The very good account of your health has given me most sensible satisfaction; however promising the state was in which I left you, I have not been without much anxiety about you till I heard your recovery went on. The *E* * * * has called several times, when I have not been able to see him, but he was so good (as) to leave me the good news of you at his first visit. I rejoice to hear you have got to the rooms; I don't ask what you did there.

> Utrumque nostrum incredibili modo
> Consentit astrum.

I am not a little proud to be remembered by the agreeable society of tea and bread and butter; as I can no more have the pleasure of them myself, I won't be envious of a friend, but generously rejoice that you have the means of passing any of your hours agreeably. News I have none to send you, which you will wonder at. I will be sure to obey your commands about Mr. Pitt. When it is easy for you to write, let me hear how you go on, and what destination is made of your time till the college will set you at liberty. I wish much I could make a trip to see you, if your stay is likely to be long; but I can only wish it, for I find the

thing impossible. Take care of yourself, my dear Pitt, and you will extremely oblige,

Your very affectionate friend,

W. PITT.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

London, December 3rd, 1750.

My dear Pitt,

The good account you give me of the state of your health is full amends in pleasure for the uneasiness your illness gave me; go on and prosper is all I have to say upon the subject; or indeed all that the united college can desire of you. I mean—go on in completing your cure, and don't be in too much haste to fancy you can do all the Admirabilis, and I do so athletically. I was never till now without a sort of prospect of making a short journey to Bath practicable; but *fata obstant*, and a train of occupations, which I can't dispense with, stand between us for some time longer; that is till your return. I have no news of any kind to send you, your affair has not yet been moved, as I imagine, but I dare say Mr. Pelham will take care of it, in time. I shall, however, think a letter from you to him upon the subject might not be improper, as the time begins to approach for execution; as you have no distrust, I dare say you will intimate none, but the more strongly you recommend the affair, the better, always in terms of

perfect confidence in his goodness, &c., I should not think this letter at all necessary, if people's minds were not a good deal taken up with a variety of matter.

Judge of my occupations (such as they are) which have not yet allowed me an opportunity to make my bow to Mrs. Temple. You see I don't use your absence as I ought. Farewell, my dear Pitt, believe me

Your ever affectionate

W. PITT.

You will see Lord Duplin soon at Bath.

TO MR. JOHN PITT FROM LORD COBHAM.

Stowe, July 8th, 1750.

Bashaw as you are, I cannot help being sorry that you left us, though your orders will be as punctually obeyed at a distance, as they would be were you present to enforce them with every art and all the resolution you are master of. The Via Sacra still runs prodigiously in my head, and if the Temple be Xenib instead of the Temple of British Fortune, that of Grecian, Roman, British taste, I shall not be at a loss to know to whom I shall inscribe the triumphal arch. For the Via Sacra you will triumph over Bridgeman, Kent, Vanburgh, and Gibbs.

Will you allow the endorsed design to attend your triumph? Instead of the Statue, I propose

putting upon the top a symbolical or sepulchral urn, which I shall leave to your decision, and every part of the whole subject to such alterations as you shall design to prescribe, remembering always that I have all the stone by me ready worked, otherwise I might not have troubled you to have altered a plan for me, but have asked in all humbleness, as Mr. Speaker says, a design wholly yours. However, if I may be allowed to compare small things with great, I do look upon an excellent cobbler to be a more eminent artist than the very first of shoemakers.

Cobble me up then this draft, and make it sit easy upon your most truly devoted

COBHAM.

CHAPTER IV.

THE following is Lady Featherstonhaugh's account of Herculaneum in 1751, already mentioned as having been read before the Royal Society. The excavations then made and making, but since filled up by their successive Majesties of the Two Sicilies and Jerusalem, were so much more extensive than those now existing, that this description of them preserves its freshness in spite of guide-books and *ciceroni*. It will also be remembered that, although the precise situation of Herculaneum was known as early as 1713, and some excavations began, or about that time, nothing was seriously attempted till the reign of Charles IV. then (1751) on the throne. If the inconsistencies of human nature were less clearly visible in the mirror of one's personal experience, one would be tempted to mistrust contemporary accounts, and doubt whether the same man who formed the Museum at Portici could have amused himself by converting mediæval tapestry into a target.

Her description of Mont Cenis (also read before the Royal Society) is singularly good; but as the only interest it now possesses lies in the fact, already stated, of her having been the first female traveller who made the ascent; and as Mont Cenis is as well known as Primrose Hill, the readers will doubtless thank me for omitting it.

* * *

Naples, Feb. 9th.

"We went a few days ago to Portici, where the King has a palace, a very indifferent house and indifferently furnished, but now the object of every one's curiosity, by containing in several of the rooms all the things taken out of Herculaneum. The Queen's garden belonging to it, and a small wood, are pretty, and curious for having a very shallow depth of earth before you come to the bed of lava which, in its course, overwhelmed the city of Herculaneum* * *. The King is now employing a very ingenious man to write a particular account of them, accompanied by drawings which I have seen."*

Here follows a description of the frescoes, &c., excavated, which I omit, because they are now well-known.

* Antichità di Ercolano, first published in 1757.—Ed.

February 16.

"Having in my last made you acquainted with the curiosities taken out of Herculaneum. I must now carry you underground into the city itself. It is about sixty feet under the present surface of the earth, and the town of Portici is now built over it. Being well-attended by *guardiani* to watch over us, and provided each with a link, we began to descend a narrow passage cut in a gradual descent through the lava; for, at the same time the earthquake happened which destroyed this great city, it was overwhelmed with the burning liquid lava that ran down from Mount Vesuvius, and filled every street and every room in every house.

"They can, therefore, only make their way into it by digging, which is such labour, that the passages they have made are just wide enough for two to pass, and high enough for a man to carry a basket on his shoulder. When they find a wall, they clear the side of it; and, when they come to an angle, turn with it. In this manner you pursue different passages, and perhaps walk a couple of miles. When they come to a window or door they make their way into it; but you must not expect to find yourself in a spacious room, for they only clear the lava from the sides; and, when they have stripped the walls of the painting and marble

with which they are lined, they often fill them up again, to save the trouble of carrying the lava out; which method is much lamented, as by this means, the city will never be clear, nor the buildings seen. How different, too, I find it from the idea I had formed of it.

"I imagined that, having once got into the houses, I could have walked about them; but every place is filled with lava, and it adheres so closely as to have taken the impression of everything it surrounded; and is with difficulty separated, though it is of a much more sandy substance than the lava is in many other places over which it has run. We observed in some places pieces of burnt beams and rafters which looked as if they had supported a floor. In one passage, we passed by a great number of pillars about three feet distant from one another, supposed to have been a portico; they are of brick, plaistered over, fluted and painted red. They are broke off a little above the base, and thrown down, so that they now lie in a horizontal position in the midst of the lava.

"In another place we passed through a sepulchre, a little kind of room about twelve feet square. All round it are small niches, in which are common earthern pots, or urns, with a cover, which are filled with bones, all worm-eaten. Of these I might have been permitted to take, but, as they have lain quietly for seventeen hundred years, I

felt unwilling to separate them. In another place, we manifestly went in at the door of a house, and saw a window on one side of it. It seemed a good large room, but they have left all the lava standing in the middle, and only made a passage round, to get the painting from the wall. Where they have found Mosaic floors, they have cleared the rooms, and taken them up, though I saw a few bits left in some places. We passed by another which they call a bath; it had that appearance; and is of a circular form, seeming to have been made to contain water. Here they found some fine marble and some statues. A little from this place is a stone staircase, but what it leads to is not yet known. We passed by a wall built round the top with a parapet and an arch turned over the top, by which means the lava had been prevented from falling into it, and it is now a good wall. In another place we passed by a stone building. It will be some time before they discover what it really is. In another place they have just found such another building, only of a circular form. In some places we saw the painted plaister sticking to the wall; but they remove them as fast as they find them.

"It is supposed that at present they are only in the suburbs of the town, having found no grand buildings, except the two last should prove such. But the thing the most worth seeing is the theatre.

I fancy you have been disappointed hitherto, so I will lead you up above ground again to take a little fresh air, and walk to the theatre, which is about a quarter of a mile from the place where we first went down. This you have a very good view of, even without going underground, for, over the seats, they have dug through the ground and lava a very wide well; the diameter of it may be twenty feet, and the depth about sixty. The sides are smooth and whited, so that it lets in a very strong light; but you cannot see the whole of it without going underground, which we did. They have cleared a passage all round the outside wall of it, which has been plaistered and painted with pillars and other kind of ornaments; but they have (I think foolishly) taken them away.

"We walked round the corridor, withinside which led to the seats. It is all cleared of the lava, and we saw the arched roof, which is plaistered. This corridor was lined and paved with marble, but that likewise, is removed. There are, in all, twenty-five rows of seats, all of stone. They have cleared a pretty wide space of them down to the bottom, likewise the doors and staircases which led to them (I think there are ten of them). That part of the arena where they imagine the stage to have been, is not yet cleared, nor a great part of the seats. The whole was entirely filled with lava, but it is to be all cleared; and the whole of the

building appears to be perfectly complete and upright, nothing thrown out of its place, but as if it had sunk at once upon a level. They say it served both as a theatre, and an amphitheatre for the gladiators and wild beasts. There does not appear to have been any covering over the seats. It is from some niches in this corridor that most of the fine statues have been taken; but the notion that the theatre was full when the earthquake happened, and that the people had not time to escape, appears to be groundless, for they have found no skeletons there.

"It does not appear that the destruction of this city was so sudden as has been imagined, for there have hitherto been found but little riches, and few skeletons: not above twenty. I can give you a proof of their having, at least, some notice. They found one skeleton in a door-way in a running attitude, with one arm extended, in which there had been a bag of money, for the lava took so exact an impression, that, under the hand of the extended arm, they found a hole (the impression of the bag) in which were several pieces of silver coin. They have, as yet, found no manuscripts, only some few inscriptions on marble, but none of any consequence, or to throw any light upon antiquity.*

* One hundred and fifty vols. of MSS. were found in a chest in 1754.

"I must now take breath a little, for it is very close and hot underground, and not very agreeable among the galley-slaves who are employed to dig there. They are chained two and two, and have a guard over them. The smoke of the torches made us very near as black as they were, and we were glad to return to Naples, and change our dress.

Paris, September 19th, 1751.

* * * *

"I have now a much more important event to tell you, which puts all Paris in a bustle. A Duke of Burgundy is born. Colonel Yorke has just been here; and you shall have the account in his own words just fresh from Versailles.

"'The Duke came in such a hurry last Monday at two o'clock in the morning, that nobody was present except the Dauphin and two filles de chambres. Two of the corps de gardes he pulled into the room as witnesses. The poor Queen, in her hurry, fell down stairs, and could not get in time. A Swiss jumped out of bed, and popped his head into the room to see what the bustle was, and ran away directly with the news to the King, who was at the Trianon; and his Majesty set off in a coach and pair in his night-gown, loaded behind with lords and gentlemen. Everyone is running to pay their court to the new Prince; and we have had illuminations these three nights. Next Sunday there are

to be grand fireworks at the Hotel de Ville. His Majesty and all the Royal Family are to be there; and we have secured a room, but the Duke's birth will be signalised by nothing so much as by a fire which happened at Versailles the night after, by a rocket falling among some straw, over the King's stables. It burnt with alarming fury for some time, and some lives were lost.*

"M. Mirepoix is made Duc de Lévi. He says his family is of that tribe; so it is ancient enough. M. de P.† has retired; and M. de Saint C.‡ is in his place.

"Madame Pompadour is not now in such high favour as usual. She is a very fine woman—very clever and agreeable. She has every day a levee whilst she is at her toilet; and has something pleasant and agreeable to say to everybody.

"Lord Albemarle is not yet returned from his visit to England; but Colonel Yorke is here, and from him we receive great civilities. We live much with him, and he is very agreeable."

There are many more passages in Lady Featherstonhaugh's journal that would, I believe, be acceptable to the reader, if those already given had not taken up more than their fair share of space. Perhaps a compromise between quotation at length

* The "handwriting on the wall?"

† Illegible. ‡ Illegible.

and absolute rejection may be effected by means of some passing references.

As, for instance, the observations of intelligent and uninterested people on contemporary monarchs have always a certain interest, I venture to quote her very short personal account of two of them.

"The King of Naples, before mentioned, is a little mean-looking man—the Queen fat, homely, and ungracious. The King (Charles Emanuel I. of Sardinia) is a very good-looking old man; very sensible, clever, and affable to the English."

The three following passages have a luxuriously fabulous sound to the ears of us modern travellers.

"We were much pleased all the way we came (from Calais to Paris) with seeing such plenty of game—hares, pheasants, and partridges feeding, two or three hundred together!

"All the common people dance minuets as well as French country dances.

"If you bring any letter of recommendation to any lady of fashion in Italy, it is the custom for that lady to attend you wherever you go."

Like a good châtelaine and true, of an English country house, Lady Featherstonhaugh was much scandalized in France at the non-residence of the

upper classes in the country; and remarks very shrewdly on the condition of the peasantry. But I am overstepping my limits, and must pass on to the next letter in chronological order, one of eight letters of 1751—2, which, I believe, will be welcome to the reader, as agreeable specimens of Mr. Pitt's family correspondence.

MR. PITT TO MR. JOHN PITT.

Pay Office, May 2, 1751.

My dear Pitt,

I can write to you with no certainty with regard to the day when the Regency Bill will come to our House from the Lords; it may be towards the end of next week; whenever it shall be, I know you would on no account be absent. I should therefore think the safest for you will be to reach London Thursday instead of Saturday. I hope to embrace you in full health and spirits at your return. My benedictions to the hills, rocks, pines, shores, seas, &c., of Encombe.

"Benigni habbiate, et il sole e la luna
E delle ninphe il choro."

Ever yours,
W. Pitt.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

South Lodge, September 13, 1751.

Dear Pitt,

I take my pen most unwillingly to write to you,

because I am forced to renounce all the pleasure I had promised myself in seeing you in Dorsetshire. I have tried to surmount impossibilities to get to you, but I find those which grow out of time, who will change his course for no human purpose, forbid me to contend any longer. I come now, my dear Pitt, to the succedaneum, which depends upon you, and therefore, I trust, will not fail me; it is the pleasure of meeting at Bath. I purpose to be there about the 20th inst., and to stay there till the 15th of October. I hope Dorchester goes to your wish, and that you are well, without which nothing, my dear Pitt, will go to mine. Despatch your honest venison strong-beer friends, and turn your horses' heads towards Bath, where you will find (at the time above named) one who is ever, most faithfully and affectionately,

Yours,
W. PITT.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bath, August 24th, 1752.

My dear Pitt,

My present case is by no means one that requires sea water, and I am heartily sorry for it; if it were I should now have the pleasure of being with you, which, believe me, is at all times a very sensible pleasure, and would, at present, relieve me from a very considerable load, that of myself, much dis-

ordered in my spirits, and otherwise a good deal out of order. If your engagements had left you at liberty, you cannot imagine how great a charity it would be to come to me, especially now that the place is quite destitute of amusement or resource, and that solitude is every way contrary to my cure.

Doctor Moisir wishes you here, instead of your humble servant at Encombe; if the Fates forbid, there is nothing to say. I hope my dear Pitt is perfectly well, and that those fibres of steel continue their Herculean tone. If this find you with Mr. and Mrs. Pitt, I beg my most humble compliments to them. I still say, if any good chance should send you hither, I shall pray for you as long as I live. Adieu.

Your's most affectionately,

W. Pitt.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bath, October 4th, 1752.

In disobedience to my dear Pitt's prescription of sea-water, whey, &c., I have taken the liberty to get well, or very near it, by Bath waters, Raleigh's Cordial, &c. I should not have presumed so far, if I had not found myself supported by Doctor Moisir himself, which, I trust, will alleviate my offence in the eye of our learned brother of Encombe. I am advised to a longer course of waters

than will make a visit to the dear nnknown, delightful, picturesque Encombe practicable this year; may the coming year make me amends! I feel the disappointment of the present sensibly enough, not to be quite undeserving of your concern for my future pleasures. I therefore must humbly beg that you will be pleased to throw about your verdant hills some thousands of trees, this planting season. Group away, my dear Pitt; nay, if you indulge me in this request, I believe I shall give up my miserable constitution to you, to practise upon for the good of the college. I hope now that the social sport of hunting the buck is at an end, the still nobler sport of burrough hunting has gone to your mind, and that the sea and fresh water nymphs have been kind enough to abate your ardour; and that, consequently, friendship will claim a share in you, and you may visit the hills of Clerken, Lansdowne, &c., before it be long. Lady Temple is here, and lies dangerously ill. Adieu, my dear Pitt,

Your ever affectionate,

W. Pitt.

CHAPTER V.

ENCOMBE has been mentioned so often in Mr. Pitt's letters that I give the following account of it from Lady Featherstonhaugh's Journal.

"Encombe is four miles from Corfe Castle, a pretty place, and worth seeing from the uncommonness of the situation. The approach to it is by a twisting road at the bottom of two high ridges of hills, indented in such a manner as if they had been cut out of one another, the indentations so sharp and frequent that, as you go down, it looks as if you were always going against a high hill; in this manner the hills run till the cut opens into the sea. About a mile from this opening stands the house on a little flat, with a grove of elms. It is a low stone building in a pretty taste, and looks upon the sea, which appears to run up in a basin within a few yards of the house, but this is a deception. It is a basin of fresh water supplied by a spring, and carried on till the eye

catches the sea about a mile below it, which is very prettily imagined, and has a noble effect. It then runs off in a small stream through a little wood, where a walk is cut to the farm yard, and down by a bold cliff to the open sea. There are other woods and walks on the sides and tops of the hills, a great deal of fine pasture and great number of cattle and sheep feeding, and the whole is a pleasing and uncommon scene."

MR. PITT TO MR. JOHN PITT.

Bath, November 28th, 1752.

My dear Pitt,

I can't enclose some letters for you, brought to me in your absence, without a word of converse. How many hours, or rather tedious days was the incomparable Grey, Encomb, bearing his amorous lord to Marlborough? was the tea well sweetened with celestial smiles? and did the stately tutelary power divest itself in your behalf, of one flake of that majestic snow which her prudeship deigns to shower down on the awed beholder? did you sleep one wink between the Castle and Arlington Street? In a word, has anything passed that may confirm your humble servant's sagacious confidence upon this otherwise inexplicable enigma? But to finish my interrogations, I hope you got well to town and in time to be at Court. I have been hindered since you went from drinking the waters by the in-

crease of a bad cold I got the day before; I purpose after one reprise more, of about a fortnight, to go to London; I long much to smell the sweet odours of your library, and to hear of agreeable passages, which by that time will have begun to open. That any wish of my dear Pitt's may succeed for his happiness, is the most sincere wish of your ever affectionate,

W. Pitt.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bath, December 23rd, 1752.

My dear Pitt,

With what pleasure have I read the favour of your letter! I stayed, it is true, some time for it; but joys should be a little desired to have their true relish. I rejoice at your account of Dorchester; I rejoice a million of times at that of London. Sic te, Diva potens Cypri; you are really the best of friends to find place for the memory of an old piece of Bath lumber, your humble servant. I am far from well, but hope to make a shift to keep upon my legs this winter, without quite taking to my house; I propose to leave this place New Year's Day and make three or four days. I long most fervently to embrace my dear happy friend.

My sister Ann is gone to winter in the South of

France; my sister at Plymouth* is much better, they and I much obliged for your kind enquiries.

(Endorsed W. Pitt, 23rd December, 1752.)

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Sunday morning.

My dear Pitt,

Unfortunately disabled from attending your happiness in person,† may I be allowed to address a line to you of the most sincere and affectionate felicitations? I will keep my word; it shall he but a line; for I love you too well, to take off your eyes from Mrs. Pitt, for more than an instant, to read assurances of friendship, which, after all, you can never fully read but in the heart of your ever affectionate,

W. Pitt.

I beg leave to present my most respectful,

* Of this lady, Horace Walpole writes in 1756: "The famous Miss Elizabeth Villiers Pitt is in England: the only public place in which she has been seen is the Popish Chapel; her only exploit, endeavours to wreak her malice on her brother William, whose kindness to her has been excessive. She applies to all his enemies, and, as Mr. Fox told me, has even gone so far as to send a bundle of his letters to the author of the Test, to prove that Mr. Pitt has cheated her, as she calls it, of a hundred a year, and which only prove that he once allowed her two, and after all her wickedness still allows her one. How she must be vexed that she has no way of setting the gout more against him!"

† The celebration of his marriage with Miss Morgan.

humble services to Mrs. Pitt, and to assure her of the infinite regrets I have at not having the honour to be where she is. My most humble compliments attend Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner.

Endorsed by Mr. John Pitt as follows: W. Pitt by January 1752, 1st Earl of Chatham raised to the peerage 1766, to John Pitt, Esq. of Encombe (his Cousin.)

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Tunbridge, July 31st, 1753.

My dear Pitt,

I have the pleasure to think I am writing a letter to you that will not be unwelcome; for I am now able to say I find a very great amendment in my health. I have recovered much of my strength, and appetite enough for a Dorsetshire shepherd, where I imagine the air as appetizing (to use the Scotch word) as the breezes of Mount Ephraim. I have made a tour of four or five days in Sussex, as far as Hastings; Battel Abbey is very fine, as to situation and lying of ground, together with a great command of water on one side, within an airing, Ashburnham Park, most beautiful; Hurtmonceux very fine, curious and dismally ugly. On the other side of Battel; Crowhurst, Colonel Pelham's, the sweetest thing in the world; more taste than anywhere, land and sea views exquisite. Beach of four or five miles to Hastings, enchanting

Hastings unique ; Fairly Farm, Sir Whistler Webster's, just above it ; perfect in its kind, cum multis aliis, &c. I long to be with you, kicking my heels upon your cliffs, and looking like a shepherd in Theocritus. It is impossible not to think of Galatea talking of the sea ; or not talking of the sea. To quit the impertinent familiar style of pastoral poetry, I hope Mrs. Pitt has recovered her cold bath, and that Encombe finds favour in her eyes. I desire you will present my most humble compliments to her, and assure her she has not a more devoted cousin. My stay must still be pretty long here, as my sleep continues very broken, and the irritation not yet off my nerves and out of my blood. I don't despair of seeing Dorsetshire, but dare not talk of resolving the expedition.

Yours ever affectionately,

W. PITT.

MR. PELHAM TO MR. JOHN PITT.

August 21st, 1753.

Dear Sir,

I am just parted from Lord Milton,* who

* Who was the unwilling cause of a *bon mot.* Among the property of which Lord Dorchester disinherited his son, there was a much admired house in Park Lane, on the spot where Mr. Holford's now stands. After his disinheritment, it went by the name of *"Milton's Paradise Lost."*

came to town on purpose to meet you, as he says according to appointment. I am very sorry there has been any mistake between you, but I must own from some circumstances he mentions, it appears to me to be your mistake. He seems as much disposed heartily to unite with you, as you can be with him; but I find it is absolutely necessary that you should have a personal meeting to settle several preliminaries before he goes to Ireland, which he intended to have done to-morrow, if you had been in town. I have persuaded him to stay till after Monday hoping you will be in town before that time, and come to a thorough agreement, for without that every thing will be vague and uncertain. I am myself obliged to go to Sussex next Friday, and shall be detained there near a fortnight; if therefore you do not think proper to come to London, I must desire of you to write to Lord Milton acquainting him with it, that he may not be detained longer than is absolutely necessary.

If you do come, which I hope you will, I must desire you to send to Lord Milton or appoint the time and place where you are to meet, for as he has shewn me the state of Dorchester, as he apprehends it to be, I think it is impossible for you to fail, if together, and very doubtful how it will go with regard to either of you, if you oppose in earnest. I direct this

letter to your own house, not being certain where you are,

I remain, dear Sir,
Your most faithful and obedient servant,
H. PELHAM.

At the end of Lady Featherstonhaugh's journal, I find some letters (of 1753) from the before mentioned Mr. Letheuillier, and insert the following extracts from them for reasons which, being obvious, I omit.

After corroborating Lady Featherstonhaugh's account of the personal attentions in those days resulting from letters of introduction (in the shape of volunteer ciceroni of noble families), he speaks of having ridden round the walls of Genoa, and observed the different positions occupied by the troops when the Imperialists besieged and retook it in 1747; and he gives the following very clear account of the manner in which they had been driven out of the city, the previous year, by a general rising of the Genoese.

May 10th, 1753.

"We likewise saw the mortar which gave occasion to the people's rising, and driving the Germans out of the city; you may perhaps know the story; if not, éccola. The Germans, who were then in possession of everything, wanting this mortar to be

transported to Antibes, ordered it to be drawn down to the shore to be embarked; some of the Genoese common people were employed in this work, together with a few soldiers, and a corporal belonging to the Germans. In one of the streets the carriage of the mortar broke, and the people not being sufficiently alert in mending it, the corporal liberally applied his cane to a Genoese back, who in return drew his knife, and had finished the corporal if his aim had been as good as his inclination.

"This caused a great mob, and more soldiers were sent for; but though reinforced, they could not stand the shower of stones that came from the common people who surrounded them. Great numbers of them had been at the Town House, and by force equipt themselves with muskets, and chose a leader among themselves, and in a few hours, all the Germans being driven out, the posts were all occupied by the Genoese. Thus this mortar, which was afterwards drawn about the city in triumph, may be said to have given occasion for the recovery of their liberty.

Vicenza.

"A few days ago, Don Philip, the Duke of Parma, arrived here. We were presented to him, and dined at court the same day. He is a very different man to the King of Naples; his person and

figure are pretty and genteel, and he is affable and easy.

Venice, June 5th.

"We were introduced to the Duke of Modena, who is extremely gracious, but unmercifully kept us standing an hour and a half, interrogating us about our dear country."

Describing the affability and attention he met with from the Austrian Royal Family at Vienna, he speaks of the Empress Maria Theresa "as a tall lusty, handsome woman, followed by her children, all handsome." The Emperor, he compares in appearance and manner to an English country squire.

His account of the game he saw at different country places to which he was invited would rejoice the heart of a Norfolk squire. At one place, the Emperor and seven more guns killed seven thousand four hundred head, or as he calls it, "pieces of game," in two days.

After mentioning a review, to which he rode in the Emperor's suite, and afterwards dined with the commander-in-chief, General Brown, he goes on to describe a dinner-party at Munich.

"The Elector invited us to dinner, and we had the honor to dine at the same table with him, the Electress, the two Princesses, his sisters, the Empress-dowager, and the Duke de Clermont. The table was long, and on one side, in the middle, sat,

in a black velvet arm chair, the Empress-dowager, a good-natured old lady of sixty, dressed in black, no other colour being ever worn by Empress-dowagers. On her right hand sat the Elector, a young man of twenty-six years of age, a pretty figure, lively and affable; on her left, the Electress, one of the King of Poland's daughters, a tall, red-haired, fattish woman, not at all like her sister, the Queen of Naples. Besides the Royal Family sat, all upon stools, ten ladies of the court, with a gentleman of the court between each, two ministers, and three foreigners, including ourselves.

"During the first course two French horns played, during the second, other wind instruments, and, at the dessert, two very fine harps.

Dresden, September 19th, 1753.

"We had a private audience of the King,* who is a tall, black, good-looking man. He conversed some time with us. * * * In the evening, we were at the apartments of the Royal Family, and were much surprised at seeing an ancient custom (kept up here, and in no other Court besides, I believe, except that of Prussia) of keeping buffoons. There are no less than three at this Cour. On the 9th, we were present at a concert at the Princess Royal's, and had the pleasure of hearing her sing.

* Frederick Augustus II., King of Poland.

Her voice is not fine, but she uses it with judgment and taste, and concluded the concert with a duet with Monticelli. On the 11th, we were at a private hunt with his Majesty, who mounted us upon two extreme good hunters, and ordered us six or seven relays. Afterwards we dined at table with the King and Queen. Our sport was but indifferent: we killed but one stag.

Berlin, September 28th, 1753.

"It is very different travelling post in Germany and Italy. There you may run ten posts a-day with ease, here, scarce four. * * * We dine every day with some or other of the ministers, and spend the evening very agreeably at the Queen's or Queen-dowager's* Court, where they play at cards. Comet is the fashionable game at present. When the party is over, we are commonly invited to supper by some of the company. We have been at two balls at Court; the company were all dressed in dominoes—met at seven, and played at cards till supper, at which the company were all seated according to their rank; after which, they danced minuets in the same order, and then English country dances very jollily till morning. * * * The King (Frederick the Great) received us graciously (at Potsdam), and detained us some

* Sophia Dorothy, sister to George II.—Ed.

time in conversation. He is small of stature, and has a rough countenance, but a most piercing eye, and a very brisk, lively look."

Here follows a minute account of the King's mode of life, which is so well known that I do not insert it.

Brunswick, October 22nd.

"On the 15th we delivered our letters, and were introduced to the Duke and Duchess, and their five sons and five daughters. We dined at Court, and consequently entered into the marriage state, as it is called here. It being the custom for the Master of the Ceremonies to go round the room five minutes before dinner, and present a hat to the ladies, and another to the gentleman, out of which each draws a ticket, which is numbered. The Master of the Ceremonies then stands at the door of the drawing-room, and calls No. 1—when the gentleman No. 1, hands the lady No. 1, and so on; and, beginning at the upper end of the table, they sit down as they are called; so it may happen that I may sit at the upper end with the Duchess, and the Duke at the lower end with a maid of honor. This is called marriage; and you change your wife at every meal. There being more men than women, unfortunately my wife at dinner was an old man; but, at supper, I was recompensed by a change for one of the Princesses."

At the end of Lady Featherstonhaugh's journal, there is an entry so touching in its kindly simplicity, and so descriptive of county hospitality in the days of port-wine and out-riders, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it.

"The whole party afterwards proceeded to Uppark, where they passed a cheerful happy Christmas in the most friendly society, and enlivened their neighbourhood with some masked balls."

CHAPTER VI.

Of the year 1754, there are four letters from Mr. Pitt, who in one of them announces his intended marriage with Lady Hester Grenville.

There is also one of the same year from Mr. Legge (then Chancellor of the Exchequer), who speaks quaintly and almost prophetically of the above marriage.

MR. PITT TO MR. JOHN PITT.

Bath, May 18th, 1754.

Dear Pitt,

A thousand most sincere thanks to you for a letter which has given me the most sensible joy. I began to wait for an account of Mrs. Pitt with great impatience, which she has been pleased to put an end to, in the most obliging and agreeable manner. Your best friend and her humblest servant could desire no more of her than what she has done. May the finest Boy (which I'll take your word for), and the most amiable woman (which

I'll swear of my own knowledge), continue in perfect health, and every hour add to the happiness of a man who deserves and enjoys it!

Believe me, my dearest Pitt,
Most affectionately yours,
W. PITT.

Endorsed, Mr. Pitt, 1st Earl of Chatham, to John Pitt, on the birth of his son, William Morton Pitt.

MR. PITT TO MR. JOHN PITT.

Astrop, Wells, September 10th, 1754.

My dear Pitt,

Hélas je m'aperçois bien,
Qu'il ne faut jurer de rien.

I had sworn, and not, as I imagine, perfidum sacramentum, that I would have the honour and pleasure to wait on you and Mrs. Pitt at Encombe this year; but you cannot leave London till summer is over, and I, after so continual rains, began to want a little repairs, which I have been giving myself here for about three weeks, and shall continue to do so for some days longer. I must then go to London, for a day or two, from whence I proceed to Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer at Holte. I propose to be there some days between the 20th and 30th du courant, whence I have

sort of hope of meeting you and Mrs. Pitt: if I fail of that pleasure, I will try hard but I will yet see Encombe and its dashing waves, in the course of October, from Bath.

I am now perfectly well, that is well cobbled up by Astrop waters and the life of a post-boy, always in the saddle. I beg leave to assure Mrs. Pitt of my sincere and humblest compliments. I hope you flatter me enough to have been angry at my non-appearance.

Believe with perfect esteem,
My dear Pitt,
Your truly affectionate,
W. PITT.

Kiss your pretty boy a thousand times for me.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bath 21st, 1754.

My dear Pitt,

I was till now in hopes that I might have the pleasure of seeing you and Mrs. Pitt in your nursery at Encombe, where I know this will find you. I wish most affectionately that it may find the whole pleasing family group in perfect good condition. I had, besides the satisfaction of seeing you, a matter to impart that I know my dear friend will truly rejoice in: it is that I am the happiest man that

lives, as well as the most honoured: and you will believe me when I tell you Lady Hester Grenville has consented to make me so. You know how dear her brothers are to me; and every circumstance of this blessed event has endeared them, as much as perfect friendship could admit of increase. I think with infinite pleasure that I am writing to a friend who knows so well to measure perfect happiness by what he enjoys. My best and most respectful compliments attend Mrs. Pitt. I shall stay here about ten days. Why not make Bath your road to London? I long to embrace you.

Your ever affectionate,

W. Pitt.

Endorsed, W. Pitt, Oct. 31st, 1754, to announce that Lady Hester Grenville had accepted him.

MR. LEGGE TO MR. JOHN PITT.

Downing Street, October 25th, 1754.

Dear Pitt,

I have made use of the authority you were so kind as to give me over your stewardship of the Chiltern Hundred, &c., to vacate the seat of the Marquis of Winchester, and enable him to be chose for our county, by which the Whig interest then will be gathered together out of a state of dissipation and restored again to the original and proper

channel where it ought to go. This is a matter of great consequence in Hampshire; and I need not tell you I am much obliged to you for contributing towards the means of bringing it about. I ought, to be sure, according to the laws of visitation, to have wrote civil things to you upon the subject of your visit to the Holte: but to say the truth, I did not think they signified much between you and I. Besides, I knew my wife had done it in a letter (in which I concurred) to the *little Pitt*, to whom I beg my most respectful compliments.

Our friend and your namesake I hear is going to give evident tokens of convalescence by a very intimate union with the Lady Hester Grenville. *I think the breed will be a good one, and can't fail to speak as soon as they are born.*

It is an acquisition to the corps of us married men; and heartily I wish them much happiness. I take for granted we shall see you soon, and am, dear Pitt,

Most faithfully yours,
H. B. Legge.

Of the year 1756, there is one letter from Mr. Pitt, evidently written just before the Duke of Devonshire's second visit to Hayes, which resulted in the formation of Mr. Pitt's first administration.

FROM MR. PITT TO MR. J. PITT.

Monday Morning, Brook Street.

My dear Pitt,

I was stepping into my chaise for Hayes, when the joyful tidings of Mrs. Pitt's safe delivery and the present she has made you of another son reached me. I carried it to Lady Hester, who rejoiced over it with your friend; and we both desire you and Mrs. Pitt will accept our warmest felicitations upon the happy event. I am just come to town, and so engaged as not to be able to come and embrace you.

Your ever affectionate,

W. PITT.

Directed to John Pitt, Esq., in Arlington Street; and endorsed *Secretary Pitt*, November 1st, 1756.

There are two letters of 1757 from Admiral Forbes, to whose honour be it remembered that, being a sailor and a Lord of the Admiralty, he had, five months before the date of the first letter, refused to sign Admiral Byng's death-warrant. One mentions bad news of the war on the continent and in North America—the other the receipt of a dispatch from Sir Edward Hawke (afterwards Lord Hawke) relative to the unfortunate expedition to Rochefort. There are also two interesting letters

of the same year from Mr. Pitt and Mr. Legge, and two of 1760 from Mr. Legge and Mr. Fox respectively.

FROM ADMIRAL FORBES TO J. PITT.

Admiralty, 4th of August, 1757.

Dear Sir,

The behaviour of your voter is no other than what seems the right of every Freeman, and for that reason to be constitutional. I therefore think the man very excusable for making use of his right.

I am very glad that Mrs. Pitt, yourself and family are in good health. I can easily believe your disappointment was great when Sir John Mordaunt was called away, but it is to be hoped that your particular loss by that may be repaid by public benefit.

The picturesque description you give of the country and of the pleasant and innocent way of employing your time there are unnecessary incitements to me, who, in Mrs. Pitt's and your company, would be happy in any place: and I shall find all my desires gratified, provided that the witchcraft of Miss —— eyes did not provoke new ones. As you are provided with a shield to secure you from their danger, you will do well to stand your ground and enjoy her company and the country as long as you can; for believe me there

is no pleasure here for the continual bad news we receive from the continent, whilst nothing good is expected from America.

Yesterday messengers arrived from Stade with the disagreeable news of the Duke's being defeated. No letters are come from H. R. H., so that we know not the particulars; but the account (which comes from the Regency) says that on Sunday the 17th the French cannonaded with little or no success; the next day he attacked and was repulsed: but on the third day, having called in his out parties to the number of 20,000, and with this united force attacking the Duke again, H. R. H. thought fit to retire towards Stade.

What seems strange in this account is that the loss in the Duke's army is said to be only 600 men.

The action was not general; for only three batallions of Hanoverians were engaged: but the heat of the battle fell to the share of the Hessians and Wolfenbuttle troops, who, it is said, did wonders.

If this account satisfies your curiosity, I shall be glad. I beg you will make my best compliments to Mrs. Pitt; and pray enjoy yourself whilst yet you are free.

I am most sincerely,
Dear Sir,
Your most obedient, humble servant,
J. FORBES.

I dined in company with Mr. Legge yesterday, who together with Mr. Pitt,* dine to-day with their company of Grocers, who have provided eleven haunches of venison for the occasion.

Hunter is still out of town.

FROM ADMIRAL FORBES TO J. PITT.

Admiralty, 6th of October.

Dear Sir,

I have long wanted a favorable opportunity to make some return for the best venison I have eat this year; and I hope I have availed myself of one that will, in some degree, repay my obligations, when I shall inform you that we received this morning letters from Sir Edward Hawke, dated the 29th, from the Road of the Isle d'Aix, which island was attacked on the 23rd, by Captain Howe in the '* * *,'† of seventy-four guns, and the 'Barfleur,' Captain Graves, of eighty guns, who anchored within forty yards of the works, which they battered furiously for thirty-six minutes, when the garrison surrendered prisoners of war. There were taken six hundred men, eight mortars, and thirty pieces of cannon. The next thing considered was to land the troops. For this, officers were sent to sound the coast; and two places were

* First Earl of Chatham.

† Name illegible.

thought practicable; but these were said to be subject to great surfs, which oftentimes made them inaccessible for three weeks together. In short, after much deliberation, and taking into consideration the time the enemy had to prepare, the preparations said by prisoners to be made, the danger of not being able to re-embark the army when once landed, and the necessity of attacking Rochefort by escalade, if at all—it was agreed by the land officers to be too hazardous an undertaking, and that nothing more could be done. Thus things were on the 29th, when the letters came away. The works upon the Isle d'Aix were to be blown up and destroyed.

I hope Mrs. Pitt is well. When may we expect you in town? or do you stay to plant? Are the children lively and in good health? Answers to these are very interesting to one who is so truly as I am, Mrs. Pitt's and your

Most obedient, humble servant,

J. FORBES.

MR. PITT TO MR. J. PITT.

St. James's Square, December 27th, 1757.

My dear Pitt,

Many circumstances, as well as the absence of Mr. James Grenville and Mr. Henry Grenville, having rendered the idea of meddling at Wells not a thing to be entertained at present, I deferred ac-

knowledging the favour of your most obliging letter, till a moment of leisure might come, and put me in a situation of conversing more at ease with my dear friend at Encombe. The moment wished has not come; and, expectans dum defluat amnis, I should have appeared unpardonable to you, and with reason. I therefore set business for an instant aside, to go to my country recluse, and follow his walks through the solitudes of verdant Dorsetshire, amidst warm leases,* heavy ewes, and bounding lambs, lakes, rocks, sea beach, foaming billows, and what-not! Above all, I trust he meets health in those walks: and happiness at home I know cannot fail to wait his return to a sweet fireside. For myself, I am worn with constant fatigue, and broken-hearted with the wretched interior of our condition, worse than all the foreign ills that threaten us. But I will not grow morose if I can help it, or utterly despair of better days. My best compliments of the season attend you and Mrs. Pitt, in which Lady Hester desires to join. I am, with all esteem and affection,

My dear Pitt,
Most faithfully yours,
W. PITT.

* Stubbles.

MR. LEGGE TO MR. JOHN PITT.

Downing Street, October 27th, 1757.

My dear John,

I am extremely obliged to you for your letter. To say the truth, I had heard so many flying rumours to your disadvantage, that, though in general I have good faith in your constitution, I began to be apprehensive that you were really ill. Now your fever is gone, pray keep it away: repeat your bark regularly, and don't worry yourself to death by either civil or religious duties in damp churches and vestry or militia meetings; for it is a much easier thing to kill one active man than to find another, as the world now goes.

I hope you may be able to stay in the country all after Christmas; which, I believe, is the best and surest preserver of health; and if I was you, I would certainly attempt it, and not come till my friends called for me.

What effect this cursed affair at Rochefort may have towards the disturbance of the Session, I can't say; but the general flame in which the country now is will not be easily extinguished, without knowing why and wherefore all this has happened.

With regard to Sir J. Mordaunt,* I am in the

* The court of enquiry on whom must have been then sitting, or about to sit. The consequent court-martial sat in December, when his acquittal produced much grumbling.

same situation that you are, only to a much greater degree. He was one of the first acquaintances I had in this town, and we have lived ever since in much intimacy and good will towards each other; nor are there many men in this world whose distress will give me greater concern: but what reasons he, or anybody, can allege for not making the attempt, I own I am greatly at a loss to guess. I most sincerely wish they may be able to clear themselves to the satisfaction of mankind, though in the consequence, the scheme itself (in which I was a partaker) should incur general disapprobation.

May my best compliments attend the little Pitt. I have left my wife at the Holte, and don't believe she will remove in form till after Christmas; the air agrees so well with the boy, and the boy agrees so well with her.

Believe me, my dear Pitt,
Ever faithfully and affectionately yours,
H. B. Legge.

I hope the lesser little Pitts thrive and flourish.

MR. LEGGE TO MR. J. PITT.

Downing Street, April 17th, 1760.

Dear Pitt,

I called at your house yesterday to inform you

that the Duke of Newcastle disapproves of taking the money for the Militia out of the Land Tax before it has been paid into the Exchequer. What he says I must own has a great deal of truth in it; that it is a very dangerous thing to intercept any public revenue in the hand of the Receiver before it has been brought into the Public Receipt, and will tend more to the embezzling and dissipating the Revenue, than any other practice that could be set on foot—that, though the small payments made on account of the Militia, when disembodied, come immediately from the Land Tax, *this* is a reason for not letting the precedent extend to any further and to larger payments—and that too many liberties of this kind have been already taken with the Land Tax.

He would therefore have the method of payments begin and proceed in the manner you propose till it reaches the treasury of the county; but stop there, and the said treasurer, after reimbursing the parish officer, lay his account from time to time before Parliament, who will vote the money out of the general Supply. This will also cure that difficulty which gravelled us the last time we met, arising from the expediency of giving the Treasury a certain control over the Receiver-General's accounts without obliging them in a manner to audit the account. I have seen the Speaker, who approves this method very much, and thinks it can

be easily carried into execution. I wish you would call upon him, and talk with him also about it, and am,

Dear Sir,
Your most faithful, humble servant,
H. B. Legge.

MR. FOX TO MR. JOHN PITT.

December 16, 1760, Pay Office.

Sir,

The errand I waited on you upon, and should again have done so on Sunday, if you had not been gone out of town, was to express my hope that you would not obstruct Mr. Hamilton's endeavours to come in for Pontefract, by the channel which it is in your power to open to him or to shut against him.

I beg you, sir, to excuse this trouble, and not to give yourself by any means that of answering it; but let me, when you return, wait on you and tell you how much this favour would oblige your most obedient,

Most faithful, humble servant,
H. Fox.

The next is undated and its meaning obscure; but Englishmen will forgive me for not weeding these thinly scattered patches of letters, written in

the pauses of business by the mighty statesman of whose private history so little is known.

MR. PITT TO MR. JOHN PITT.

Tuesday morning.

Dear Pitt,

I have seen Lord Gower since I saw you, and things are explained between us much to my satisfaction, and I hope to his. I could not call upon you this morning, being hurried. If you should be down at the House before me, I beg you will be so good to lay a paper for me upon the floor, or if that is full, the bench above it, the side we always sit on. If some people should give trouble to-day, as I hear they intend to do, the speech is so reasonable that we shall stand it very well.

Your's most faithfully,

W. PITT.

(Directed to John Pitt, Esq. Arlington Street.)

This undated letter was possibly written in 1766, during the formation of Mr. Pitt's last administration, and a few days before he was gazetted a Peer.

I can find no account of any other political negotiation between him and Lord Gower, except in November and December of the same year, to which the letter cannot refer, since it is signed, "W. Pitt." But inferences are chameleon-like, and

truth lies in a well. In Lord Chatham's Life it is stated that his first offer of place was made "in terms of such extreme *hauteur* as seemed to provoke, though unintentionally, the necessity of refusal." Is such the impression left on one's mind by this letter?

Of Lord Chatham's letters in this collection the above is the last. From reading them one's mind turns involuntarily to the consideration of the great man by whom they were written; but as they are exclusively private ones, hardly alluding even to county politics, it is necessary, in reading them, to remind oneself continually of the well-known public events that were passing coevally. While searching one's memory for each individual link in the chain of those stupendous events that astonished Europe at the time when the younger Pitt was born, one finds, engraved there among the grandest treasures of English prose, the whole story of Lord Chatham's public and private life, exhaustively condensed by the pen of Macaulay.

"The child inherited a name, which, at the time of his birth, was the most illustrious in the civilized world, and was pronounced by every Englishman with pride, and by every enemy of England, with mingled admiration and terror. During the first year of his life, every month had its illuminations and bonfires, and every wind brought some mes-

senger charged with joyful tidings and hostile standards. In Westphalia the English Infantry won a great battle, which arrested the armies of Louis XV., in the midst of a career of conquest. Boscawen defeated one French fleet on the coast of Portugal; Hawke put to flight another in the Bay of Biscay; Johnson took Niagara; Amherst took Ticonderoga; Wolfe died by the most enviable of deaths under the walls of Quebec; Clive destroyed a Dutch armament in the Hoogley, and established the English supremacy in Bengal; Coote routed Lally at Wandewash, and established the English supremacy in the Carnatic.

"The nation, while loudly applauding the successful warriors, considered them all, on sea and on land, in Europe, in America, and in Asia, merely as instruments which received their direction from one superior mind. It was the great William Pitt, the Commoner, who had vanquished French Marshals in Germany, and French Admirals on the Atlantic; who had conquered for his country one great empire on the frozen shores of Ontario, and another under the tropical sun near the mouths of the Ganges. It was not in the nature of things, that popularity such as he at this time enjoyed should be permanent. That popularity had lost its gloss before his children were old enough to understand that their father was a great man. He was at length placed in situations in which neither

his talents for administration, nor his talents for debate, appeared to the best advantage. The energy and decision which had eminently fitted him for the direction of war were not needed in time of peace. The lofty and spirit-stirring eloquence, which had made him supreme in the House of Commons, often fell dead in the House of Lords. A cruel malady racked his joints, and left his joints only to fall on his nerves and on his brain. During the closing years of his life, he was odious to the Court, and yet was not on cordial terms with the great body of the Opposition. Chatham was only the ruin of Pitt, but an awful and majestic ruin, not to be contemplated by any man of sense and feeling without emotions resembling those which are excited by the remains of the Parthenon and of the Colosseum. In one respect, the old statesman was eminently happy. Whatever might be the vicissitudes of his public life, he never failed to find peace and love by his own hearth."

CHAPTER VII.

At the outset of this compilation, I premised that the letters therein contained were written by connexions or friends of Lord Gambier, and also that they were, for the most part, either to, from, or concerning people who, while they lived, were remarkable in their spheres of action, and, when they died, left each an uninherited individuality. It remains to be seen how far results will bear me out in the assertion.

Of the letters hitherto produced I say nothing—the name of Chatham is sufficient answer: but those from 1774 to 1784 require some explanation touching the second of the two attributes premised.

They are addressed to Mr. Morton Pitt, the only son of John Pitt. His birth was noticed in one of the foregoing letters (1754), from Lord Chatham to "the great commoner of the west." I believe that the words "uninherited individuality"

may be said to apply to him more closely than to many a man of extended political fame. His career is a study for a philosopher. Few men have so bitterly disappointed high expectations fairly raised, and, in many respects, long sustained. Talented, hard-working, and blessed with the positional advantages of fortune and a wise father, he had no sooner left Oxford than he devoted himself with ardour to those social problems whose solution affects suffering humanity. But his mind, unlike that of most executive philanthropists, was not narrowed into one channel. From minute enquiries into the state of prisons, he could turn to plans for coast defences, from largely conceived schemes of benevolence to an artistic correspondence with Mademoiselle Clairon. As a politician, he stands forth in pleasant pre-eminence among that class of members (now become historical) who seemed to bring their county with them into the House of Commons. He was, in fact, an ordinary member of Parliament, but emphatically member for Dorsetshire, which county he represented for a period of nearly fifty years, from 1778 to 1825, when he resigned his seat. He was unwearied in his endeavours to promote the interests of the poor, and was the first man of property and influence who exerted himself to ameliorate the condition of prisons.

As a friend, he was ever ready with advice and

assistance in the hour of difficulty; and the large numbers of people who consulted him with advantage are silent witnesses to their value. In one instance he was applied to by a friend, a man of £30,000 a year, who had involved himself so deeply that extrication was declared by his lawyer to be hopeless. The result was that, not only was the property disencumbered, but after, at the death of the owner, his three younger sons were left a hundred thousand pounds each, out of the annual savings.

The other side of the picture is sad, and hardly to be accounted for. The mind wearies itself in endeavouring to reconcile the inconsistencies of humanity, the heart sickens at the contemplation of enormous ruin. Of all Morton Pitt's numerous friends and associates none could tell by what means his splendid fortune was dissipated; for he was minute in his pecuniary concerns and self-denying even to stinginess. But one fact hangs over his history full of an unpointed moral—With high abilities, a magnificent property, a great capacity for business, and almost unbounded opportunities, Morton Pitt was the destruction of his house. The wealthiest branch of a family once pre-eminently powerful and distinguished is now landless. The white hills of Encombe, that Chatham loved to visit in his hours of leisure, have passed into other hands. Kingston, with all its old historical recollections, was the

last offering to the Moloch Ruin. In the town of Dorchester, a generation has grown into manhood since the influence of him who represented the county in Parliament for half a century was broken up for ever.

Of Morton Pitt, George the Third made his nearest approach to a bon-mot. Some one remarking that Morton Pitt was a very good man of business, the King replied, "No, not a man of business, but a busy man." This was the truth, but not the whole truth. If large sympathies laid him open to the reproach of having "too many irons in the fire," stubborn facts gave practical evidence of judgment and capacity. Those who knew him best owned that his crushing ruin was a mystery which they could not solve.

It is nearly impossible to point out any political importance in a man whose national labours were private efforts; but those who remember him will bear record that the words "uninherited individuality" apply to him strictly.

The friend of Wilberforce, Hannah More, and Porteus, Morton Pitt opened his house in Arlington Street to talent of all kinds. Tom Paine being at luncheon there one day, a note arrived from one of the Prince Regent's Court, to the effect that the Prince was anxious to know if he (Tom Paine) had been bred to the sea. The writer (who, we may conclude, had not passed a Civil Service examina-

tion) spelled the word *bread*, upon which, Tom Paine wrote in pencil on the cover:—

"No—not bread to the sea—
But it was bread to me—
And d—d bad bread it be."

The last private masquerade that took place in London was given by his first wife, the most classically beautiful and singularly fascinating woman of her day.* The crowd being excessive, Madame de Stäel, who had just arrived in England to escape from Parisian censorship, and publish her works out of the protecting shade of a gens-d'arme's cocked hat, remarked to a lady, "Il parait qu'on souffre même ici de la liberté de la presse."

At this masquerade there was a curious exemplification of the by-paths and crooked ways by which people gain access to a *recherché*† house. Innumerable refusals of invitations being the unavoidable consequences of a unanimous desire to obtain them, a successful candidate took pity on a less fortunate competitor, and, in the character of a giant, carried him in on his shoulders.‡ After

* Miss Margaret Gambier, sister of Admiral Lord Gambier.

† I apologise for the Gallicism—but know no other word to express the thing signified.

‡ At private masquerades, the guests were obliged to shew their invitation cards at the door, in order to prevent uninvited people from being admitted under the disguise of a mask.

supporting the character for a short time, the two divided, greatly to the surprise and amusement of the bystanders.

Anecdotes of royalty unregalizing itself for the nonce have, from the days of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, been sufficiently common; but I truly think that the reader will acknowledge the existence of unaccustomed freshness in this story of George the Third.

When at Weymouth, the King used frequently to drive over to Kingston (Mr. Morton Pitt's place), near Dorchester, without giving any notice of his intended visit. One day, the Royal Family arriving in large numbers at luncheon-time, found the whole party returning from fishing in the Lake, and covered with mud. The King, who was delighted with having surprised them in this condition, and wished to break the formality of the visit, ran forward and hid himself in a closet, jumping out upon Queen Charlotte as she passed, with the nursery ejaculation "Bo!" There being no precedent for such a proceeding in the archives of the smaller German Courts, Queen Charlotte evinced decided disapprobation thereof.

The letters from 1774 to 1784 are ten in number, and are interesting for several reasons, which it would be impertinent in me to anticipate.

FROM GEORGE GRENVILLE TO W. MORTON PITT.

Bologna, May 14th, 1774.

Not having heard of you, my dear Pitt, for some time, and having been a stranger to English newspapers, it was not till some days past that I learnt, from an old magizine, the news of your uncle's death. If either you or your family are benefited by this event, let me very heartily and sincerely congratulate you on the succession. Believe me, dear Pitt, always happy in everything that can give you pleasure, as well from a sense of the pleasing hours which we have passed together, as from the real opinion that you deserve this and every blessing of fortune. This coming from me is not flattery; no end can be answered by it but that of showing you my regard; and there are some feelings which no art can teach, no hypocrisy can counterfeit. When we meet again in England, you will, I believe, find me as little altered as fifteen months, passed in a great variety of chequered scenes, can allow; at least, my prejudices are strong for my friends, and my affections beat high for the society of which Providence has placed me a member. Let me hope, my dear Pitt, to find you as little altered. Nature has done much for you; what remained for you to do has been done with judgment and success; but assure yourself, these advantages, great as they are, will not bear

you up in the world without giving a little into the stream of vanity—at least, I have found it so. But to what end this grave sermon? God knows how it stole upon my pen! Let us waive the subject, but let the principle remain sometimes your companion, as it is mine.

We are at Bologna on our way to Venice, after having seen Italy as completely as our time would allow us. We were near four months at Rome, busy in the sights of those spots and buildings where perhaps a Brutus raised his dagger, or a Tully saved his country. These enquiries raise emotions in the mind which can be known only to those who have felt them, at the same time that we feel ourselves debased by the reflection of our inferiority to these conquerors, not only of the world, but (if I may be allowed the expression) even of the laws of nature. The profusion of marbles brought from the furthest parts of Asia, of a bulk which scarce deserves to be credited, is indeed a secondary object; but nothing gives so adequate an idea of the Roman greatness. Such is the famous Obelisk, first dedicated by Sesostris to the Sun, raised by Augustus in the Circus Maximus, as the radius of a sun-dial, and now lying where it fell—a testimony of the skill of those supposed barbarous nations who could cut it, as well as of the art of those who could transport to Rome a single stone of Egyptian granite, measuring eighty-

one English feet in length, and nine in diameter; think one moment with me on such an undertaking, actually completed; and envy if you can the feelings of the Frenchman who exclaimed, "Mais après tout ce n'est qu'une pierre." But I tire you on the subject of antiquities, a subject which has exhausted the pens of travellers, as well as the patience of their readers. You will easily imagine that with these feelings on the subject of virtù, I have not been insensible to the opportunities of enriching myself and my country with the spoils of the Roman grandeur. I shall hope to shew you a collection of marbles (I speak in the technical style of sculpture) inferior to few north of the Alps; and when you see some figures which would not disgrace the chisel of a Phidias, or a gem the work of a Pyrgoteles, you will not wonder at the enthusiasm which draws on the mind to the wish of being the possessor. A truce, however, to the whole, for I feel that the interest I take in this is likely to become as insufferable as any other pedantry.

Lord Bulkeley and myself now propose being in England by the first of August. Our business and our warmest wishes both draw us northward; we hope, however, to see Germany *en passant*, and indeed nothing but a fixed determination of profiting as much as possible of our time, and reaping thoroughly the advantages of

foreign travel could have detained us so long. It is, I believe, a fashionable and common idea, to decry this method of finishing our education; I remember it was once a favourite opinion of mine. I am never ashamed of seeing the absurdity of any idea or project I had formed at that, or indeed at this age, and indeed experience has fully convicted me, not only of the propriety, but even of the necessity of such a measure. If this bears the smallest analogy to your opinions or situation, let me entreat you to give it a full consideration, before you determine against it; and if on my return I can be of the least use to you, in giving you a route, or any other information, command me freely.

If you should see Cleaver or Tom, let them know that they are both in my debt, but I hope to find letters from them at Venice, for which place we set out to-morrow. If you can spare time, let me hear from you at Vienna, for no one takes a truer interest in your happiness than, dear Pitt,

Your most faithfully affectionate and devotedly,

GGORGE GRENVILLE.

P.S.—Remember me kindly to your father and mother, and to all our friends, amongst whom I beg to mention the Milles and Elton. Adieu.

A la poste restante à Vienne.

FRAGMENT OF A LETTER TO MR. MORTON PITT FROM HIS COUSIN, AN OFFICER SERVING IN AMERICA DURING THE WAR.

Statton Island, August 4th, 1776.

As for my writing you news from this, there has nothing as yet happened since my arrival in America of any consequence, but what by this time you have been fully acquainted with, except the arrival of General Clinton from the southward, where our fleet has suffered a good deal—whether by disagreement amongst the land and sea officers or not has not as yet transpired, but we have burnt one of our frigates on account of her being so much shattered; two hundred men killed and wounded, forty of whom were killed on Sir P. P's. quarter-deck, himself wounded in two places, and what is still worse they did not succeed in silencing the battery. We are now in expectation of attacking these fellows very soon, and if I may be allowed to judge, I don't believe there ever was an army in better spirits nor in better health, two very necessary things for our present business. There arrived yesterday several ships; two companies of the Guards, three of Hessians, and some Highlanders, so we may expect the whole fleet immediately. I imagine the enemy's chief force is collected at York, the more the better; it is thought they mean to burn the town, but I hope they won't be suffered

by the people of the province to destroy it. I have not heard from Lord Lindsay, which I most earnestly wished for, but surely they don't think of coming out to America, though my lord and I once talked of it, little thinking how near the time was that one of us was to go. Pray remember me very particularly to your father, mother, and sister; to the Mills's too, and any other of my old acquaintance,

And believe me, yours most obliged,
MARK ANTHONY MORGAN.

Pray write soon.

To William Pitt, Esq.,
Arlington Street, Piccadilly, London.

MR. DUNBAR TO MR. MORTON PITT.

London, 12th December, 1775.

My dear William,

I took it very kind your writing two lines to me just as you was leaving London; your aunt had frequent accounts of you from Mrs. Pitt, and your taking so much pleasure in what you saw and met with, gave us a great deal. I found at my return here, which was not till the 28th of November, a letter from you of 26th September. I was long detained, after I had wrote to have my letters stopped, which was the reason it was not forwarded to me. It was from Brig in Valais; and the charming

account you give of Switzerland made me wish to be with you, as you remember it was always a favourite part of the world with me. I made but a short stay there, and have often repented it was so short. If I was a few years younger, I should be tempted to make another visit.

Mark Morgan* arrived in Dublin about the 20th of September. We all thought him much improved. He stayed there but three days to get clothes, and then set out for Cork to join his regiment, which was embarked the day before he got there. Lord Blaney, who commanded in Cork, by way of favour told him he should stay behind on the recruiting service; but the commanding officer of the regiment ordered him to join. The transports lay there ten miles from Cork, where he was obliged to go for his baggage. He waited on Lord Blaney, and told him he wished to go with the regiment; but behold, when he came to the place where he had left the transports, they were sailed. He took a pilot boat, and followed them out three leagues to sea, and got safe with his baggage on board. I mention this so particularly, as it showed a becoming spirit. I don't doubt but he will do well; but wish it was on a better service. But he has nothing to say to that. I forgot to mention that when he joined he was a lieutenant.

* The writer of the foregoing letter.—Ed.

without purchasing, and had five lieutenants below him.

I had a letter from Mr. Jones lately. He had just heard from Walter, who was newly recovered from a fever. He was not in the action of the 17th of June. You seem to regret that you are not gathering laurels with the young men of your own age that are venturing their lives in the pursuit of glory. Believe me, my dear William, there is none to be acquired in such a war. You that have breathed freely the air of Switzerland, must have imbibed, if you had it not before, a love of liberty. But whither am I going? These are not times to speak one's sentiments. I wish everything was quiet; but it is not likely to be so. Depend upon it, they will end ill for us. But no more of politics.

Forgive me, my dear William, for not having wrote before: and to shew me you do, let me hear from you soon. I promise I will not be for the future so tardy.

Adieu, my dear William,

Yours ever affectionately,

C. DUNBAR.

CHAPTER VIII.

MLLE. CLAIRON TO M. MORTON PITT.

Paris, ce 29 Février, 1777.

Il est juste, Monsieur, de rendre hommage à l'esprit et l'amabilité qui mérite tant, lorsqu'on réunit comme vous, aux graces de la jeunesse, la raison éclairée et modeste de l'expérience, que quoi qu'on fasse pour vous, on regrette de ne pas pouvoir faire davantage.

La marque de souvenir que vous avez bien voulu me donner, n'a fait qu'accroître le désir de vous revoir encore ; je retournerai cet été dans ma patrie ; elle vaut la peine d'être vue quoiqu'on en dise dans la vôtre ; je vous crois digne de l'apprécier, et d'après la connoissance que j'en ai, et l'impression que vous m'avez faite je vous réponds, Monsieur, que vous n'aurez à vous plaindre ni de nos têtes, ni de nos cœurs.

Je n'ai retardé ma réponse, que par l'ignorance où j'étais du lieu où je devois l'adresser, mais

j'espère, Monsieur, que vous n'avez pas douté du plaisir que vous me procuriez en vous ressouvenant de moi, et me donnant les moyens de vous assurer, qu'il est impossible d'avoir l'honneur d'être (plus ?) réellement que moi, Monsieur, votre très humble et très obéissante servante,

CLAIRON.*

FROM LORD LINDSAY TO MR. PITT.

Philadelphia, October 23rd, 1777.

My dearest Pitt,

This campaign, though it began so very late in the season, has been the most brilliant one that has been seen in America. General Howe, finding it impossible to carry his troops up the Delaware to Philadelphia, resolved to go round to Chesapeak Bay, and to pass by the lower counties of Pennsylvania to that city. General Clinton, with ten thousand men, was left at New York, and General Burgoyne, with ten thousand more, was on his march from Quebec to Albany.

* "The Memoirs of Mademoiselle Clairon display her exalted feelings of the character of a sublime actress. She was of opinion, that in common life, the truly sublime actor should be a hero or heroine off the stage. 'If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman during twenty hours of the day, whatever effort I make, I shall only be an ordinary and vulgar woman in Agrippina, or Semiramis, during the remaining four.' In society she was nick-named the Queen of Carthage, from her admirable personation of Dido, in a tragedy of that name." —*D'Israeli, Curiosities of Literature, vol. i. p.* 369.

This was the situation of the troops when I arrived at New York. The rebels made a stand near the Brandewyne river, over which our army was obliged to pass. Our troops passed the river in three columns, and found the enemy posted on the heights, about two miles from the river. Notwithstanding seventeen miles fatiguing march, they immediately formed and marched on to the attack. The rebels stood their ground till our troops charged them with fixed bayonets, upon which they immediately decamped with great precipitation, and I fancy that hour would have put an end to the Yankee empire, if the darkness of the night and the fatigue of our troops had not rendered any longer pursuit impossible. General Washington was so alarmed that he never stopped to eat or drink, till he arrived at Philadelphia, towards which place our army then marched. Upon their approach, Washington intended, by sending a party to the other side of the Skuylkill river, to have attacked the rear of our army; but General Howe, receiving [intelligence] of this movement, detached General Grey with about two thousand men, who fell upon them in the night, and bayonetted three hundred and fifty of them in their tents. The rest ran away to the main army, and General Howe passed the Skuylkill with his army, without molestation, and proceeded to German Town. Lord Cornwallis, with about two thousand men, was detached from

the army, and took possession of Philadelphia, and about one thousand six hundred men were left at Wilmington with the wounded.

To the great astonishment of all the world, on the 14th of October the rebel army attacked General Howe and his camp, and after an obstinate engagement, beat back the light infantry; but upon the line advancing, they retired, with the loss of about two thousand men. Our loss was about three hundred and fifty killed and wounded. General Agnew, Colonel Bird, and many brave officers fell, and among the rest our good friend Morgan,* who was shot through the body as he was leading on the light infantry. He died the next day without pain. He was lamented by the whole army, of whom he was the darling, and by no one more sincerely than myself. I found General Howe at German Town. I brought the despatches to him from General Clinton, and he immediately took me into his family. But he has so many aid-de-camps, that I have nothing to do, and have therefore desired to go into the light infantry, which is at present the most active service. I have not as yet had any answer.

We cannot quit Philadelphia till our shipping can come up to the town, as they have all the baggage of the army on board, and many other

* The officer whose letter appears at page 100.

necessaries, without which General Howe cannot proceed. The rebels, before they left Philadelphia, had laid two chevaux-de-frieze across the Delaware, and erected two forts to hinder any attempt to raise them. The fort, which was in the Jerseys, was abandoned at the approach of our troops; but the other is situated upon a marshy island, and cannot be attacked by land, which makes it a very tedious business. We have been cannonading and cannonaded for these ten days, but without doing much hurt on either side. Their whole fleet, consisting of thirty-six sail of armed vessels, lay between the chevaux-de-frieze and the town, and although they must one day surrender, they protract the time as much as possible, as they thereby stop the proceedings of the campaign.

The moment the fleet gets up to the town, we shall attack General Washington, and I make no doubt we shall give him a very severe beating. With the dispatches I brought an account of the victory which General Burgoyne had gained over the rebels, who left seven hundred and fifty men dead on the field. Lord Rawdon arrived here the night before last, with the news of the taking of Fort Clinton, Fort Montgomery, and Fort Independence. He had made a movement with three thousand men towards Albany, to form a junction with Burgoyne, and in this way had taken these forts. They were all taken by storm, though after

a very tedious march and an obstinate defence. I had the ill-luck to lose another of my friends in this affair, Count Grabowski, a Polish nobleman. I believe you knew him at Berlin. He served volunteer, and was shot in six places as he was marching up to the works. He sent his sword to Lord Rawdon, and desired he might know that he died at the head of the British Grenadiers.

This may well be called a most unfortunate war for us all. Hardly an officer but is now lamenting the loss of one of his brave friends; and no man can look at the instruments of their misfortune without pitying them still more for having died by the hands of fellows who have hardly the form of men, and whose hearts are still more deformed than their figures. The rebel army consists of about sixteen thousand, I mean under General Washington—about three thousand under Putnam, in the Jerseys, and about six thousand under Gates in Albany. I should suppose General Howe's to be at present of about twelve thousand men, three thousand under General Clinton in the Jerseys, and five thousand under Burgoyne. I will give you my ideas of our future proceedings concerning the war in another sheet, if I can find time; if not, you must form them by looking at the map, which, with your good understanding, you will easily do.

I am very sorry that I must finish my letter in a hurry; but the packet goes out to-night, and I have

a great deal to do. We have had very bad fortune since I wrote. General Howe detached two thousand Hessians to take possession of Redbank, which is a post the rebels have lately fortified on the Jersey side of the Delaware. The work was so amazingly strong that the Hessians could not possibly get in, notwithstanding they behaved with very great spirit. We had about five hundred Hessians killed and wounded, which is a very considerable loss to so small an army as General Howe's. The next day two of our ships, in trying to get near Mud Fort, which is situated to defend the chevaux-de-frize, ran on shore. The 'Augusta,' of sixty-four guns, took fire by accident, and after burning about two hours, blew up with a most terrible explosion. The 'Merlin' was set fire to by our own men, as it was impossible ever to get her off ground. Before this accident happened, the rebels sent down six fire-ships, but none of them did any damage to our fleet. The engagement between the row galleys (a kind of boat with a twenty-four pounder in the bow) and our shipping lasted three or four hours; and a continual fire was kept up between our batteries and the fort. Altogether it was the finest scene that can be conceived. I wished for you very much to have been present. Adieu, my dearest friend.

Yours ever affectionately,

LINDSAY.

Write soon, direct to Berkeley Square. The letter will be sent.

Endorsed from Lord Lindsay, Philadelphia. Received December 17 [28] 1777.

FROM MR. PORTER TO MR. MORTON PITT.

St. Petersburg, 2nd October, 1778.

My dear Sir,

I hope you will believe me when I assure you that it is neither owing to want of inclination nor to want of esteem that you have not had a letter from me long ago. The truth is, I put it off from day to day in hopes of having something more worthy your attention than what occurred to me at the time my good intentions were prompting me to write. This motive of procrastination seemed so perfectly consistent with friendship that it prevailed; and the extreme desire of writing something very good prevented me (as I believe it has done many others) from writing anything at all. The receipt, however, of your obliging letter of the 10th ult., from Stockholm, made me ashamed of my silence; and the fear of losing a correspondence from which I promise myself much pleasure and information, determines me to treat you henceforth with less ceremony, and to substitute quantity for quality, with which you must be contented till I can furnish you with better entertainment.

The detail of your journey to the Swedish mines will be highly acceptable; and I hope you will not have suffered my negligence to be an excuse with you for not sending it. To an exile, as I consider myself, nothing is indifferent. Writing to me often will be charity as well as friendship; and thus you will have the satisfaction of practising two virtues at once.

Miss Harris some time ago set out on a visit to Moscow, under the auspices of Prince and Princess Kavansky; but before her departure, delivered me a parcel, I believe with music, for you; which, with as many of your other commissions as I could get executed, is forwarded to London by the 'Ann,' Fairfax Biddington. His instructions are to leave the whole at Mr. Baring's, No. 6, Mincing Lane, where, if they have not already found their way to Arlington Street, you will please to inquire for them.

I hope when you arrive in London you will find a change in the Ministry, which, whatever be the abilities of the men who have sat at the helm so long, was certainly never, at any period of our history, more necessary. There is a fatality attends everything they attempt. A total want of vigour frustrates all their measures at home, and your own observation saves me the necessity of telling you how thoroughly they are despised abroad. Opposition at present is certainly patriotism, and when you have taken your seat I shall expect to hear

that you have joined in the general cry against them—a cry which the plea of expediency alone fully justifies, and which I hope will not cease till men of more political fortitude have got possession of their places. Mr. Harris's information precludes the possibility of writing you public news of this country. The change of Ministry at the Porte is expected, if not to procure absolute peace in that quarter, at least to protract and put off the necessity of open war, which was lately considered as unavoidable.

Admiral Keppel's ill success has damped our spirits here very much. Should he return a second time *re infecta*, it will be the devil. You may then resign your boasted superiority at sea, and sink into that insignificance which your bitterest enemies would wish you reduced to. I hope still for better things, but I confess they are fainter hopes than those I entertained when you left this place. That there is a force and energy in the United Kingdom, which, properly exerted, would make us rise superior to all our difficulties, and astonish Europe, I am confident; but for this purpose we must have another Pitt: but where to find him is the question.

Adieu, and believe me most sincerely,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend, and humble servant,

WILLIAM PORTER.

MR. PORTER TO MR. MORTON PITT.

St. Petersburg, 17th December, 1778.

My dear friend,

Were I not happily secure in innocence, your letter of the 8th inst. from Stockholm would distress me beyond measure. But as it is, I receive your reproaches as the most flattering indications of friendship, and proofs of an attachment which it shall be my study to cultivate by every means in my power.

This is the third letter I have wrote to you since you left us; one directed to you in Arlington Street, one which I hope will be found waiting for you at Amsterdam, and this, such as it is, which goes by Mr. Harris's courier. For a month, at least, all your friends here imagined you either lost in some Swedish mine, or lulled in the lap of pleasure in your native country, for during that time there was not a single line from you. When I heard you were still at Stockholm I would have wrote; but Harris assured me you were on the point of setting out, and that my letter would come too late to find you in Sweden. When you favour me with your next letter, please to be at the trouble of writing what particulars concern yourself and the public *to me* instead of referring me for them to others. For in these bustling times, Mr. Harris is too much engrossed with

national concerns to have at all times leisure for private communications.

I am glad to see that you have been employing your time in Sweden in attending to objects that have a reference to your own country, and from the knowledge of which you may one time or other derive consequence in your future parliamentary appearances. What you may have omitted in this country may be easily supplied. It is not a detail of uninteresting and useless particulars that can be of any real service to a statesman; but a just idea of the great outlines of the commercial and political state of a country, from which, as circumstances arise, will appear without much trouble the propriety or possibility of forming such connections as may be essential to the prosperity of our own. Something of this sort I ventured to promise you with regard to the commercial relations of Russia and England, and when I hear from you after I get home, every information or explanation in my power shall be readily given; but till then I will not enter on the subject.

Mr. Cox, who travels with Lord Herbert, has been very indefatigable in his enquiries, and means to publish as soon as he gets home. His materials, as far as I have seen, are good, and his information authentic. You have seen enough of this country to know where he is right; and his book will be the same to you as if you had kept a journal yourself.

I am really glad of our friend Oakes's good fortune. He has the ball now at his foot, and if he does not keep it going it will be his own fault. I enter into the feelings of a man in such a situation, and can see nothing in life so flattering to the mind as the idea of becoming important by useful and patriotic exertions. What a spur to industry! and yet how faint and feeble its influence on many whom rank and talents solicit, at the expense of a little pains, to become the idols of an admiring nation!

Guthrie has not got back from Oakes, Dr. Pullas' paper on the mines, so that you will be able to get a copy of it in England. His memoir on the Kurile Islands and a very curious account of voyages to the Alenty, a more eastern island, will appear in Cox's publication. The other things you desire shall all be sent you in the Spring; and if you think of aught else in which my zeal can be of use, you have time enough to let me know, and it shall be done. Everybody here remembers you with much regard. I am sorry that want of leisure prevents my sending you a better, if not a longer letter; but such as it is take it, and I shall think it not a bad one if it brings from you a speedy return of all your news since you parted from,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

W. PORTER.

On board the 'Romney,'
Porto Praga Bay, Island of St. Iago, 30th April, 178[illegible].

My dear Pitt,

But one opportunity has offered since our departure to write before this, which was off Madeira; and at that time no occurrence had happened that could make a letter interesting.

We embarked at Portsmouth the 12th of March in the evening, and sailed the next morning. We had a good passage to this island, where we found it necessary to refresh and water. We arrived the 10th of April, and intended to stay about a week; on the 17th in the morning one of the ships made the signal for a strange fleet. I have made an abstract of my journal and sent it to you; the facts you may depend upon, and when we meet you shall read them more at large. I would have sent you an extract, but I have had so many private letters to write, and the Army returns to make out, that I have not had time. I will now carry you behind the scenes, and show you where things might have been better. I take it for granted it is the case with every battle that ever was fought, if you were to fight it over again you would do it differently, but I am afraid we have allowed advantages to pass us that were very apparent. In the first instance, we had intelligence sufficient to make security unjustifiable. The 'Scraper' man-

of-war sailed from this place in her way to India about a week before we arrived. We bribed the fellow who had the letters she left behind to forward to France to let us examine them. This business fell to my lot, and it was very clear that a fleet and convoy from France were likely to touch here, and you will see we had not an hour's notice. After the three ships had cut their cables, one totally disabled, and protected by two others only, and one little less shattered than herself, we should not have lost a moment in going to sea; instead of which we were two hours, and by our delay they became strong—their whole force was joined. If we had attacked the three ships immediately, from the behaviour of those other two in the action, they would have run away under pretence of succouring the convoy, and I firmly believe we might have taken three of them. I think when we were far to leeward of St. Iago, the resolution not to fight was perfectly right; for the enemy were then recovered, and, whatever might have been the event, the expedition would certainly have been at an end.

I trust two of these ships must bear away for the West Indies; and I hope the whole must go to the Brazils for refreshment. If the three ships that were not hurt can go with the convoy to the Cape with our force it will be impracticable. We have but two thousand four hundred men, and very bad stuff indeed. I begin to hope we shall go on

to India, and try the Dutch settlements in that country.

The first part of the action I was on board the 'Romney;' but I resolved to follow the fortunes of my General, and went on board the 'Hero.' If I have bored you on this subject, let me recal to your mind our old Virgil and recollect,

"Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis
Et prædulce decus primo certamine posset."

I look forward with much satisfaction, after the toils and dangers of war are over, to my return to the arms of a woman I most passionately love, and to the sweets of society and friendship. I desire, if during my absence you marry, you will make it a point that our wives shall be acquainted, and even be upon an intimate footing, that we may not have to go through the forms of dull ceremony. Believe my friendship for you to be most sincere. Adieu.

G. W. S.

FROM THE COUNTESS DE THUN TO W. M. PITT.

Vienne, ce 21 Décembre, 1782.

Je ne saurai vous dire assez le plaisir que m'a fait votre lettre du 12 Novembre, mon cher Pitt. Je me croyais entièrement effacé de votre souvenir; et comme vous étiez profondément gravé dans le mien, c'était une peine pour moi de me croire oubliée de

vous. Jugez donc du plaisir que m'a fait la marque de votre souvenir et la nouvelle de votre mariage.

D'après le portrait que vous me faites de votre femme, elle est telle qu'on peut la désirer. Il était difficile que vous fassiez un mauvais choix ; et certainement vous rendrez votre femme heureuse. Il me tarde de faire sa connoissance. Si vous nous l'amenez, je me flatte bien que personne que moi ne sera chargé de la présenter. Vous pouvez compter que je la regarderai comme ma fille.

Dieu veuille que, d'ici à ce temps là, j'aie le cœur à l'aise. Ah, mon ami, j'ai eu bien du mal depuis que nous nous sommes vûs ; et j'en ai bien encore ! Ma fille ainée (j'ose le dire sans prévention) une créature charmante à tous égards, qui faisoit mon bonheur et ma gloire, est malade depuis un an, d'un engorgement de glandes qui résiste jusqu'à present à tous les remèdes. Tout espoir n'est pas perdu, Dieu merci ; mais vous sentez bien les tourmens que j'endure depuis un an que je suis en crainte continuelle de la perdre plus tôt ou plus tard. Sa patience, son égalité d'humeur, sa douceur, sa gaieté même dans des souffrances horribles, ne font qu'ajouter à mes peines, et me rendent plus cher encore l'objet de mes alarmes.

Pendant près de quatre mois son unique nourriture était le café au lait. Depuis une quinzaine de

jours elle recommencait à pouvoir faire passer du consommé, de la bouillie, et de la crême brulée; mais un rhume affreux qu'elle a pris sans sortir de sa chambre, lui ôte de nouveau la possibilité d'avaler, au moins pendant quelques heures après les violentes quintes de toux. Le mal est sur la poitrine, où la nourriture solide ne peut pas passer, ou, quand elle passe, lui cause une si violente douleur qu'elle en perd connoissance.

Mais parlons de sujets moins alarmans. Comme je ne vous ai pas écrit depuis si long-temps, il faut que je vous mette un peu au courant. J'ai, outre ma fille malade, deux autres filles et un fils, tous comme je peux les désirer, cœur, esprit, talent, figures, tout est à souhait; et si la Providence m'envoie des peines, je ne saurais d'un autre côté être assez reconnoissante du bonheur solide et du contentement que me donne mes enfains.

Mme. de P.... est dans la même cas pour les siens. Elle a deux filles charmantes, dont l'ainée va épouser un jeune homme riche et de mérite, nommé le Comte de M.... Elle sera établie en Westphalie après son mariage. C'est le seul point qui ne me fait pas plaisir, d'autant plus que comme elle est intimement liée avec ma pauvre malade, ce départ sera un cruel chagrin pour elle. Le fils de Mme. de P.... est aussi un excellent garçon à tous egards. Ma sœur a neuf enfans —quatre garçons et cinq filles, qui promettent

tout, mais sont encore trop jeunes pour en parler en détail.

J'ai trouvé un mot allemand, même en caractère allemand, dans votre lettre qui m'a fait grand plaisir, puisqu'il me prouve que vous n'oubliez pas notre langue. Vous avez bien raison, car elle vaut bien la peine d'être cultivée, et devient de jour en jour plus intéressante par les excellentes choses qui s'y écrivent. Madame de W..... n'est pas bien du tout: Je crains bien que sa poitrine ne soit attaqué. Madame de B..... est à merveille, Dieu merci.

Je ne vous parle pas politique, parceque j'enrage de la chimère de paix que vous allez faire, ou avez fait, et dans quel moment encore. Adieu donc; car si je me permets plus de quatre mots sur ce sujet, je ne finirai plus. Recevez encore une fois mes remercimens de ce que vous avez pensé à moi pour me communiquer votre bonheur, que je partage bien sincèrement. Donnez moi de temps en temps vos nouvelles, quand cela se pourra, sans vous gêner; et comptez sur la durée et la vivacité de l'amitié de votre ancienne amie.

THUN, *née* ULFELDHEIM.

FROM JOHN PITT TO HIS SON, MORTON PITT.

London, April 30, 1784.

My dearest William,

I have long wished to give you some information with regard to the various and important political

events of these times; but whilst affairs remained in a state of confusion, the result of which it was impossible to foresee, I knew not what to say. We are, at length, in a situation far beyond my hopes; and I believe it will give you some satisfaction to be informed of past occurrences and future prospects. Of these, you may have had some accounts from Bath; but whether, connected as he is with Lord Northington, &c., he sees things through the same medium that I do, may, I think, be a little doubted. He dined with us the other day, which is only the second time of seeing him for above two months last past, which have been taken up by the Circuit, and afterwards by attending Sir Francis B....'s Cornish elections, where they have met with great disappointments. The same fate has attended most of the elections on the part of the Opposition. This was remarkably the case both in the county and city of York, where their strength was universally reputed to be very great. In short the universal sense of the kingdom appears to be daily against them.

Your election at Poole was attended by no expense and very little trouble. Indeed I could not sit easy here whilst I thought I could be of any service there; and therefore resolved on a journey thither, notwithstanding a very bad cough, that had confined me a long time; and I was so unfortunate as to meet with the most severe weather I

ever felt; but, by the care of Mrs. Hyde, the help of a great coat, and the great complaisance of all our friends, who excused me from the trouble of making them my visits of thanks, together with the change of air, I came back with better health, and am now well. The particulars of the election you will have learned from Hyde and Jeffery, whose letters you must have received some time ago. I hope and believe that, with a little management, Poole may always be ours. P—— has shown himself unworthy of your confidence. I am now your agent.

But to return to public affairs. I am perfectly clear in opinion that all the pretended virtue and public spirit in Burke's attendance upon, and his labours in drawing up the Reports of the India Committees, were directed to serve his own private views, and at the same time to pave the way for Fox's famous Bill, which he hurried through the House of Commons with a most unbecoming precipitation, to prevent a serious and exact disquisition into the real state of the Company's affairs (which he represented in a very false light), and to avoid the formation of a cool deliberate plan to remedy the evils justly complained of and put the affairs of the Company into such a situation as might be really beneficial to the kingdom, but which would have entirely defeated his great plan, which I tremble to think of. It was, indeed, a

master-piece of the kind, and promised fair to place him in a state of absolute despotism. The immense patronage this Bill would have given him, which would infallibly have produced the annual sum of at least a million and a half, absolutely at his own disposal, would have been more than sufficient to have secured a majority in Parliament, to approve and support all his designs, and set him above all control. The Act was to continue in force for four years, and would consequently furnish him with power to keep his ground in that parliament, and long enough to enable him to procure, upon its natural death, a new one suited to his purposes—or to corrupt a majority of the new members, in case of a disappointment in the elections—or to prolong the duration of the old one. In any of these cases, what obstacles would there have been to continuing in power for any length of time he should think fit?

Being at that time Minister, with a very great majority in the House of Commons at his absolute command, and thinking himself sure of a majority (though not so large a one) in the House of Lords, he judged this to be the proper time to proceed upon his great plan of despotism. But the King, galled by the shackles in which Fox had, without the least regard to the common rules of decency, always kept him, happily thought fit to embrace a proposition to emancipate himself, and soon settled

a plan of placing William Pitt at the head of affairs. A new administration was immediately appointed, and by their firmness and steadiness, which I am sure will be lasting, the coalition is excluded and totally defeated.

Thunderstruck at this unexpected revolution, Fox had no resource left but to gain time to form new designs, and to avail himself of his strength in the House of Commons, for annihilating the power of the Crown, now no longer in his hands. He carried his famous resolutions relating to the King's appointing and retaining in his service, by prerogative, an administration disapproved by a majority in the House of Commons, &c., to which he certainly hoped for the power of giving the force of the ordinances of the House in the last century. The first of these resolutions was strenuously opposed by your friends Powis and Marsham. And now it was easy to perceive that Fox's great object was, under pretence of desiring only a share of minister's power, to secure to himself the whole. Union of parties was now the general topic of the debates, and dazzled the eyes of the wise country gentlemen, who, with those two gentlemen at their head, appointed and held several meetings at the St. Alban's Tavern, in order to bring about a treaty of union between the two contending parties —a wild scheme, considering the opposite principles of the two leaders! Powis and Marsham got

presently out of their depth, and became the dupes of Fox, who endeavoured to avail himself of the numbers they carried with them to forward the new measures which he should think proper to adopt; in order to which, he protracted all public business by frequent adjournments, whereby he gained several weeks, wherein he threw out threats of refusal of all supplies. And now it was judged proper to dissolve the Parliament and call a new one, as well in point of prudence as in consequence of the universal voice of the kingdom, expressed by numberless addresses from all parts; and the new Parliament will certainly answer their wishes.

I must now give you an account of Gratarol's situation, which I am sure you are anxiously desirous to be informed of. I have, ever since your leaving England, been agitated by alternate hopes and fears. The latter are all vanished. I hope I shall not tire your patience in giving you some parts of his history. He was born under a most romantic planet. The turns and vicissitudes of his life are nevertheless not to be compared to those of his patron, at whom, I believe, you will laugh, when I give him his just and true title of *King*. That which he is known by is Count Benyousky, of whom the printed paper, here enclosed, will give you some idea. You may probably hear something of him at Paris, if you come home that way. He is undoubtedly one of the greatest men now

living, and is not yet arrived at the fortieth year of his life. His kingdom is the Island of Madagascar, where he has about four millions of subjects, of the best disposition in the world, inhabiting a country one thousand miles in length, of amazing fertility, abounding with many valuable articles of commerce, full of timber trees for ship-building, and with a very great army of valiant and well-disciplined troops. But to return to Gratarol's history, of which he wishes you to be informed of the particulars, but which, in the whole, would take too much time at present, and therefore I will reserve some for your entertainment when we meet.

From the time of your departure, he most days passed some hours with me, during my long confinement on account of the cough, which I have at length perfectly got rid of. The melancholy situation of his affairs greatly affected him, in which, you may believe, I bore some share. One evening I observed him to be particularly dejected, and indeed almost in a state of despair. The Count de K..... had indeed told both him and me that he had strongly recommended him to Count Benyousky, who had let him into some of the outlines of his great plan, and that he did not doubt of his fortune's being made, if he had no objection to going into a very remote part of the world. He soon after introduced Gratarol, who

was particularly well received by Benyousky, who had actually applied to Mr. Fox, then Secretary of State, for an aid towards the execution of his great plan, by a loan of a sum, not very large (to be repaid at the end of a year, with cent. per cent. profit), which sum was to pay for hire of two or three vessels for the transport of himself, his family, and a considerable number of his dependants, with such merchandize, arms, instruments of husbandry, and other goods as were necessary for him. This scheme struck Mr. Fox's imagination so strongly, and was so suitable to his views, that he not only granted all that he asked, but even went beyond his wishes. Orders were actually given for the ships to be got ready, and Gratarol's arrears of half-pay were expected to be paid in a few days, and everything bore a most favourable aspect, when the whole was at once defeated by the sudden change of administration. The Count immediately made the same proposals to Lord Carmarthen, Fox's successor in office, but without success—partly owing to his thinking it his duty to proceed with more caution than the other had thought necessary, and partly to the machinations of the French Court, who, sensible of the great importance of the Count's plan with respect to their possessions in that part of the world, and particularly the islands of France and Bourbon, used every means (some of which I know of, but must not now mention) to defeat it. In

short, after a few days' treaty, the Count was given to understand that he must expect nothing from Government.

By this fatal blow, the Count's finances, out of which he had maintained himself, his family, and about one hundred and fifty of his dependants here and elsewhere in Europe, were so reduced by unavoidable delay and some disappointments, that he found himself under a necessity of ordering all his effects, even the Countess's jewels and her very clothes, to be forthwith sold, to defray the necessary charges of his departure, which now admitted of no delay, and a large demurrage of the shipping he had engaged for his voyage.

Gratarol's arrears were unpaid, and new applications had to be made, but with very small hopes of a speedy payment, when (fortunately indeed) Prince Ferdinand's letter of general recommendation of Gratarol, procured by your letter to the Prince, arrived, and was immediately delivered to W. P., who, at the pressing instances of Bankes, immediately despatched the affair of the half-pay, to which alone Gratarol confined all the pretensions which he might have founded upon the Prince's most gracious recommendation. The arrears were paid, and the money remaining, after a few necessary payments, was employed in the purchase of proper goods, &c. for the expedition. But still

the whole money that appeared possible to be procured, fell considerably short of what was absolutely wanted; when, in an accidental conversation, the Count's name having been mentioned, one, who happened to be of the company, expressed great admiration of his character, to which he was no stranger, and a most ardent desire to see him; which produced an interview, wherein, being informed of the straits and difficulties the Count lay under, and of the sum necessary to supply all his wants, which amounted to about £1500, he immediately gave him a draft on his banker for that sum, refusing to take any security for the repayment, other than a verbal promise of a ship-load of a certain wood, the produce of this Island, to be sent him within the space of a year after his arrival there. The money drawn for was immediately paid, and in a very few days converted into proper goods, merchandize, &c., and shipped on board a vessel in the river, wherein the Count also embarked, with Gratarol, whom he had actually appointed his first minister. Such measures have been taken as will infallibly secure them from all French designs against them.

I was nevertheless a little alarmed last Monday, when I imagined them many leagues off, by receiving a letter from Gratarol, dated at a sea-port in this kingdom, which, for certain reasons, I must not name, where they then lay at anchor, and where

he, by permission, was got on shore to recover from sea-sickness, occasioned by being tossed about in the Channel by bad weather, in their passage from a place very remote from the direct track to their Island, to which place they went in order to elude and disappoint the industry and extreme diligence of the French here to discover and defeat their designs, by which they are greatly alarmed. The wind having been *here* unfavourable to their getting out to sea ever since I heard from him, I, last Wednesday, sent him some letters from abroad with an account of your health, which he most anxiously desired of me. He tells me, in his letter, that he every day finds fresh cause to admire his *aimable chef*, and to attach himself more firmly to him: that their time on board is employed in digesting and improving plans they have already formed, the beauties of which he highly extols; and in learning the language of the Island, which he hopes to be master of before he arrives there. He says he has now nothing to pray for but a speedy arrival there: *Car alors* (says he) *il ne manquera plus rien à ma fortune et à mon bonheur:* and that he anticipates in his imagination the satisfaction we shall receive from his first letter from the Island, as he will then be at liberty to disclose some very agreeable circumstances, which, at this time, his duty forbids his committing to paper.

I had a more particular pleasure in giving him, by that letter, an account of you and your's being in perfect health, which I was the more desirous of doing, having some fears that a cruel report of your death, which originated in Dorsetshire immediately after your election, and afterwards found its way into some newspapers, might possibly have reached him uncontradicted. For what purpose this rumour was circulated I cannot conceive; but it had gained so much credit, that a friend of mine met Gulston driving full speed to Poole, with a view, I suppose, to succeed you; in which, however, he would have had no chance of success. Our friends are in high spirits, and have great hopes of carrying the mayoralty against Lester at the next election.

Before my receiving your letter of the 31st of March, I had revolved the matter of the title in my mind, and think it very probable that a favourable opportunity may naturally offer itself, in support of my pretensions to the Barony in Fee, or, at least, to justify an application for a new one in tail male. The former, you may believe, I have the most at heart; but that will require some management, and principally with the Attorney and Solicitor-General, upon whose opinion of my case much will depend. I consider, likewise, that the majority in Parliament will be so great on the side of the Administration, that the disposal of one

office, or, indeed, of more, will scarcely be worth their attention; and therefore I do not think it at all advisable to make the proposal you mention. Besides, those would be measures not at all suitable to the present system. They would certainly have been much more so had Fox's plan taken place.

It will certainly be more seasonable to bring the matter forward next winter, and that will afford me time to advise with the learned about the evidences now in my possession, and those to be had elsewhere. I have one great advantage in the favour I have the honour to be in, and even think it will probably improve. These considerations, and the prospect they afford, would be very pleasing in happier times; but, alas! when may we hope to see them?

I am very thankful to Providence for your being now situated at a distance from the woeful scenes that present themselves here of the sad effects of party rage and factious violence, transgressing and inverting the laws of nature and society; breaking the sacred bonds of friendship, and the strictest ties of blood and affection in families, setting brothers at variance with their brothers, and even sons with their fathers! I must not here enter into particulars, but some of them pierce my very heart. May the great God preserve us from these horrors, from which I should most earnestly pray for death

as a happy refuge. That you, my dearest William, may live to see better times and happier than I can hope for, is the sincere wish, as it has always been the earnest endeavour of

Your ever affectionate father,

J. Pitt.

I have this moment received the enclosed letter from Plymouth.

My love to Margaret. I hope she, yourself, and little Sophia* continue in perfect health.

I have just had a visit from Baron von Barle, who produced to me, by way of credential, a letter from you, of which he says he has received a great many. He said much in your praise; and that he was come over in hopes of settling with you the affair depending between him and Fox. I gave him a general account of the Deed of Trust, and, at his desire, a note to Farrer, by way of introduction, in order to his receiving information concerning his situation as one of the creditors, which is all that I could do in the business, except giving him assurances that he may rely on all justice being done, and every satisfaction given him, consistent with the nature of the Trust. I recommended to Farrer a little civility of behaviour to the Baron.

Endorsed. From my father, April 30, 1784.

* Afterwards Countess of Romney. Mr. Morton Pitt's only child by his first wife, Miss Gambier.

DUKE OF BRUNSWICK TO MR. W. MORTON PITT.

Magdebourg, ce 16 Septembre, 1787.

Monsieur,

C'est avec une peine infinie que j'ai appris par la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'adresser en date du 21 passé, la confirmation de la mort de notre bon ami, le digne Gratarol ; j'observe, cependant, qu'elle a eu lieu avant la malheureuse catastrophe arrivée a M. le Comte de Beniowsky ; quoiqu'il en soit, il est douloureux toujours pour les amis de ce brave homme de l'avoir perdu au moment même où ils avaient quelque raison d'espérer de voir ses vertus triompher de ses malheurs. D'après l'intérêt sincère que j'ai pris en mon particulier au sort de ce galant homme, je lui en aurais bien souhaité un plus heureux que celui qu'il a subi ; mais la Providence éternelle qui fait tout pour le bien des mortels l'ayant voulu ainsi, il ne nous appartient qu'à nous soumettre à ses decrêts.

Vous avez en attendant un motif de plus, Monsieur, de regretter cette mort, vû qu'elle vous fait perdre à la fois un ami, et la forte avance que vous lui avez faite, et dont je vous plains sincèrement. Si cependant des circonstances heureuses peuvent faire recouvrer la dernière, il est d'autant plus triste de devoir renoncer à l'espérence de retrouver le premier. J'ai envoyé au

Comte Marschall une copie de votre lettre, et je suis sûr que son cœur sensible donnera des larmes au souvenir de notre ami.

C'est avec les sentimens d'une considération parfaite que je suis

Monsieur,
Votre très dévoué ami,
FERDINAND,
Duc de Brunswic et de Lunebourg.

Benyousky was a Magnate of Hungary and Poland, and a distinguished soldier, whose adventures and reverses rival those of Baron von Trenck, with this difference—that he "died in harness" instead of subsiding into an Atheistical wine merchant. At one time the Russians imprisoned him in a dungeon, in which he miraculously escaped death from the surrounding dead bodies of his companions: at another, he escaped from a dungeon in Kamtschatka in company with the governor's daughter, whom he married; and after making himself master of the place, he sailed from thence with eighty-six men and nine women, landing at Macoa, and thence sailing for Europe. The French government encouraged him to form a settlement in Madagascar, to which place he sailed accordingly; but being opposed and annoyed by the French courtiers and officials he set up for himself, and came to Europe for the purpose of seeking assistance and alliances from other governments. With such pecuniary advances as he could obtain from Morton Pitt and a few other Englishmen, he again sailed for Madagascar (vide the above quoted letter). Against the French governor advancing with a small military force to attack him, Benyousky could only oppose thirty natives, who instantly ran away, and two Europeans who stood by him. He was struck by a bullet, and died almost immediately.

CHAPTER X.

THE following letters in this compilation being arranged chronologically, I must give a short premonitory sketch concerning them, because they will hereafter be much intermingled as regards their writers and recipients, many of whom, as before stated, were connected either by relationship or community of aim. The first three were written by Hannah More, to Lady Middleton, at Teston Court, in Kent, and at this point a few words relative to the *dramatis personæ* are necessary, under penalty of confusedness.

Teston Court belonged at that time (1784) to Miss Bouverie, called (by the brevet rank then accorded to permanent spinsters) Mrs. Bouverie. Her name appears honourably in the memoirs of more than one historical philanthropist. From her, Wilberforce met with sympathy in his labours of love; in her, Hannah More found one of her earliest and most generous contributors to the work of instructing two thousand poor children. Lady

Middleton was aunt of Admiral Lord Gambier, of Mrs. Morton Pitt, and of Mrs. Larcelles Iremonger, before mentioned. Her husband, Sir Charles Middleton (afterwards created Lord Barham), was made first Lord of the Admiralty, when in his eightieth year, viz., in 1805, on the impeachment of Lord Melville.

The friendship between Lady Middleton and Mrs. Bouverie was as romantic as that of the celebrated Ladies of Llangollen. It dated from school, lasted through life, and included the husband of the former. From the time of their marriage, Sir Charles and Lady Middleton lived with Mrs. Bouverie, who, dying after Lady Middleton, left her property to Sir Charles.

Lady Middleton was one of the most accomplished women of her time, and attracted all the talent of the day to Teston. The celebrated Dr. Johnson was a frequent visitor there, and one night, groping his way down stairs in the dark, thought he felt the head of a man, whom supposing to be a robber, he seized hold of, and roared with all his might, when on the affrighted household assembling, candle in hand, the robber turned out to be an old lady's wig, which her maid had left on a knob of the oak staircase.

Many of the family pictures at Exton* were painted by Lady Middleton.

* Seat of the Earls of Gainsborough.

With regard to her having originated the anti-slavery movement, two opposite statements are made—Mr. Latrobe affirming the fact, and the authors of the "Life of Wilberforce" denying it; the arguments of the latter bein g, that Mr. Wilberforce had written against the slave trade when a boy, that he had in 1780 asked a friend, just starting for Antigua, to collect information on the subject, as he hoped to redress the evil some day; and that speaking of Lady Middleton's "application" (I quote the word used in the book), he had said, "It was just one of those many impulses which were all giving to my mind the same direction."

On the other hand, if Mr. Wilberforce made up his mind in 1780, it is no less clear that he first avowed his opinions publicly* in 1787, a few months after his visit to Teston; whilst the evidence of Mr. Latrobe, who was an eye-witness to the events on which the case hangs, and whose very high character raises his testimony above suspicion, will, I think, render it difficult for a candid public to escape the conclusion that Lady Middleton did actually set the ball rolling, though it must have started sooner or later by its own self-motive power.

The following is from Mr. Latrobe's letter, which I quote from the "Life of Wilberforce."

* Life of Wilberforce, vol. I. p. 151.

At Sea. December 15, 1815.

* * * *

When Sir Charles Middleton (afterwards Lord Barham) commanded a man-of-war, he had a surgeon on board whose name was Ramsay. Sir Charles went to the West Indies, where Mr. Ramsay married a lady of St. Kitts. It was thought most inconvenient that Mr. Ramsay should settle in that island, and as he had an inclination to enter into the church, and a living offered, he came home, took orders, and became a clergyman. In St. Kitts he saw a great deal of the manner of treating the negroes, and felt the greatest pity for them. But having become acquainted with the horrors of the trade by which they were obtained, he was still more shocked with the indignities and cruelties suffered by those poor creatures on their passage from Africa to the islands, and with the brutal manner of their being bought and sold like cattle.

How long he staid in St. Kitts I have not here the means of ascertaining, but after some years he received a vocation to the living of Teston, near Maidstone, in Kent. Here his diligence, usefulness, and urbanity of manners, soon brought him into great favour with the family, especially as his mild and charitable disposition well accorded with that of his patroness, Mrs. Bouverie, and her

friend Lady Middleton. In the course of his frequent conversations, the state of the slaves in the West Indies, and the abominable traffic in human flesh and blood, came into discussion. The ladies were shocked with the details given them by Mr. Ramsay.

Lady Middleton's active mind and indefatigable ardour would not suffer the matter to rest, and she was continually urging Mr. Ramsay to call the attention of the whole nation to such crying sins. To this purpose, she wrote him an energetic letter, which you will find in his "Essay on the Treatment of, and Traffic in, Slaves." This book caused a great sensation, and raised against Mr. Ramsay a host of enemies. Yet all this which was said and written on the subject might have passed away, and produced as little effect as the declamations and writings of many good men in England and America, and the mental torments experienced and recorded by Mr. Clarkson, but that God put it into the heart of Lady Middleton to venture one step further, and to urge the necessity of bringing the proposed abolition of the Slave Trade before parliament, as a measure in which the whole nation was concerned.

This was done in the most natural and simple manner possible, at the conclusion of some very animated expressions of feelings on considering the

national guilt attached to the continuation of such a traffic.

Sorry I am that I did not mark the day when I was witness to that remarkable conversation,* which took place at breakfast; Mr. Ramsay, if I mistake not, being present. Lady Middleton, addressing her husband, who was member for Rochester, said, "Indeed, Sir Charles, I think you ought to bring the subject before the House, and demand Parliamentary inquiry into the nature of a traffic so disgraceful to the British character."

Sir Charles granted the propriety of such an inquiry, but observed that the cause would be in bad hands if committed to him, who had never yet made one speech in the House; but he added, that he should strenuously support any able member who would undertake it.

This led to an interchange of opinions, respecting the willingness and fitness of several members who were named to brave the storm, and defend the cause of humanity, when some one mentioned Mr. Wilberforce, who had lately come out, and not only displayed very superior talents, and great eloquence, but was a decided and powerful advocate of the cause of truth and virtue, and a friend of the minister. He was then at Hull, and Lady Middleton prevailed on Sir Charles immediately to write to him and propose the subject. He did so,

* During Mr. Latrobe's residence at Teston, 1786.

and communicated the letter he had written to the family; as well as Mr. Wilberforce's answer, which he received a few days after, both of which I heard with these, mine ears. Mr. Wilberforce wrote to the following effect, "that he felt the great importance of the subject, and thought himself unequal to the task allotted to him, but yet would not positively decline it;" adding, that on his return to town he would pay a visit to the family at Teston, and consult with Sir Charles and Lady Middleton on the subject.

After Mr. Wilberforce's return from Yorkshire, he visited the family at Teston as proposed; and as he endeavoured to make himself master of the subject, and from every accessible quarter to obtain information, Sir Charles sent him to me to learn what had been effected by our missionaries among the slaves, in the different West India Islands; and I furnished him with every piece of intelligence in my power.

* * *

CH. IGN. LATROBE.

One word respecting the term predicated at the outset of this compilation.

The credit of individuality will not, I think, be denied of Lady Middleton—the woman who, in the eighteenth century, was contemporaneously sought by wits and philanthropists—conversing

with Dr. Johnson, the great literary upholder of existing things, and meditating an attack upon an institution hedged round by vested rights. Nor can the term well be denied of the man who, like Cincinnatus, was called from his country pursuits when in his eightieth year, to take a high command at a time of unusual difficulty.

In Mr. Wilberforce's published Diary there is the following passage respecting him:

"Pitt and Lord Chatham [1797] first Lord of the Admiralty, had sent for Middleton, and met him with the information, 'Bad news, Sir Charles, from the fleet, a ship has mutinied; what are we to do?' Sir Charles, who had always been an enemy to pressing, and who actually resigned his office of Comptroller of the Navy because he could not carry some reforms which would have prevented the breaking out of the great mutiny, immediately replied, 'You know how ill I think these poor fellows have been used, but now that it has come to a mutiny, there is but one thing to be done, you must show them that you have the superiority; you must order a ninety-gun ship on each side of her, and sink her on the spot, if she does not at once submit.' They were staggered, and said doubtfully, 'That is a strong measure, what if they should refuse to obey?' 'Then in-

deed all would be over; but they will not refuse to obey if you give the order resolutely, and it is the only thing which can be done.' He left them still undetermined, and in a few minutes came back with the despatch drawn up; and seeing still some hesitation, said, 'Pray sign it instantly, there is much to be done in the office, and we shall scarcely be ready in time to save the post.' 'Sir Charles,' said Pitt, 'is the best man of business I know,' &c. &c.*

But there is one more person whose peculiar claim calls for an explicit acknowledgment, because her labours were not directed to mend scattered grievances respectively, but to remove their producing causes. I allude to Hannah More—a person than whom few of note have been less clearly appreciated by general posterity—partly owing to the present non-existence of those requirements with which she was pre-eminently adapted to cope, and partly to the unmeasured laudations of an exclusive religious party.

Half an hour's conversation with any Somersetshire octogenarian, whose memory of events can go back clearly into the last twenty years of the last century, will convince anyone (not grossly prejudiced) that Hannah More rendered national services of unappreciable extent; and when one's

* "Life of Wilberforce," vol. II., p. 212.

patience totters under some unctuously narrow sentiment from her unsparing pen, it is but justice to turn from words to deeds, and remember that her great friend Mrs. Garrick, was a Roman Catholic, and that she showed personal hospitality to the French emigrant priests, besides assisting them with money and literary labour.

I give the letters in their entirety, believing that, thus unprepared and unweeded, they will present the most faithful, though perhaps not the most flattering, portrait of the writer.

The first three letters are from Hannah More to Lady Middleton, with one to Mrs. Bouverie—from 1784 to '86 inclusive.

HANNAH MORE TO LADY MIDDLETON.

[1784.]

Your ladyship wishes to know something of the poetical prodigy I have lately become acquainted with. She is a milk-woman, was born and bred in that station; has had no kind of education, except that her brother, who was a day labourer, taught her to write. She has a husband and six small children, is in the most abject poverty, and in the severity of last winter the whole family was reduced to such extremity of want, that in a fit of despair they all sat down together waiting the stroke of death, her mother, a very pious old woman, being of the number. A friend of mine,

happening to pass that way, providentially looked into their hovel; he saw their distress, went home, and sent them some bread and meat; the good old woman lived to see it arrive, smiled upon the infants, and *expired*. It is to this terrible circumstance she alludes in almost every part of her poetry. Her time is spent in selling milk, feeding hogs, and nursing her little miserable family, nor does she ever allow herself to read or write till they are all in bed. I would not give her encouragement till I found she did not sacrifice the smallest of her *duties* to the *Muses*. She is about twenty-eight years old, very awkward, reserved, and of a melancholy temper, has noble sentiments, and, I believe, excellent principles. She does not know one rule of grammar, has never even *seen* a dictionary. Her imagination is strong, her poetical expression rich and various, and her ear is so exceedingly musical that in three huudred lines I have never found one that was unharmonious. I will add a few extracts from some of her verses, by way of specimen.

DESCRIPTION OF WINTER.

"In that lone hour when angry storms descend,
And the chilled soul forgets the name of *Friend*,
When all her sprightly fires inactive lie,
And gloomy objects fill the mental eye;
When hoary winter strides the northern blast,
And Flora's beauties at his feet are cast;

Earth by the grisly tyrant desert made,
The feather'd warblers quit the leafy shade;
Quit those dear scenes where life and love began,
And cheerless seek the savage haunts of man;
Then shall your image soothe my pensive soul,
When slow-pac'd moments big with mischiefs roll."

Again: Extract from the poem to Stella.

"Say, bright instructress, soother of the soul,
Whose flowing numbers, strong as Jesse's harp,
Despair ne'er heard, but loathing left the soul,
Dire fiend; whom sounds of joy could ne'er allure;
O say, for strong-eyed Faith has borne you far,
Beyond the gloomy chambers of the grave,
Speak loudly to my late corrected soul,
That sure reward awaits the blameless mind,
Else will I give the strenuous struggle o'er,
Throw up your angel-mind as painted shade,
Or notion strong from early precept caught,
Rove through the maze of all-alluring sense,
And this side Jordan every hope shall fix.
Mere ravings all—these crude ideas die,
As faith to Calvary's Mount directs my view,
Nor will I lose, thus humbled as I am,
My dear-bought claim to Immortality."

I did not select these passages as being better than the rest, but more detached. They are, however, enough to convince your ladyship that she possesses the true spirit of poetry.

I am, &c.,
H. M.

HANNAH MORE TO LADY MIDDLETON.

Bristol, September 3, 1785.

My dear Lady Middleton,

Though enveloped in a very substantial wall of flesh, I have one property of a ghost, that is, I always speak when I am spoken to, and the reason why I did not speak first in the present case was because I know that your time has such demands upon it that what appears to be kindness is in fact cruelty.

I receive a very serious satisfaction from knowing your ladyship is perfectly recovered from that cruel fever which distressed us all so much in June. Travelling after an illness is a wise project, and I rejoice you have had so pleasant a tour; as to Mrs. Bouverie, her enterprises in the travelling way are vastly more heroic than ever I should have given her credit for; though I believe it is generally the unprofessing people who go through all the hardships and do all the business.

It is a comfort to me to be able to say that you were *not* within ten miles of Cowslip Green. What a mortification have I escaped in your not calling in there, as you would not have found me, for it is not yet finished, and of course not habitable, though I go a day every week to direct and to plant; in short, I am in a very fair way of being ruined, having greatly exceeded, as all projectors do, my

original plan; you would laugh to hear me talk of *exceeding*, if you saw what a little tiny thing it still is; but things figure by comparison.

Mr. Walsingham, Mrs. Garrick, and I had planned a very pleasant scheme to the Lakes in Cumberland for this month, but the dangerous illness of poor Mr. Boyle has defeated it. She is going to send him to Naples. I don't think he can recover.

I am happy in the near neighbourhood of Lady Juliana and Miss Penn, who have taken for some months the house Mrs. Edwards had last year at Clifton; they are much pleased with their situation, and it has been of much service to Lady Juliana's health.

Lady J. Stanley is very *honest;* I think her first bounty paid very handsomely for her book.

This subject leads me to the very unpleasant one on which your ladyship desires some information. I have taken an infinite deal of pains to suppress the sad story of Mrs. Yearsley's misconduct,* but in vain; she herself publishes it to every one she sees. Because I have laid out the money in the Funds instead of giving it her to squander, she has openly accused me of a design to defraud her of it; and when I paid her the half year's dividend in advance, she dashed it at me, saying, "She

* The poetical milk-woman spoken of in the preceding letter.

never would receive that or anything else from me, who added insult to the weight of imaginary obligation." These *insults* are in my preface to her book, which she says has been the ruin of her, that it was the height of cruelty to tell she was a milk-woman, and poor, the last of which she denies; she also accuses me of having spoilt her verses by my pretended corrections, leaving out her finest things, and putting in my own nonsense: in short, the list of my offences would fill a quire; the charge of fraud was made to me in person with the look and voice of an incensed fury rather than an angry woman. I confess to you, my dear Madam, I have been deeply hurt, not at her personal ingratitude to *me*, for that may be salutary to me, as I believe I was too proud of my success, nor, as it will lessen my future usefulness, for God can raise up better instruments, but as it may hurt really good and deserving sufferers, by making people afraid to undertake their cause, or contribute to their advancement. I trust this story will not harden *your* heart or *mine* against the next distress we meet with; but how many are there who will make it a pretence to save their guinea, or withhold their interest on any future application!

It is a fresh proof to me that nothing but a strong religious principle can counteract the mischievous propensities of great talents when connected with strong passions. *Genius*, as well as

knowledge, puffeth up; but (observe how beautifully the antidote follows the poison) *charity edifieth.* I hope I need not say that I shall take the same care of her pecuniary interests, and am bringing out a second edition; but I do not see her, as I am not sure it would be *safe*, I am sure it would not be *pleasant:* yet she continues to come to the house every day as usual for the pig's-wash. My conscience will not suffer me to give up my trust for the poor children, for which I am pledged jointly with Mrs. Montague; if I had not this scruple, I could put an end to my trouble at once by giving up the money. You, my dear Madam, Sir Charles, and Mrs. Bouverie, who are such nice casuists in conscientious cases, tell me what I ought to do.

I have run on, but you desired it. How goes on Mrs. Edwards?* Well, I hope.

My sisters send their best respects. Poor Patty is still a great sufferer, and is wandering about in quest of health.

My best respects attend Sir Charles and Mrs.

* Mrs. Edwards, mentioned in this letter, was the only daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Middleton, and on the death of her father became Baroness Barham. She married Mr. Gerard Noel Edwards, the eldest son of Lady Jane Edwards, daughter and heir of the Earl of Gainsborough, in favour of whose son (the present Earl of Gainsborough) the title was revived.

B. I hope Mr. Gambier's health goes on prosperously.

Dear Madam,
Your ladyship's most obliged and faithful
H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Adelphi, 13th March, (probably 1785.)

Dear Madam,

I return you Mr. Cowper, with many thanks for the pleasure and profit I have received from him. I have found what I have been looking for all my life, a poet whom I can read on a Sunday, and whose *whole* writings I can recommend to my young and my female friends, without restriction or exception. Besides that spirit of Christianity which gives these poems their first lustre, I find in them a bold imagination, much original thinking, and frequently very faithful paintings of nature. In his versification Mr. C. is negligent, and seems as if he did not study order in the construction of his poems. But in this age of regular tinckling and correct chiming, this very negligence gives him an original and agreeable air. In the structure of his verse he more resembles the ardent but careless measure of Churchill than anybody I know;

he has also his fire and indignant spirit, but in a better cause.

Best compliments, chez vous.

Yours, dear Madam,
Most faithfully,
HAN. MORE.

HANNAH MORE TO LADY MIDDLETON.

Sandleford House, June 14, 1786.

My dear Lady Middleton,

I am got as far as Mrs. Montague's on my way to my summer abode. I do not think I act very judiciously to visit such places as Teston and Sandleford, and enjoy such company as they possess, by way of preparation for a cottage and solitude, but I take comfort in my favourite proverb, "Casa mia, casa mia, &c." This place is really grown into great beauty, the ground lies remarkably well, and Browne just touched it with his magic wand, but did not live to finish it.

As I was walking in the wood this morning, I was reflecting on Captain Gambier's* quere, Why one never hears any religious conversation unless it is tinctured with Methodism or hypocrisy? I forget his precise words, As Anthony says, "If it be so, it is a grievous fault," and sorry I am not to be able to answer the charge by adducing a

* Afterwards Lord Gambier.

multitude of opposite instances. I believe there are many among our acquaintance who withstand the flesh and the devil very courageously, who yet have not resolution to resist the *world*. Modesty, the dread of singularity, and the fear of exciting suspicions of their sincerity, chain the tongues of some whose hearts burn within them. But if we are candid to those who, through fear or shame, *keep silence, even from good words*, shall we be less favourable to those whose "mouth speaketh from the abundance of the heart?" A person deep in the Classics speaks the language of Virgil or Horace without pedantry. Where the mind is deeply imbued with the subject, it naturally falls into the language of it. The bias of education and the habits of life give this religious phraseology to recluses and sectarists. I should be very careful how I accused a man of hypocrisy because his discourse was a little quaint, and his expressions too scriptural for familiar conversation. A geometrician is not reckoned a hypocrite for talking of lines and angles, nor a poet for talking of dactyls and spondees; if, indeed, they talk of these things to the *ignorant*, they may be said to have affectation or bad judgment; but, otherwise, these are the technical terms, the phraseology of their art, their professional dialect, nor can they express themselves in any other way. To be sure, "*Praise God Barebones*" and the Puritanical Parliament

have made it sound ridiculous to say a man is "seeking the Lord" when he is saying his prayers, yet the expression itself has nothing ludicrous in it. So, "*regeneration, grace, new birth, Divine influence, the aids of the Spirit,*" however these words may be used by designing men, or made the mock of profane ones, yet they are not puritanical cant, or methodistical nonsense, but the sober language of the New Testament, and I have a notion that, as we grow into a taste for the spirit of that book, we shall take less offence at the letter; we shall be vexed, perhaps, to see it coupled with indiscretion or absurdity, but shall only be *shocked* at profane allusions and ludicrous associations. *Polite* ears are disgusted to hear their Maker called "the Lord" in common talk, while *serious* ones think the fashionable appellation of "the Deity" sounds extremely Pagan.

For my own part, I do not like cant; I am not palliating the practice because I approve it, but I think still that religion is in more danger from *our* frozen moderation than from the ill-judged zeal of these good people. It is an error on the safe side; and if to provide for eternity be really the great concern of human life, I cannot think that people will acquit themselves a bit the better of their business for never talking about it. Is not that man more likely to be earnest in his affairs, who is so much engrossed by them as to

let them mix, however indiscreetly, in his common conversation, and who illustrates his ordinary talk with allusions to them, however ill applied or awkwardly introduced, than he who carefully keeps his business out of his sight, and suppresses every word or hint which might lead to the subject? I can't help thinking that, if the matter lay very near the heart, and filled its secret affections, it would now and then break out into words. Where it is always the subject, there may be hypocrisy, but where it never escapes the lips, is it too severe to suspect that it is because it does not occupy the heart? If we loved it as well, should we not talk of it as often as we do of money, business, beauty, pleasure, or wit?

I feel that after all this long rambling scrawl, Captain Gambier's question is not satisfactorily answered; but if we can't justify the indiscreet dialect of these well-meaning people, we may, at least, make it a kind of spiritual thermometer to try the heat and cold of our own affections; if we are much scandalized at them, it is a sign that however high their imprudence may be, our charity is, at least, very low; and when we cannot forgive anything serious because it is not perfectly discreet as to time and place, and perfectly elegant in the expression, we should be afraid that our zeal is falling to the freezing-point.

If your ladyship could hear the delicions clam-

our of the nightingales under my window, you would think I not only had no ears, but no heart and affections, that I could sit still, writing at random whatever came uppermost, and lose the sweet gratification of this concert of the groves. But I love my friends even better than I love nightingales; and I owe to your kindness, and that of Mrs. Bouverie, a word of gratitude and friendship for all your goodness to me.

Mrs. Garrick hopes you will imagine for her everything she ought to say that is good and affectionate.

Mrs. Montague desires her compliments.

Pray present my proper salams (is that spelt right?) to Mrs. Bouverie, to Sir Charles, to Mrs. Twysden, and Mrs. Gambier.

I am, with great esteem,
My dear Lady Middleton's much obliged
friend, and faithful, humble servant,
HAN. MORE.

The next letter is to Mr. John Pitt from a Mr. Davies, and would be barely worth insertion, but for the curious and interesting evidence it contains, of a county gentleman going to the expense of planting oaks largely with a view to the national defences.

MR. DAVIES TO MR. JOHN PITT.

Barkham, 15th June, 1786.

Dear Sir,

Having a pleasure in obeying any command of yours, I would gladly have sent you the following particulars earlier; but I wished to get my information from Mr. St. John himself, and he has been of late so much from home, that I had not the good luck to meet with him till this week. In the meanwhile I picked up what little knowledge I could, by walking among his trees, and talking with his workmen.

The oaks he has cut down this season (a few excepted) were planted by his father's uncle eighty-five years ago. Their age he fixes with certainty, having had the account from his father, to whom the estate was left, and who loved trees as his children. A great part of the timber would have been better, had it been cut some years ago; the fault is that it has lost in some degree the natural toughness of oak, and acquired the brittleness of mahogany. The common run of the trees, barked, is from five and a half to six and a half feet in girth; those that measure more are comparatively few. The stems are in general short, and the greatest are about one load and a half. The number cut down is about four hundred. Mr. St. John has sold the whole (as he supposes)

for £5 per load, including bark and top; but then he is to deliver it at Water-Oakley, near Windsor, fifteen miles distant. He reckons to clear £2000.

The trees of greatest size I measured round with a string at about five feet from the bottom, after they had been barked, but before they were hewed. I measured the least first, and made knots upon my string; and when I got home, I found the girths to be as under:

Trees.	Feet.	Inches.	Trees.	Feet.	Inches.
1	9	nearly.	2	7	10
1	8	6	1	7	4
1	8	4	1	7	2
1	8		3	6	10
2	7	11	1	6	8

The largest contain something more than three loads of timber. Those in the first parcel appear to have grown spontaneously from acorns; two of them in a field near a hedge, two on the common. but at some distance from the planted trees; another amongst the planted ones near the road-side, but not in a line with the rest, and the remaining one by a cottage near the road also, at a good distance from any neighbour. These are supposed to be of the same age with the others, and they appeared to be, as far as I could judge, sound timber. But their superior bulk might perhaps be owing more to their having room to extend their

roots and branches in, than to the circumstance of their being self-sown.

I find, however, it is a prevailing notion with the country people here, who, having been frequently employed in felling, and stripping, and hewing, have therefore had opportunities of observing, that *planted* oaks are inferior both in growth and in goodness to those produced immediately from acorns. This inferiority they attribute to the tap-roots having been cut, whereby the vigour of the plant is checked, and its growth impeded. This is their idea, and it is Mr. St John's to. He affirms it as a fact, founded on his own as well as on common observation, that planted oaks grow more slowly, and are apt to be more faulty than such as are produced from acorns.

On looking into the last edition of Evelyn's Silva, I find both the author and the editor of that work agree in giving the preference to the acorn over the plant. Dr. Hunter, in a note, page 84, in answer to the question, "Which makes the best timber?" writes thus: "Mr. Evelyn decides for sowing; and if a careful observer will look into the woods that have been *sown*, and at the same time, examine such as have been *planted*, he will not hesitate a moment to declare in favour of the excellent author of this Treatise." And, further on, page 89, he says: "A wood raised in this natural manner [by sowing] will not only make the

best timber for the uses of the carpenter and ship-builder, but will arrive at maturity many years sooner than one of the same age raised from plants drawn from the nursery. The tap-root of all trees corresponds with the leading shoot, so that when it is cut off, as in planting from the nursery, the tree is weakened in its leading shoot, but puts out more vigorously in its lateral ones." I am very sure you must have seen and considered these passages, though I question whether Mr. St. John has; but certainly the common people, who are employed about timber, have few or none of them ever heard of the name of Evelyn, and yet they hold the same opinion. It should seem therefore to be rather a fact founded on observation than a mere prejudice.

Thus then the matter rests (apparently) on the experience of Mr. Evelyn, of Dr. Hunter of York, his editor, who I think attends one of the London Hospitals (St. Bartholomew's, I believe), of Mr. St. John, whose father was a great planter, and living always in the country took great pleasure in almost daily examining his trees, and of the common people. Whether their concurring opinion is so well founded as to be decisive, I will not pretend to say. Dr. Hunter asserts it as an unquestionable fact, but does not prove it by a reference to any particular instance of trees planted and sown at the same time, in the same soil, at the same dis-

tance from one another. A comparison between trees in such circumstances can alone clearly solve the problem.

I wish I had any more satisfactory information to send you on this subject, that you might proceed with certainty in the best method of raising this valuable tree. Old England, a century hence, may greatly owe her independence to those forests which your regard for her welfare has induced you to plant. I heartily wish you health to complete the great undertaking; and remain, with the greatest respect,

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged and faithful,

DAVID DAVIES.

Then follow letters from Hannah More to Mrs. Bouverie, Sir Charles and Lady Middleton respectively, from 1787 to 1792, when the latter died. There are also two letters to Mr. Morton Pitt, one from Mr. Glasse, which I insert as a tribute to good manners, of which he was so stout a reformer, *vide* note, and one from Mr. George Rose, which needs no apology.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Cowslip Green, July 31st.*

My dear Sir,

I had a very kind and comfortable letter from

* 1787, as appears by the sequel.

Lady Middleton, which gave me all the satisfaction which could be received from a detail of the melancholy circumstances in which you have been engaged. When I first saw the gloomy and low-spirited state of Mr. Gambier's mind, could I have thought that I should so soon have offered Balaam's petition, "May my last end be like his?" But God's ways are not as our ways. And though there is but one *atonement*, yet doubtless that suffering body and dejected mind were, in the hands of Providence, instruments for his good.

I shall take the liberty to send by the mail-coach, for it is too large for the post, a little pamphlet which I have just finished; it was entirely the result of two or three conversations I had with you in Hertford Street; and with Mr. Wilberforce. The zeal with which you both are animated for doing good, lead me to wish that I, though one of the humblest of all God's instruments, might contribute my poor mite to advance the great purpose you have at heart. My object was to take notice of such particulars as the Proclamation* cannot include, and to address my animadversions to that body of people who, being free from gross vice, seem to live in a dangerous security. I wish for

* Royal Proclamation to magistrates, &c., desiring them to countenance and assist the efforts of the Society for the Reformation of Manners; the object of which society was, to diminish full-grown crimes by insuring certainty of punishment for the smaller ones, whenever reformatory prevention should

your candid opinion whether it be likely to answer any useful end to publish it, at a *proper time.* It must be anonymous. There are many reasons why I could not own it, the chief of which is that I do not live up to my song, and that my own life is not as strict as the life I recommend.

There are many other things on which I could have animadverted very severely, but I was afraid of attempting too much. At present I wish it to be seen only by Lady Middleton, Mrs. Bouverie, and Mr. Wilberforce, when an opportunity offers of your being within reach of the latter. I wish you to suggest every improvement which occurs to you. My greatest difficulty is the Sunday drawing-rooms; that is an ugly corner to turn. Pray turn it over in your minds a little, whether it be not too bold. If you should be of opinion that it will be worth publishing, I should wish to entrust the Bishop of Chester with it, and to ask his judgment on the subject.

I had the satisfaction of hearing, as I passed through Bath, that five or six hundred pounds had

fail. The following list of members is from the Life of Wilberforce, vol. i. p. 394.

Sir Lloyd Kenyon.
Sir William Dolben.
Sir Henry Houghton.
Sir James Long.
Sir Charles Middleton.
Mr. Mainwaring.
Mr. Brook Watson.
Mr. Morton Pitt.
Mr. Samuel Thornton.
Mr. Wilberforce.
Mr. Edward Freeman.
Mr. Richard Milnes.
Rev. Dr. Glasse.

been seized by the magistrates at a gaming table, in consequence of the Proclamation, and I think converted to the use of the poor. Lord S——'s letter was indeed a very poor one, and does not take the business by the right handle; but the effects will be not the less good, I humbly trust.

The Quakers here are all charmed with the Negro Project, which I hear Mr. Clarkson has been prosecuting with success at Bristol. That humane people, I am assured, emancipated great numbers of blacks, I forget in what province, who were again reduced to slavery, and sold by other planters. What an enormity!

I beg your pardon, dear Sir, for adding to all your other cares and troubles this long scrawl, and the manuscript.

I am, with great esteem,
Your most obliged and faithful servant,
HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE TO LADY MIDDLETON.

Cowslip Green, September 10th,*

My dear Lady Middleton,

Many thanks for your kind offer about the picture;† beggars must not be choosers, either the Archbishop or the Moralist will be acceptable,

* Probably 1788.

† Lady Middleton excelled in painting portraits in oils.

both for their own sakes and yours, and either idea will be attended with pleasant associations. Nothing could be better, except the resemblance of a *living* friend. If you could, with as little trouble, indulge me with a copy, either of yourself, Mrs. Bouverie, or Sir Charles, that would be still better; but do that which will cost you least trouble.

I don't know how I came to mention my insignificant health; I suppose I was in a bad humour, and I believe I have a natural disposition rather to complain of small evils than to be thankful for great ones. But my dread of being sent from my little quiet hermitage to Bath has made me bestow more time on myself than I am worth, and I believe if I could *compel* myself to ride every day I should be better; indeed, I am much better for what I have done. Apropos, I must tell you how much good you have been the means of doing me, without knowing it. The last injunction you gave me, was never to be without James' Powder. I obeyed your commands by getting some directly. As soon as I came here, I was seized with a violent shivering fit, and the most alarming symptoms of a high fever. I gave myself two great doses, and in twenty-four hours was perfectly well. Now I think I have talked long enough of *myself*, but 'twas in obedience to you.

I have seen nothing of Mrs. Dickenson this age,

as my cottage is ten miles out of Bristol, on the Western Road. I do not see much of my friends, except when I go to my sister's to stay. Yet I get full company enough from the Hot-wells. Had it been nearer, it would have entirely defeated my purpose, and my solitude would have been too populous. Sorry am I to be obliged, by truth, to unsay the good I have been saying of the Quakers. I have a natural predilection for them, and having been accustomed to see some of them whenever I saw Mr. Clarkson, I believed, because I wished, that they were warm promoters of the great cause he has in hand. But when I came to talk with him alone, I had the mortification to find that nothing could be more lukewarm, cautious, and worldly-wise than they are. *Talking* humanely, perhaps, but when anything is to be *done*, or any assistance given, they are as cold and prudent as the most discreet and money-loving churchman. Clarkson desires us to canvass for him from the Member of Parliament down to the common seaman; he wishes to turn the tide of popular affections in favour of this slave business.

An odd whim has just occurred to me, which you shall hear, and give me your opinion upon. I know of no place but the play-house, where three thousand people meet every night. Many people go to a play who never go to church, and if they do go to church, few preachers except the Bishop of

Chester and Mr. Ramsay will vindicate the rights of slaves. Now I was thinking if we could get the manager of Drury Lane to act the affecting tragedy of 'Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave,' which, you know exhibits in the most touching manner the captivity of a black prince by the treachery of Christians, falsely so called—this on condition that they will leave out the comic part, which is indecent and disgusting. Then if we could get some good poet to write an affecting prologue, descriptive of the miseries of these wretched negroes, and what a glory would accrue to this land from their redemption.

I should think that Mr. Sheridan, who could talk so eloquently for five hours and a half on the oppression of two Begums, could not refuse pleading the cause of millions of greater sufferers. But in case a *good* poet will not take the pains, I know a *bad* one who would attempt it, though she should be sorry not to see the subject in better hands. Perhaps the idea of opening the eyes, and diffusing humanity into the hearts of people, by so unpromising an instrument, may be chimerical. Pray do you know if the King cares about this black business at all?

I have thankfully adopted all your criticisms.

You must have had pleasure in the society of Dr. Beattie, I think. Is he very companionable? I do not know him but as an elegant poet, and a

sound metaphysician. Kind respects to all, from my dear Lady Middleton's faithful and affectionate

HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE TO LADY MIDDLETON.

Bristol, November 2nd, 1788.

My dear Lady Middleton,

I did indeed think it a very long time since I had had a little word from you; I was, however, the less uneasy at it as I had, now and then, occasional intimations that you were tolerably well, which Mrs. Dickenson confirms; she also gives as good accounts of Mrs. Bouverie as I could reasonably expect. Hitherto, indeed, I have had so little commune with her since her return, that we have had no opportunity of talking over Teston and its concerns comfortably together. I have been a sad vagabond lately, to my great regret, and for five or six weeks scarcely saw my dear little hermitage. A journey into Berkshire to Mrs. Montague took up between two and three weeks; this was somewhat lengthened by a short visit to the Stonhouses in my way back; then I stopped a little at Bath, when I found *my* friend Lady Bathurst very ill, and *our* friend Mrs. Ord very well. I no sooner returned to Bristol than I found myself involved in an engagement of long standing, to spend some time at Stoke with the Duchess Dow-

ager of Beaufort, from which I was not returned when your kind and agreeable letter reached my hands. It is an enchanting spot: we had the finest weather in the world, and a very agreeable little society. But I am afraid I grow morose and unsocial, for I cannot tell the delight with which I returned to my little garden and lowly thatched roof.

I thank you for that admirable extract from Neckar. I should almost envy France such a minister if I did not think as well of Pitt as I do. I hope you have read his book 'Sur la Religion;' 'tis very deeply tinctured with Christianity, a singular ingredient in a ministerial composition; and not an atom of the deadly arsenic of French philosophy. I don't pretend that there is anything very new or striking in the book, only one is glad to see such a man engaged in writing on such a subject.

Madame Neckar is a Roman of great piety, and spends great part of her time in superintending hospitals and other charitable institutions. The friends to the abolition here are quite delighted with such a public instance of the French minister's good dispositions to this great object. I see by the papers, the Privy Council is resumed; but I own I expect but little good from that quarter, notwithstanding the cordiality of our good bishop; I fear he has but few coadjutors in that assembly.

Apropos of bishops, my Lord of Llandaff was so good as to send me his *Charge* the other day, together with an address to the young persons in his diocese. I am excessively pleased with both; there is one single passage to which I object, in which he gives too great countenance to the young clergy going to public places; had this been omitted, I think it would have been one of the most useful and spirited little compositions I have seen.

I see by the papers that Mr. Wilberforce is at Bath, but have not heard anything of him.

On the subject of poor Louisa* I can say nothing, not having yet been able to get any satisfactory intelligence since her removal; but I have hopes, when I get to town, that I shall be able to hear how she goes on; for, though she is so hopeless a subject, it is impossible not to be interested about her. I owe much to Sir Charles's kindness in this business.

I am much obliged by your taking for granted that I should gladly subscribe to your Negro prints. My warm but impotent concurrence naturally follows every shape, and form, and complexion which that subject can assume.

* The mysterious foreign maniac discovered by Hannah More under a haystack in 1781, was said to be Mademoiselle La Freulein, a supposed illegitimate daughter of the Emperor Francis I. She died at Guy's Hospital in 1800.

I am sick of the stupid *revolution-nonsense* which is preparing in this town, and, I suppose, every other town. Strange that there should be any piety in noise, drunkenness, and expense. If they would celebrate their deliverance from Popery by delivering prisoners, and lay out their money in blankets instead of tar-barrels, I think commemorations might be good things. But I hate all these Pagan rejoicings.

I rejoice at your good accounts of Mrs. Edwards and her sweet little tribe. Pray remember me most affectionately to her, to Sir Charles, Mrs. Bouverie, &c.

Perhaps I may have a chance of finding you not gone from Hertford Street, if I peep in upon you. I propose, if it please God, coming to town about my usual time, that is, the second week in next month.

Adieu, my dear Lady Middleton,
Believe me most faithfully and constantly,
Your obliged,
H. More.

To be sure, the more the picture resembles the Bishop, the better I shall like it.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

December 27.*

My dear Sir,

I shall be obliged to you to send at any time Bishop Latimer to the Adelphi. I will not promise to return him in a hurry, being engaged in a good deal of similar reading. I know he is barbarous enough in point of style, but I read with peculiar delight the works of those who laid down their lives for the "faith once delivered to the saints." We are sure at least they were in earnest.

I have great pleasure, not unmixed with envy I fear, at the spiritual prosperity of your villages. I have lately been engaged in scenes so very different, that my heart aches at the comparison. I used to fancy I knew a great deal of the miseries of the poor and the negligence of the clergy, but I knew nothing compared with what I have lately seen. I have been in a district where three Welsh curates, without morals, without learning, and almost without bread, serve ten or eleven churches. These poor men dig potatoes and make cider for their maintenance, and dance and play at cards with the servants of the gentry for their amusement afterwards. They drink hard when it is

* 1789? It was in the latter end of September that Hannah More opened her negotiations with the aborigines of Cheddar, and was told by a farmer that religion would be the ruin of agriculture.

given them. What would your Society* deserve of their country if you could ever carry that great point of the residence of the clergy; but I don't expect to live to see it. I went through all the houses of another very large village, where the only Bible I saw was used to prop a geranium-pot. The sight of so much worldly want and spiritual misery sank my spirits very low; and yet I do not know whether the luxury and madness of the great world be not more truly pitiable; inasmuch as Bedlam is a more terrible place than a hospital.

I did not intend saying a word of all I have said; my only reason for troubling you was to mention that I have seen advertised a book soon to be published, entitled, "A Volume of Letters from Eminent Persons to the late Dr. Doddridge," price six shillings. The letters may be good for little; there is no subscription, nor have I been applied to at all. But I know the worth and the wants of her for whose benefit they are published: viz., Mrs. Doddridge, the doctor's widow. She is past four score, bed-ridden, and in very poor circumstances. I feel it quite a duty to recommend the book, especially to those who have been acquainted with the *Rise and Progress*, &c. Be so good as to mention it to Mrs. Bouverie, and Mr.

* Quære. Society for the "Reformation of Manners?"—Ed.

Wilberforce if you see him, and to such other of your friends as care about such things.

Strange! that with such interest as yours, and such a character as Mr. Serle's, you should have had so much difficulty. I rejoice, however, in your success.

If I am pretty well, I shall come to town the beginning of next week, on business for a day or two, but not Mrs. Garrick, who has not been well. I hope I shall get a peep of you at least; Lady M. I hardly expect to find.

Yours, dear Sir, most truly,

HAN. MORE.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Cowslip Green, July 28, 1790.

My dear Sir,

I heartily hope that the gout, which I find by Lady Middleton's kind letter has attacked you in such a variety of forms, is by this time quite driven out, and has left you, as folks pretend, better than it found you.

I write to you at present at the request of a very worthy young clergyman, Mr. . . . .*, who is a candidate for one of the Evening Preacherships at the Magdalen. I knew not how to refuse this young man, of whom I think very highly. But, alas! such is the imperfection of human things,

* Name illegible.

the few people I know who think seriously, and are most exemplary in their conduct, have commonly some absurdity or eccentricity in their opinions. I must not conceal from you that he is strongly tinctured with Swedenborgism, and you know how much I disapprove of all that wild nonsense. I do not know that he ever introduced it in his preaching. I have heard him once or twice preach seriously and usefully. His morals are very good. I could not help troubling you with this application; still less could I help telling my objection. You will act from your own judgment, and not be biassed by my recommendation, which, for the above reasons, is not as hearty as it would otherwise be.

Pray tell Lady Middleton, that last Sunday, in my savage town of Bristol, during the time of Divine Service, the congregations were surprised to hear the bellman ring and cry as if it had been on a week day: it drew some people out of church, who found he was crying a poor negro girl who had run away because she dreaded to be sent back to one of those detestable West India Islands: he offered a guinea reward to any body who would produce her. To my great grief and indignation the poor wretch was found hid in a hole at the top of a house, hoping to secrete herself till the ship had sailed. But, alas! she was dragged from her miserable refuge and sent on board. To my sor-

row I knew it not till she had sailed, or I would have run any risk to have redeemed her.

I am so constantly occupied in putting various little plans into execution, that I don't think I have written above three letters since I saw you. I found I could not conscientiously undertake to do anything in the way of Welsh reforms, on account of the great distance, and the impossibility of often superintending myself; at the same time I hope there will be less occasion, as the Methodists seem to be making their way there. I therefore examined as accurately as I could into the spiritual wants of that part of this county which I thought most pressing, and suggested to Mr. Henry Thornton to change the scene of our little operations. With the noble liberality which belongs to that family, he has empowered me to purchase any living, but to my great regret they are all Dean and Chapter livings, and I fear not purchasable. He will also enable me to carry on some schools, and I am continually in search of the most destitute spot, where we are likely to do most good for the same money. I have fixed on a place where there are *six* adjoining parishes without so much as a resident *curate*. Could you believe it in a country that calls itself Christian? I have hired a large old parsonage house. The Vicar, though very rich, makes us pay rent; he is ninety-four years old, and *so* worldly! Pray

tell Lady M. I shall answer her soon. Best remembrances to Mrs. Bouverie.

This was to have been sent yesterday, but I returned from Chedder so tired (for you know poor missionaries do not travel in coaches) that I could not finish it. I have great comfort there. Finding at the end of nine months that neither Rector or Curate had ever been near us, or catechised a child, I thought myself justified in "proclaiming open Methodism," as I suppose it will be called. I give leave to poor men and women to attend, as well as children, and we have a good number. I have a great deal to say, but no room.

Yours ever,

H. More.

CHAPTER XI.

HANNAH MORE TO LADY MIDDLETON.

Cowslip Green, July 10th.*

My dear Lady Middleton,

I AM quite ashamed not to have written to you till called upon by my gratitude to do it. I am very apt to resemble those ghosts who do not speak till they are spoken to. It is mere indolence, and a spirit of procrastination; or rather that listlessness which is the fruit of too much leisure, for lawful excuse I have none. I must however have become a ghost indeed not to be awakened by your most agreeable and kind letter.

I love and honour Mrs. Edwards for being able to find not only content but pleasure with her little tribe at Chart. 'Tis true 'tis a pleasant and healthful spot, but it argues a mind well provided with materials for virtue and happiness to be able at *her* age (or indeed at *any* age) to trust to itself

* [Probably 1790.—Ed.]

for amusement, and with a noble and dignified independence, to reject those props and supports which the world offers, *a broken reed at best, but oft a spear.* In cultivating the hearts and minds of her fine children, she is filling one of the highest and sweetest duties which God and nature impose.

I am afraid now I am absent there is nobody to do justice to dear little Charles's* bon-mots.

I will not trouble you on the business of Louisa, as I have written my thanks to Sir Charles on that affair.

I am afraid to own even to myself that the Slave Bill appears to be in a bad way; yet, as Milton says, in speaking to others I do not allow myself to abate "one jot of heart or hope." I was fool enough to expect better things from the House of Lords. You would be delighted with a letter I had yesterday from Mr. Walpole, in which he expresses his horror at the little success of the Bill, and adds, "But let who will speak or write, he fears that trade, the modern religion, will predominate." I find Mr. Clarkson is expected here soon, which I heard from a Quaker yesterday, by whom Mr. Granville Sharp was so good as to send me all his works. Your ladyship would smile were you to see what favour I am in among the Quakers. I have no less than six here to-day, and had as many on Saturday, speakers and all. These good

* The present Earl of Gainsborough.

folks either think me better than I am, or they hope to make me so: the latter I hope may actually be the case; as to the former it is one of my greatest troubles that people do not, and cannot know, how little I deserve their good opinion. I do not formally *intend* to be a hypocrite, and yet I daily feel that I am so. As people sometimes ascribe to me good dispositions that I am conscious I do not feel, I desire to be really thankful that I have sometimes suffered slanders, which, in these particular instances, I know I have not deserved. It keeps the scales a little even.

Poor Mrs. Garrick has had a great affliction, the death of her darling niece, that sweet child at Hampton, of whom she was so fond. I am quite grieved for her, as I had hoped she would have had something in her own family to whom she would have been attached. She talks of coming down to my cottage to amuse her mind, but I do not know when.

Pray [give] my kindest respects to all your household, including Chart, Farley, and Wateringbury. I beg you to tell Captain Gambier that now is the high season for piping of pinks and laying carnations.

Yours, dear Lady Middleton, ever most truly,

HANNAH MORE.

MR. GLASSE TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Greenford, October 20th, 1790.

My dear Sir,

Your letters I can with truth say always give me pleasure; they never please me more than when they show me that the turn of your mind is towards subjects of such a philanthropic nature as that before me.

To your question about the two texts I have to answer, that I believe it would be thought odd if a man were to mount the pulpit and say, "In Matt. v. 16, and in Matt. vi. 3, you will find these words," but I think he might take his choice of either, and then set about reconciling them, by showing to his hearers that the first regards the benefit of example, the second the purity of the motive; and also by showing how perfectly consistent they are with each other; that the one only regards the private, and the other the public character, which every Christian in a more or less degree sustains, especially in that rank of people who have alms to bestow, or an example to exhibit. The latter, indeed, every man may do good with; for the poor labourer may be exemplary to the poor neighbour, and by his constant attention to his public duties, by his peaceable demeanour within his cottage towards his wife and children, and his frugal use of his daily earnings, may be as much an

example to his equals as old Q—— to his peers, or any veteran countess at the pharo table to hers.

As to ladies visiting prisons, I really think that an impracticable idea in this country, and it would be unsafe to hazard it; but why they should decline attending to Sunday schools, schools of industry, &c., I cannot possibly conceive. As to the two texts, I think they have the same reference which a part has to the whole; the first of them regards the *general* conduct of our lives, the last the *specific* act of almsgiving.

I cannot write a sermon but upon the spur of the occasion, and but poorly then; *when you have put me upon the bench*, I shall visit Sunday schools whenever I confirm, and visit my clergy; and then, if my memory is not gone before that event, I will endeavour to reconcile these texts. Till then—I should like to read a sermon of your own composition upon the subject; you are peculiarly qualified to write it; I would tell you why, if I durst. But—I will not make you angry, lest you should....

God bless, and love, and everlastingly reward you, is the worst thought that ever comes into my mind when I think of my friends at Encombe.

I am, my dear Sir,

Ever most sincerely yours,

J. Glasse.

I have forwarded Mr. Skeffington's letter to Bath.

HANNAH MORE TO LADY MIDDLETON.

Cowslip Green, November 12th, 1790.

My dear Lady Middleton,

It would not have taken me a quarter of the time to have answered your kind letter that it has cost me to reproach myself for not doing it; but I have deferred it from day to day, for though I thank God I have had nothing that I ought to call a serious illness, yet I have suffered such extreme pain as to make all employment grievous—a rheumatic pain in my head and face, with a toothache, which amounted to delirium; the latter I got cured *radically*, and a terrible operation it was for such a detestable coward as I am; and some doses of Dr. James have enabled me to go abroad again. It is a great comfort that though Patty and I between us have had this complaint the best part of the summer, yet it has never been *together*, so that I think we have not lost one day's attendance upon our now large and interesting concerns. I know you will be glad to hear that through the goodness of Mr. H. Thornton, added to our previous establishment, we have various little institutions, which comprise all the children, and a good many of the poor, over a wild country of ten or twelve miles. I am thankful to say that we have near five hun-

dred children, going on, as far as I am able to judge, in a promising way.

According to appearances, most of the persons who preside over these little institutions seem to be possessed of good feelings, so that I have a good hope a *little* will be done; for it is a matter of serious regret that we are sending missionaries to our distant colonies, while our villages are perishing for want of instruction. *Thirteen* adjoining parishes here have not so much as one resident curate, much less rector. I have, however, had the good fortune at last to ferret out one poor conscientious curate, and him I propose to establish superintendent in my absence. I found him depressed and despised, lying under the two heavy charges of *poverty* and *Methodism;* but I find him to be a real, humble Christian. I cannot forbear telling you one little trait of his history, as I think it will strike Sir Charles. He lost a very good curacy because he preached redemption by a Saviour on a common Sunday, which his rector told him ought never to be so much as named but on the three great festivals; he refused the terms, and lost the income. It would require more paper and time than I am worth to tell you the vice, the ignorance, and the opposition we meet with. One squire, the only man of any fortune in the whole county, sent us word not to come into his parish, for he would not have his ploughmen made Doctors

of the Sorbonne; I can't guess how so fine a phrase got into Somersetshire.

Mr. H. Thornton spent last Friday at my little cottage, and I promised myself much pleasure in shewing him our schools; but vain are all human hopes; he returned to Bath at night, and the next day lost his most excellent father. You will join me in deploring this great and public loss. He had taken kindly to our schools, and would have been a great friend to them, had it pleased God to spare his life.

My sisters, all but Patty, have been gone a good while to their new house at Bath, but we put off the evil day as late as possible; indeed, we don't propose stirring till we are starved out. If free from coughs, I propose drinking the Bath waters for *two or three months;* this, you see, with being backwards and forwards here, to look after the schools, will *unavoidably make it late before I can come to town.* One would fancy that you and yours were not, as they truly are, subjects dear and interesting to me, for I have said nothing of them, and a great deal of myself. Your letter on the whole was a comfortable one. I do hope the next will not be less so, and that it will come sooner than I deserve. Pray give me particulars of the health of Sir Charles, Mrs. Bouverie, yourself, and all in whom we are most interested. I was much affected at Miss Wilberforce's marriage.

May it be a happy one! I have not heard lately from Mrs. Garrick; her doctors here did not think her complaint serious.

Do you know any good elderly lady who wants a very pretty, well principled, active, humble companion, who can make her gowns, nurse, and wait on her. She is daughter to my poor clergyman, about eighteen. The only thing we should condition about is, that she should not eat with footmen. She is too modest and sober for that. She has no accomplishments, but I think would be valuable.

HANNAH MORE TO LADY MIDDLETON.

Cowslip, August 31, [1792.]

My dear Lady Middleton,

Though a baddish correspondent at the best, I think I never was so bad a one as this summer; the truth is, I don't know when I have had so poor a summer as to health; I have hardly had two good days together since I left you, and though, thank God, I am able to use a good deal of exertion several days in the week, yet reading and writing seem to be almost quite out of the question with me; for if I am well enough to be up I am in general well enough to be out; and the distances are so considerable that in general I come home too much tired to do anything. My apothecary thinks it is something of gout in my head, and

wishes me to continue the steel medicines, but I get such short intervals from colds and coughs that I never give them a fair trial. Patty, too, is very poorly; between us both, however, we make up about one effective person. I ought thankfully to observe, though, that we have hardly ever once been disabled on the same day, so that on the whole we go on tolerably well, and have a great deal to be thankful for. I should not have said so much on the chapter of health to any but so kind a friend, who is so good as to take an interest in those matters.

Miss Sutton's affairs have not been neglected. After I left town and we had agreed to give it up as a desperate case, our indefatigable friend H. T. employed emissaries—the poor girl caught at the proposal, declaring her treatment was dreadful. All went on smoothly for some time. I had engaged a lodging at Bath, got a pious minister to be her kind friend and spiritual director—the very day for her leaving the prison was fixed, when, alas! her heart failed; she pleaded distance of place and uncertainty of support, but—what a strange creature is human nature! we have reason to think it is a strong remains of attachment to the monster who has so inhumanly beaten her. We had contrived the manner of her journey, conveyance for her children, &c. On reflecting upon this event, I believe we ought to be thankful, as we

cannot reproach ourselves with the least slackness or default on our parts. B—— is so vindictive a wretch, so desperate in his revenge, that we are told he would not stick at assassination; and poor Henry, perhaps, as a reward for his piety, might have got his brains knocked out some night. This risk, however, he was willing to run; but she declines to be saved; and I am thankful that things were so managed (for Harriet had taught me suspicion) that we think she has never got at any of our names. Certainly if anything *could* have been done, force or artifice must have been used; any course of law would not do, as B—— would then have known his antagonists, and have sought some dire revenge. We have left it in her power to apply, in case she should repent, but without giving our real names.

I had a long conversation with Mr. Grant on the subject we talked of, about making a religious Sunday pleasant to children: he declares he has no difficulty. It is to his children as pleasant as any other day, and the quantities some of them voluntarily learn is prodigious, but then he and Mrs. G. are with them.

I believe I have not written so much these three months, and yet I have not said a word of yourself, of Mrs. Bouverie, &c., both, I cordially hope, going on tolerably well in health, and enjoying the leisure of Betchworth. I wonder if I shall

ever see Betchworth? I have not been one hour out of sight of the Mendip Hills since I planted myself under the shadow of them in June. I pass my time so much with the vicious, the vulgar, and the ignorant, that I sometimes think I shall grow as depraved as they are, instead of bringing *them* to a higher state. A little society, however, of a better, I might say of the best caste, I am occasionally favoured with. Mrs. Clarke spent near three weeks with me. Since that Mr. Wilberforce has been here, and only left us on Monday.

To-morrow I expect Mr, and Mrs. Robert Thornton for a few days, and I believe Mr. and Mrs. Grant. The sight of such good people now and then gives a little spring and vigour to my unstrung mind, and helps to quicken the things that are ready to die.

Pray remember me in the most affectionate manner to Mrs. Bouverie and Mrs. Twysden, Mrs. Garrick writes a good account of herself. I hope Mrs. Edwards and her little multitude are bathing with success.

Dear Lady Middleton,

I am ever your obliged and faithful,

H. More.

I may keep this two or three days for a frank.

HANNAH MORE TO LADY MIDDLETON.

Bath, January 31st, [1792.]

My dear Lady Middleton,

Don't flatter yourself that your letter has served, like one of Gulliver's *flappers*, to quicken my attention to you and my other dear friends at Teston, for I really should have written to you in a day or two, if I had not been indulged with such an agreeable memento of your existence and remembrance. In order to explain to you why I have not done it sooner, you must be troubled with a succinct account of me and my concerns, in which you are always so good as to interest yourself, whether there be anything interesting in them or not.

Soon after I came to Bath, in the beginning of December, I was taken rather more seriously ill than usual. It was a thing to be thankful for that I happened to be in the very place whither I should have been sent had I been ever so distant, and I began the waters, which agreed well with me. But I have never been able to make much hand of drinking them, owing to continual interruptions from my usual winter coughs and colds; and though I have really suffered rather less than usual, I am so tender, and the air affects me so much, that I do not think I have *walked* out six

times these three months. And you know how bad this sort of ease is for nerves and spirits.

I think I mentioned to you two young ladies, Miss Birds, near relations to Mr. Wilberforce, who came to settle here last year, and from some peculiar family infelicities were recommended to my particular friendship, and accordingly I lent them my cottage for some time; they have since lived in lodgings at Bath. Both very clever and deeply religious. About a month ago one of them fell ill, and from the very first Dr. Fraser gave no hope. She was eighteen days given over. I was carried to her in a chair every day, and either my sisters or self hardly ever left her day or night, and perhaps there has seldom been so touching a scene as her death-bed. It was not merely resignation, but the most serene and heavenly frame, and at times a sort of triumph. This is the more worth notice as she was rather cold and languid in her natural affections. I told her her danger at once. It was a strong instance of the transforming powers of Christianity, to see this meek and timid young woman, with an animation quite foreign to her character, exhorting one, warning another, showing a third the vanity of this world, the emptiness of human dependence, and pointing all to a Saviour. With her own hand she gave all her little legacies, chiefly books on religion, in all of which she wrote; and with her dying hand

wrote long letters to her relations. I sat up with her the night she died. She not only was very sensible, but I never saw her intellects so bright. At times she seemed to have a glimpse of the eternal world, and said her views were clear and strong. She called us all to be witnesses that she bore her dying testimony to Christianity; said her state was not pain, but pleasure. At one time I thought her insensible, and to try her, repeated in her ear some of the most comfortable promises. She finished every sentence herself, and once or twice set me right. It pleased God to try her with one hour of agony inexpressible, so that my heart fainted within me, and I was afraid I must have deserted my melancholy duty. But, amidst the most dreadful groans I ever heard, her faith was triumphant; in a broken, inarticulate voice, she cried out, "Let patience have its perfect work." "Though He slay me I will trust in Him." "Thy will be done—" with fervent prayers not to be left a prey to temptation and the powers of darkness. Her prayers were, I doubt not, heard; she had an hour of quiet, and departed in peace.

I brought home her poor sick sister to our house, where she has been ever since in a wretched state of health and nerves. Within a few hours, and not one hundred yards distant, died my excellent friend the Bishop of Norwich. *His* death too was full of hope and peace. He died at last

of water on the chest, and was but four days in *immediate* danger. He rambled almost constantly, but his very ramblings were pious, and showed at least the habit of his mind. But when any religious exercise was proposed, he was quite collected and devout. His last words to his friends were, "Go, go, and do all the good you can,"—his very last words, "Blessed Jesus," and expired without a groan. His antagonist, David Hume, would have thought this but a poor death. When I contemplated him in his coffin, I could but reflect that I had known few men so wise and so witty; so pleasant and so pious; and that had so constantly devoted their fine talents to the best purposes. His afflicted widow and her daughter removed to our house for some days while the last sad ceremonies were performing; and had a separate apartment, that she and Miss Bird might not disturb each other's sorrows.

I must mention another striking instance of the power of Christianity. This low-spirited, almost helpless woman was enabled to do everything for the Bishop while he lived, to resign him with submission; and would sit and read hours over his coffin, and made me read part of the Burial of the Dead to her.

I make no apology for sending you these particulars; I know they will be interesting to the Teston society. So far from fearing I should be

too much affected by the quick succession of these scenes, my only fear is that they will be dismissed from my memory before they have done their errand on my heart.

I have left myself little room to take notice of your kind letter; the only unpleasant part of which is that you were not well.

I was delighted with your little African adventure, and enjoyed the pleasure of all parties as if I had been present. Kindest regards to all. I rejoice Mrs. B—— is so tolerable. Miss J. G— will, I hope, by exercising the good sense God has given her, become a worthy and a useful character. She has both encouragement and example, and by a little exertion and self-control, will ensure the friendship of the wise and the blessing of God.

Adieu, my dear Lady Middleton,

Yours ever most faithfully,

H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Colney Hatch, June 20, [1792.]

My dear Madam,

I hope you have not quite as great an aversion to receiving letters as you have to writing them, since I find it impossible to resist the impulse of my gratitude, which suggests that I ought to thank you for the agreeable and most welcome news you

are so good as to send me; I am the more obliged to you, as I dared not solicit such a favour at your hands. I do indeed most unfeignedly rejoice in your joy at the good account you give of our dear and amiable convalescent; by this time I hope she has renounced her claim to that title by being perfectly recovered, though I imagine she will for a good while stand in need of care and discipline, and above all of the prohibition she will not fail to receive at your hands, on any rebellious dispositions she may manifest, in desiring to write or to read much, or to be agreeable and converse too much.

Hope of the happy future, and recollection of the agreeable past, they say, make up the most interesting moments of life. In both these views there are few objects which present themselves more frequently or more pleasantly than Teston, to my imagination. The abatement to our otherwise very delightful visit thither, was, I doubt not, a necessary memento of the imperfection of all human enjoyments, but I do not find that anything cures us (not *me* at least) of these sanguine hopes and strong expectations; and I continually go on, depending on the future as entirely as if it had never disappointed me. Does Mr. Paley account for this? But while I am running on without fear or wit, the post-chaise waits at the door to take us to Ker Wood; I wish you joy of this interruption, my dear Madam,

or I know not when you would have got rid of me.

Mrs. Boscawen joins me in best compliments to your whole household.

I am, dear Madam, with great esteem,
Your very much obliged and faithful,
HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Walcot Parade, [1792].

My dear Madam,

I thought I did the kindest thing I could do by you, to save you the trouble of receiving a letter from me fixing the day for our proposed appearance at Teston, Sir Charles having kindly undertaken to negotiate that business. Now, however, that there is an infraction of the treaty, though Sir Charles has still promised to undertake the new negotiation, yet I cannot forbear troubling you with a line confirming that change of measures, of which, however, I trust you have been informed by other hands.

While I was at Mr. R. Thornton's, I had so earnest a request from Sir Charles and Lady Middleton to postpone the Teston visit for a few days, that I should have thought it quite ill-natured to have resisted, even though it had interfered more with my convenience than it really does. For in the interim who should, to my great

surprise, arrive in town but Mrs. Clarke, who not being able to bear the hurry and noise of Mr. Wilberforce's house, has planted herself in a little suburban villa, just such a one as Cowper describes, and entreats me to pass a few days with her, with such earnestness of affection that I could not easily say nay. I came hither yesterday, and though we do not enjoy rural felicity, yet we have the comfort of much friendly and unrestrained conversation, which is seldom broken in upon but by such interruptions as Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Henry Thornton, &c.

All this, my dear Madam, is only a circuitous way of telling you that all parties hope it will be equally convenient to you to receive Mrs. Garrick and me at Teston next Monday, the 4th, about tea-time. The alternative is so far a disadvantageous bargain to you, that you are likely to be burthened with us a day longer, as we hope to stay till the following Monday.

Mrs. Clarke desires her kind respects. Mine, if you please, to Mrs. Twysden.

I am, my dear Madam,
With true esteem and affection,
Your ever obliged,
HANNAH MORE.

THE HON. GEORGE ROSE TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Cuffnells, October 4th, 1792.

My dear Sir,

I have had a good deal of conversation with Mrs. C—— on the subject of Mr. H——'s certificate. There is a good deal of acrimony in her mind respecting his conduct to her, which upon the whole, is not much to be wondered at, though I entirely disapprove of it upon general principle, without reference to this particular case. I am persuaded I have made her ashamed of acting vindictively; but her son has enjoined her positively not to sign, and that in so peremptory a manner as to lead me to think she ought not to do it, at least without a good deal of consideration. The interest he has in the property, the circumstances under which the debt was contracted, the terms he is unfortunately on with his mother, and the short time to elapse before he comes of age, all weigh in my mind strongly on the occasion; but I will consider the whole matter attentively, and shall be very glad to talk it over with you, Mr. H——, and his attorney, when I return into the country two or three weeks hence.

I am almost sure I obtained Mr. Pitt's consent to Loader's release before I left town, and I have written to enquire about it. I have also referred Bell's petition; if his case is truly stated, he is

hardly used. I would pursue a smuggler to the farthest corner of Europe if I could, to discourage the traffic as injurious to himself as to the public, but I abhor imprisonment for a longer term than is necessary for such discouragement.

I am, my dear Sir,
Yours most faithfully,
GEORGE ROSE.

I have a sincere wish to pay my respects to you in Purbeck, and hope to effect it next summer.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE are eighteen letters from Hannah More to Sir Charles Middleton and Mrs. Bouverie respectively, from 1792—94.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Bath, 24th December, [1792.]

My dear Madam,

Though I feel cause for a little self reproach, yet I cannot be entirely sorry at my own misconduct, since it has given me a new and very pleasing assurance of your friendly regard. Indisposed as I have been, I might have written to you, and wished to do it, but was really restrained to *silence* by the motive that sets most other people *a-writing*, real kindness. I know how little you like letters, and am really gratified now at the idea that you do not *dis*like mine by this last volunteer, for I prefer a gift to the payment of half-a-dozen lawful *debts*.

I thank you, dear Madam, for your cordial invitation to Teston; I look forward to it as to one

of the few things which will be a real gratification to me. But my health is so poor and precarious, that I question if I shall ever be able to stir from home again in the winter. Ever since I came here, I have had an attack on my lungs.

Though I am, as you say, afraid of indulging remote prospects, my present hope is to go to London for *two* or *three weeks only* about April, and towards the end of that month, or very beginning of the next, to come to you for a little, and from you to Fulham, and so, for *various reasons*, to be as short a while as possible in town. In a general view of things, do you think the time I have named would suit you?

Notwithstanding almost incessant pain, I was enabled to prosecute all my little schemes with comfort, and a degree of success beyond my hopes (which are never sanguine), till the second week in December. The addition of some assistance from my new friend, Mr. Hoare, who is become a warm promoter of my poor endeavours, from true Christian principles, has enabled me to leave the country with some satisfaction, though with deep regret at my inability to remain during the winter, in what I take to be my true scene of action. I really came to Bath to *retire*, after a bustling campaign: *here* I don't go out.

I think it would be a violation of friendship not to tell you a foolish secret; but you must tell it

only to Sir Charles. When I came here, I found the [Bishop] of London, who came to me with a dismal look, and said, I should repent it on my *death-bed*, if I did not contribute my mite towards allaying the popular disturbances, and as I knew the turn of thinking and language of the vulgar, I might be of some use. So, against my will, I have ventured at a twopenny pamphlet, called "Village Politics; by Will Chip, a Country Carpenter." 'Tis very vulgar, and was the work only of one sick day. I wish I could send you one; but you will get it from Rivington's, for I changed my bookseller to escape detection. They are three shillings a quarter of a hundred. Pray tell Sir Charles I will answer his letter soon.

Adieu, my dear Madam. Pray remember me very kindly to Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Twysden. Heartily wishing you all, not the compliments, but the comforts and substantial blessings of this gracious season,

I remain,
With true and grateful regard,
Your ever obliged and affectionate
H. More.

The following letter was written on the occasion of the sudden death of Lady Middleton.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Cowslip Green, 17th October, 1792.

My dear Madam,

I hardly know how to write to you, and still less do I know how to forbear. I do not, however, write with the vain hope of drying your tears, but for the self-gratification of mixing my own with them. I wish that the most cordial sympathy could at all lighten your severe affliction for the heavy loss you have sustained. I hardly know whether Sir Charles or yourself be the greatest sufferer. I do not offer you comfort from any of the common topics of consolation, for I feel too well that both to yourself and him it is a loss which the world *cannot* repair. But, thank God, you can both of you look *beyond* this world, though it is an inexpressible trial to finish one's pilgrimage without the dear companion whose tenderness lessened the difficulties, and smoothed the ruggedness of the road. Never, perhaps, was the word *tenderness* so peculiarly appropriate as to her we lament.

The greatest comfort I have in her removal, next to the knowledge I have of her faith and piety, is the reflection that the extreme and acute sensibility of her heart made this world of woe a painful abode to her, even in the most prosperous situation; and that those keen feelings which administered comfort to others, greatly intrenched upon

her own happiness. In the world of which she is now a blessed inhabitant, it is reasonable to presume that that very temper of mind will increase her capacity for happiness, as there will be no distress to pity, no calamities to be relieved, and no sins to be mourned over.

I confess my own weakness; I always delight to dwell on the small parts of a great character, and instead of reflecting as I ought to do, on those solid qualities and that lively faith which made her so truly valuable, I soften my own mind too much by recalling her in those little endearing attentions and unwearied acts of kindness in which, for so many years, I have loved to place her before me; especially for her kind assiduities about me in sickness and in sorrow.

I know, my dear Madam, this is not the language of wisdom, but it is, I trust, the language of faithful and genuine affection.

But we do not "sorrow as those without hope." Yet a little while, a very little while, and those dear companions will be re-united, whose friendship was founded on principles which will last when time shall be no more. There is hardly any one opinion which I would not rather renounce than this most comfortable one of the re-union and consciousness of friends. It is the only human ingredient that I allow to enter into my notion of eternal happiness. And though I doubt not God

will be all in all, yet we have it upon the best authority (besides the strong internal evidence of our own hearts and feelings) that the society of just men, made perfect, will add even to the happiness of heaven.

I know you do not love writing, my dear Madam, and it will now be less pleasing to you than ever, for the only hand with which you loved to write is cold. Do not, then, I beseech you, add a feather to the weight of your troubles by answering this scrawl. Sir Charles, I know, will be so kind as to give me a line at his leisure to let me know how you are, and I assure you with the most single-hearted sincerity, that there are few questions in which I take a more tender interest. I felt very kindly Sir Charles's considerate kindness in writing to me at such a moment. I was struck with his truly Christian fortitude, and the struggle between grief and faith. May God bless and comfort you all! I am sure the tender heart of Mrs. Twysden has received a heavy blow.

Believe me, my dear Madam, with every sentiment of gratitude and affection, your truly sympathising friend,

H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Cowslip, Friday night, 10 o'clock, 1792.

What can I say to you,* my dear Sir Charles? My heart is torn with grief for your irreparable loss—still more, if possible, for that of Mrs. Bouverie, on account of her own weak health. I have but this instant got your letter, and cannot answer it with the composure with which it is written. Yet I cannot rest till I send you a line—not of comfort—I have it not to give; but thank God Almighty, you know where to look for it. Can Mrs. Bouverie or you devise any way in which I can be of the smallest use or comfort to you? Indeed, I believe I should have set off and have asked the question in person, did not my very poor state of health make me fear I should be rather a burthen than a consolation.

I opened your letter with far different feelings than what I felt in reading it. Mr. Thornton had written me that Bienvenu was going to be baptized, and that my incomparable and ever to be regretted friend was to be one of the sponsors. I hoped your letter was a relation of that solemnization. Alas! how different was it!

But I feel I do wrong to give way to my own feelings without reflecting that I am only sharpening yours. What a blessing, my dear friend,

* On the death of Lady Middleton.

that you possess the deep consolations of true and genuine Christianity! That you are so sensibly alive to the brevity and vanity of this world. Take comfort too in another thought. What would she, exquisitely tender as her feelings were, and frail as her poor body was, have done had she been the survivor either of you or of Mrs. Bouverie? May God Almighty bless, comfort, and support you both! Prays heartily—

Your faithful and afflicted,

H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Bath, 8th January, 1793.

My dear Sir,

* * *

I am, happily, so near Mr. Jay's chapel, that I have ventured two or three times in a chair, in spite of illness. I wish you could hear that extraordinary young man; sorry I am to say that he is almost the only preacher of religion in this very silly, dissipated place. The church clergy here are uncommonly lukewarm and selfish, so that were it not for Methodists and Dissenters, I do not know any place where religion would be at a lower ebb. You will say this is not a grievance peculiar to Bath, and indeed I hardly know so afflicting a reflection as the present state of the

Church. I should little fear her outward enemies were her sons more vigilant, active, and self-denying. It is in vain they preach against heterodoxy while their own lives and sermons have so little of the spirit of the Gospel. We have much more to fear from sin than heresy; and it is vain that a man's opinions are orthodox whilst his preaching wants earnestness and his life is deficient in holiness. To the popular foolish cry, "the Church is in danger," I most heartily assent, with this mental reservation, that she is more in danger from internal rottenness than outward attack. Have you seen the famous popular sermon of Dr. Tatham, preached five times at Oxford, and running through the seventh edition? I think I never saw such contemptible stuff. His great argument is that the clergy *must* be good and proper teachers, because they are appointed to it, and because they are *learned*. The latter position I, in general, deny; and even where it is true, though I would by no means undervalue learning, yet he who possesses it may still be deficient in those great attainments which are necessary to teach others. But as much as I reprobate Dr. Tatham, as much am I pleased with Mr. Bean. You have no doubt seen his "Charge to the clergy of any Diocese;" it is full of truth and of rational and serious expostulation.

These reflections have led me away too much

from the important subjects of your letter. I rejoice, dear Sir, in the example you have given in your late sorrow. In Mrs. Bouverie, particularly, every day and hour must awaken painful and tender remembrances; I am continually repeating that I can hardly conceive a more complete deprivation. I felt more sensibly than I can express the kindness of her letter to me, and I cherish the friendship of all that remain of the society of Teston the more cordially for what it has lost.

You can't imagine what pleasure Patty and I received from the hint that you might possibly one day make a little party to my poor little cottage. I hardly dare hope to get Mrs. Bouverie to join in a scheme which would give me more pleasure than anything I could devise. It is, I hope, much more probable, if it pleases God to give me any degree of health, that I shall see her at Teston, where I hope we shall spend a little time in comfortable and quiet intercourse.

I have a great respect for Captain Gambier. He must be a comfort to you in your affliction.

Have you seen Mr. Hawker's sermons on the Atonement? He is the clergyman of Plymouth, and a very good man. If you have not got them, I would venture to recommend them to Mrs. Bouverie as the most temperate answer to Dr. Priestly and his adherents that I have met with. Instead of the bitterness of the controversialist he

has the candour of a Christian. For I confess I receive little pleasure from the most elaborate *doctrines* if they are not exhibited with a Christian temper. True religion is so much more a thing of heart and spirit than of mere opinion. For this reason, I cannot read Bishop Horsley, though an able defender of the outworks, nor any of the rash and fierce polemics. This single exhortation of St. John, "Little children, love one another," has more charms for me than the brightest writing that controversy ever obtained.

With my affectionate regards to all,

I remain, my dear Sir Charles,

Your ever sincere and obliged,

H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Bath, Good Friday, 1793.

My dear Madam,

Though I believe we already clearly understand each other, I think it safest to trouble you with a line, to say that I hope to reach Hertford Street next Tuesday evening. As I come in the stage coach, we shall dine on the road, and I shall probably be with you before six o'clock.

You will have been surprised, my dear Madam, to hear of my presumption. I, who thought I had so fully made up my mind never to be guilty of

any *public* vanity at least! I think I owe it to myself to say to such dear friends that I never made so great a sacrifice to what I take to be principle as in writing that pamphlet (which by the by I can say with great truth, and no affectation, is a very poor thing), because it will offend many whom I greatly esteem. But the religious dissenters, whom I see, are so blinded by their fondness for French politics, that they shut their eyes to the horror of French impiety, and deny the very existence of those principles which make others tremble. If I can serve the cause of truth, however paltry an instrument I am, I think it my duty to do it, though I lose by it the favour of many with whom I now stand higher than I deserve.

The putting my name has cost me very severely; I have done that for half-crowns which I thought no human consideration could have induced me to do. Forgive my saying so much of myself. There are but few in whose sight I wish to stand justified.

The continued news of tumult and bloodshed keeps one's mind in painful agitation. Alas! how dreadful are the very triumphs of war! How terrible too our bankruptcies at home.

I am just alarmed with an account of poor Sir James Stonehurst being very dangerously ill. He was just coming here on a week's visit, his daugh-

ter's house—for she lives in Bath—not being quiet enough for him. Indeed I fear this illness will be fatal.

Adieu, my dear Madam, with best regards to your household.

Believe me always,
Your faithful and obliged,
H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Adelphi, 22nd April, 1793.

My dear Madam,

Having seen Mrs. Porteus to-day, I had resolved to trouble you with a line of information and congratulation on the great deed being actually done. Lest no one should have time to spare from the festivities of the wedding (though I dare say that will not be the case), I have the great pleasure to say that the ceremony was performed this morning at ten o'clock, and *in a church*. The Bishop says the bride looked very pretty, in white, of course, and a white veil; I feel quite delighted that it is well over, as I am sure you will all do.

I was gone out for a little airing when Mr. Petit called. I have been out once before. I did not catch cold by change of quarters, but I have been not so well since I left Hertford Street. More or less of the complaint every day, painful but not

violent. I have seen Mr. Cotton once, but have got a physician—Dr. Wilberforce.. Do you know that kind creature has been to see me every day, and as he is too well versed experimentally in my malady, he prescribes for me, and I am really better to-day.

You will be sorry to hear old King Naimbonna is dead—a great loss, as he was so well affected to us. Very pleasant accounts from Sierra Leone, three hundred black children in a good train of education, behaving orderly and singing their hymns quite delightfully. Further accounts Mr. W. could not give me, as the ship was but just come in. It has brought some rice and other produce of the soil.

Mrs. Garrick is quite poorly, and sends kind regards. I beg mine to all, and am with more gratitude than I dare express to you,

My dear Madam,

Your ever obliged and affectionate

H. More.

Pray don't answer this. You see there is nothing in it which requires an answer.

We live very quietly. I have seen no one since I came here but the above-named. Oh, yes, Lord Orford* drank tea here on Saturday.

* Horace Walpole.

I do not fix anything about days yet, but I hope before the end of next week.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Fulham,* 24th May, 1793.

My dear Madam,

The first use of my pen on my establishment in these pleasant quarters ought, I am sure, to be devoted to you, to whose extreme kindness and care I am indebted for such a comfortable degree of health as I have not enjoyed for many months. My amended looks and clear voice were the admiration of my London friends, and though the atmosphere of that wicked town caught hold of my lungs the minute I entered it, I still on the whole keep the ground I gained at Teston. The bitter severity of the weather keeps me a prisoner, but the cheerfulness of my own pleasant apartment makes imprisonment agreeable, and the family society makes it, when I join them, delightful.

We agreed, you know, that egotism in a letter was no bad thing; and it is well for me that I discovered that your opinion on this subject justified mine, for I have not yet done talking of myself. How can I, indeed, till I have thanked you most

* At the Bishop of London's (Porteus).

cordially, and most sincerely for the many and great instances of kindness you have shown me. It would gratify *me* to dwell on this subject, but it would displease *you*, for as much as you delight to do kind things, so much do you dislike to have them acknowledged.

I had a kind note from Sir Charles before he left town, expressing some fear that as he did not see me at church I was not well enough. But this was my Sunday history. I was unwilling to turn my back on London without seeing a little of the "such as excel in virtue." So I sent word to the Grants I would go to Mr. Cecil's church, and spend the rest of the day with them. So they fetched me early in the morning, and poor Mrs. Grant was so well as to be able to go to church too. Mr. Henry Thornton dined with us, and Mr. Wilberforce drank tea. Poor Mr. Grant is much worn down with this commission business, never getting any dinner till eight o'clock; neither he nor I went to church in the afternoon; but had a tête-à-tête conversation, as useful I trust as most sermons would have been; it was so to me at least. Mr. W. wished exceedingly to have seen Sir Charles, to have talked on this great Indian scheme. His warm heart glows at the thought of what extensive good may be done to twenty millions of subjects. Think of his joy when Mr. Dundas promised to give it his *hearty* and *firm*

support. When the resolutions were passing in the House on the subject of the East India Chaplains, one of the Directors whispered another who told me of it: "I think a Chaplain no bad thing, I shan't oppose it. He may serve to make the grog, and will always be ready for a fourth at whist." I flatter myself Sir Charles will like this anecdote—so very characteristic.

As your papers did not give Lord Carhampton's reply to Wilberforce's speech on the Slave business, it may be new to you to have it in a few words.

He said, "It was commonly found that a close attention to any point was apt to turn the head. He believed five years' application to this question had had this effect on Mr. W. He therefore advised him to brush up his person a little, send for a hair dresser, put a few curls on those straight locks, go to the play—first to Covent Garden, then to Drury Lane—if they were shut up, let him go to Sadler's Wells, and in time he should be glad to have the pleasure of seeing him with a female friend under his arm, strolling at night round Covent Garden." I could not have believed this if two or three persons who heard it had not repeated it word for word. W. took it with great patience, and turned the laugh against him with a degree of wit, gaiety, and good humour which delighted the whole House.

H. Thornton spent Tuesday evening with me—

we had much talk of this world, but more of the world to come. I expressed Sir Charles's and your wish to be allowed a copy of some of the prayers. He consented on my promising they should go no farther. If this cover will hold them, I will enclose one or two. Sir Charles will return them to me at his leisure. Pray tell him I will write to him next time. And pray tell Mrs. Bouverie that she is not to answer this letter on any account; and pray tell Mrs. Twysden that I desire my affectionate regards to her.

The Bishop and Mrs. P. desire me to say all that is kind and friendly to the house of Teston, and Mrs. Kennicott begs her compliments.

I am, my dear Madam,
With great truth and sincerity,
Your ever faithful and obliged,
H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Cowslip, 8th July, 1793.

My dear Madam,

I begin to be afraid I am a great hypocrite, for though I always make myself believe that I am very sincere when I desire you not to answer my letters, yet the sight of a little slip of paper, with your handwriting on the outside gives me so unfeigned a pleasure, that I immediately feel as if I should

have been much mortified if you had literally complied with my instructions. I am *sure* I am sincere, however, when I declare how much I am hurt and vexed at finding that you, your own self, had been at the trouble of copying the prayers I sent you. I made so sure that you had some schoolmaster, or dependant, or boy that did those sort of things for you, or I should certainly have done it myself; and the reason why I did not was not altogether indolence (much as I am addicted to that vice, it would have been too grossly ungrateful in the present instance), but arose from my eagerness to send them, and unwillingness to delay it till I was at leisure myself. Of those you will now receive I have taken a copy, so I beg you will keep them for good.

I saw Rivington before I left town, and settled with him what few remaining preliminaries were necessary about our book. I have not heard from him since, but think we may look to its completion next month.

I beseech you to lay out sixpence at my recommendation for a pamphlet called *Gideon's Cake of Barley-meal, or a Letter to Mrs. Romaine and Strictures on H. More*, &c., Jordan, I think, the bookseller. I think it will entertain you. It is said to be written by Huntington the Antinomian Preacher, or by one of his school. Among other names equally flattering, he calls me "daughter of the

father of lies—the Romish Advocate—maid-of-honour to bloody Queen Mary—a wolf in sheep's clothing—a blasphemer—a woman intoxicated with the wine of fornication," &c. &c. In short, there is no doing justice to it but by reading it. Poor man! I am really sorry that with so much reproof thare is so little instruction. I hope, however, I shall meet this angry man in a better world with many a bigoted Papist and many a bigoted Dissenter, when all prejudices will be done away.

I have had another letter from my anonymous correspondent, who, I find on secret inquiry, is a Clergyman of great learning. I esteem and pity him, but he is terrified lest I should find him out, which is very strange. This letter contains his full confession of faith, so clever that I think it *will please you* very much; therefore, if I have room, I shall enclose it for your perusal, begging you to return it to me under cover to Henry or Robert Thornton. Pray let me have one line how you like it; and also if you have had any more commerce with your *female author* to whom you sent the money.

We are in expectation of Mr. Wilberforce, who is still detained by that wretched *Kimber* business.

My next shall be to Sir Charles. Alas! I used to write alternately!

Pray remember me kindly to Sir Charles and

Mrs. Twysden. With the most unfeigned gratitude and esteem,

I am, my dear Madam,
Your truly obliged and faithful,
H. More.

Sir James Stonehouse spent the day with us on Thursday: got here before we were downstairs, and has an exuberance of health and spirits—at almost eighty!

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Cowslip Green, 28th August, 1793.

My dear Sir,

I have been constantly defeated in my intention of writing to you either by illness or occupation.

I know very little of the world and what is going on in it, unless when the newspapers invade my retirement with the dreadful sounds of war and slaughter. I mourn with deep sorrow over these shocking events, and over the sinfulness of our common nature which produces them, notwithstanding that a *third* answer which is come out against me, says I am an advocate for the old Popish massacres. I heartily forgive these and all other strange things they say of me. Slander is hardly a trial to me; I find much more danger from flattery, and have much more need to guard my heart from the soothings of undeserved kindness

than from the severity of censure, which last I am sure I always deserve, if not for the case in point, yet at least for many other sins, which my adversaries perhaps do not know, but which I deeply feel and bitterly regret.

I had the satisfaction of Mr. Wilberforce's and Mr. Venn's* company here for several days. The latter preached about in our principal churches with great seeming effect, and the former attended at our little evening meetings. It is no small praise to any man to be reckoned agreeable where Mr. W. is present, but I can really give this praise to Mr. Venn. I wish you could get him to Teston. I am sure he is the sort of man Mrs. Bouverie would like, for he is as prudent, modest, and rational as he is devout and pious. I admire the good judgment which fixed on him for such a critical place as Clapham, because he is more clear from any irregularity or peculiar phrases or manner than most of the good men we know. Since that, Mr. Wilberforce has sent us another very eminent clergyman, Dr. Coulthurst, who has the great living of Halifax, seventy thousand souls, and twelve churches besides that in which he preaches. I told him I would not have such trust and such a patronage to account for, for the world. He is a very serious man, and a most useful preacher,

* Author of the "Whole Duty of Man."

and though one of the first scholars in Cambridge, stooped to the capacities of our poor illiterate audiences, and talked to our little private congregations with great propriety. I grieve that our dark villages have so few of these opportunities, that they never hear a word of preaching but when Providence now and then sends us a little help in this way. I conclude you are all by this time at Betchworth, and hope you have the comfort of leaving Mrs. Edwards better. We go on tolerably well, thank God, considering the deep ignorance, vice, and prejudices we have to contend with, which is sometimes so great as to dispirit me exceedingly. Our field too is so wide, that it is sometimes more bodily fatigue than we can well bear; but Providence carries us through somehow or other, and I have the comfort to say that we have many promising subjects among the young, and a few where we had less hope, among the old; one of our clergymen too I hope is coming on—begins to *read*, and I trust will soon begin to *preach* the great serious truths of religion.

Patty desires to join me in kindest respects to you and Mrs. Bouverie: her health too is very poorly. If you have not heard anything of an Association in Ireland for the advancement of religion, I will give you an account of it in my next.

Yours most truly,

H. More.

CHAPTER XIII.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Cowslip Green, October 17, 1793.

My dear Madam,

It is a very long time, if I am to calculate by my feelings, and I should not find it a short one, if I were to consult the calendar, since we have had any communication together. I am really such a complete exile from anything that is rational and cultivated, that I am hardly fit for the offices of social and civilized life. Even the few small gentry we have, I do not find time to associate with, but turn them over to my sisters, while butchers, farmers, and graziers form the *beau monde* to whom Patty and I dedicate our more *polite* hours when we have leisure from our more *vulgar* employments. "Our talk is of oxen," and I have learnt nine ways of making cider, with many other arts and sciences which I am as little likely to reduce to practice. These occupations have so little pleasure in them, that I am inclined to hope they are right, because they cannot plead the

seduction of taste or inclination. Perhaps you need not be told that those petty despots, the rich farmers, are as insolent aristocrats as any of the ci-devant nobles of France, and oppress and despise the poor. So it occurred to me, as we have concerns in nine or ten parishes, that if we could soften some of these tyrannical overseers, &c., we should serve the poor as essentially on the one hand, as we endeavour to do by getting them taught on the other. I have the comfort of seeing my scheme succeeds in many instances. Shame operates instead of principle, and I have the rich reward of seeing the poor treated with more tenderness. And just at this time, above a hundred of our poor children clothed in two parishes only by these very farmers, who did not before conceive they were of the same common nature with themselves.

I beg your pardon for talking so much of myself, and I have not done yet, for I ought to account for not having sooner thanked you for your very agreeable letter. My health has been pretty bad; seldom without a cough; and the pains in my head increase both in degree and frequency. I am something like a gouty old general, my time is pretty equally divided between the field and my bed; but though I lie by nearly half my time, yet I ought to be thankful that we have still fine weather, and that I have a little respite before the winter comes, when I literally "cannot

work." I know little of the world or what passes in it, and have not been tempted by all the kind entreaties even of my Gloucestershire neighbours, the Duchess Dowager of Beaufort nor Lady Bathurst to quit my hermitage for a single day. But as Mahomet will not go to the mountain, the mountain condescends to come to Mahomet, and I have been expecting the last-named lady some time, and Mrs. Montague has been kind to come hither as I refused to go to her.

Mrs. Garrick writes me how happily she passed her days at Betchworth, in what a beautiful country, admirable house, and agreeable society. Do you know I feel jealous when Betchworth is praised, as if it detracted from the merit of Teston?

Has Mr. Rivington completed his work? I have been rather in expectation of a visit from Dr. Heylin for sometime past.

I had a letter from Mr. Hoare some time ago, saying he was on the point of paying you a visit, and another from Mr. Thornton, expressing the same intention, but I have not heard that these projects have been realized.

With the true selfish spirit of the world I have said much of my own health and nothing of yours, and yet I can truly say that there are few events in which I am more cordially interested than your health and peace and comfort. Nor is any sentiment more powerful in my heart than my affec-

tion and gratitude for you. My wishes and prayers for you are not of a contracted kind, for they extend beyond the scanty limits of this world. My kind regards to Mrs. Twysden and Sir Charles. Pray tell the latter I have not heard from him for a long time.

(Patty desires her best respects.)

As I think you are due at Teston by this time, I shall venture to address you there.

I am, my dear Madam,
With true esteem,
Your ever obliged and faithful
H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Cowslip Green, November 14, 1793.

My dear Madam,

You will be quite frightened at the idea of such a rapid correspondent; especially if you knew that I hardly ever write to any one, but have reduced my correspondences as well as my visiting connexions almost to a point. I should not indeed have been tempted to break in upon you so soon, as it would be a bad return for the great kindness of your letter to make you instantly incur another debt, but that there is a little passage in it I wish to answer.

If I improve in anything (which I sometimes very seriously doubt, to my great grief of heart) I do verily believe it is in a deadness and indifference to popular opinion. This being the case, you will never credit me when I say that the *Cake of Barley-meal* never excited any other feeling in me than that of laughing over it with a few friends who come here, Mr. Wilberforce, for instance. If, indeed, I had been weak enough to be disturbed by it, it would have been driven out of my thoughts by two other answers equally severe, though less coarse, which the Dissenters are distributing gratis through this country, at a good expense too, for this also is a shilling pamphlet. Now, methinks I hear my dear Mrs. Bouverie cry out, why then so many words? for talking about it really looks like being uneasy. I will let you into a little of my temper, in order to explain why. If twenty pamphlets, reviews, and newspapers were in full cry against me, I do verily think I have so detached my mind from *public* opinion, and have so deliberately made up my mind to praise or censure, that I should not be moved by it, and yet so inconsistent are we, that the idea of any *real friend* believing it possible that I could reply to *any* attack, or defend myself from *any* charge, would really trouble me. I never heard of such a reply till your letter, nor shall I think that person my friend who has made it.

Every newspaper that comes in gives me a heart-ache, but except the deep sorrow I feel over the carnage and horrors they record, my time and thoughts are engaged on objects far removed from politics. They sometimes, however, make me very *serious*, but I hope they do not make me *vindictive*.

Apropos of employments. I am at present engaged in one of the most impolitic and uncourtly you can conceive—to suppress a *weekly ball* which is set up in opposition to a weekly sermon we have of a Thursday at one of our schools. I know human nature rather too well to expect that my poor girls should withstand the sound of a fiddle, for on my remonstrating with the *Mrs. Comely* of te village, she brought her ball under our windows, and I am convinced that the preacher will be but an unequal match for the fiddler, unless I can obtain the aid of the magistrate.

I hope to be able to keep the field till near Christmas, unless a great increase of my complaints, or very severe weather, should *banish* me to Bath sooner. I always put off the evil day as late as possible. I greatly dislike Bath. You are not selfish as I am, and apt to talk about your health. I hope, however, it is sufficient to enable you to enjoy with comfort that little pleasant succession of quiet friends you speak of, and which are the only terms on which I think society worth

having. My kind regards to T—— and to Sir Charles.

Ever gratefully yours,
H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Cowslip Green, December 5, 1793.

My dear Sir Charles,

I am much obliged by your kind and friendly letter, and little interesting narrative about persons and things in whom I take a lively concern. These are to me always the most pleasant parts of a letter. I like to realize the scenes in which absent and dear friends are engaged, what they are doing, and who is with them: and if I had never been at Teston and known exactly the state and habits of the family, I should have comparatively little pleasure in hearing from thence to what I now have. For these reasons, I care less about what is called *good letters* than most people do. If I want wit or wisdom, I can find them in books, but I cannot find in books an account of the health and comfort and attachment of my friends, and on these too much perhaps of my own ease and pleasure depends.

You give an interesting account of Mrs. Edwards' state of mind, and of her silent but steady progress in goodness.

I am much surprised to see by the papers the disaster of Captain Gambier's ship. Indeed, what paper does not present us with disasters of some public kind? It is a sort of relief to turn my eyes from them to the petty grievances, wants, vexations, disappointments, and successes of my own little territory. The good and evil, as is the case with most things in this strange inconsistent world, succeed each other with a pretty constant succession. Pray tell Mrs. Twysden that my endeavours to put an end to the *village ball*, which was set up against my sermons, are likely to be fruitless, and that this *innocent diversion*, as it is called, defeats all my ill-natured schemes to put an end to it, because they say I cannot bring a *specific charge;* for dancing till day-break, and even of Sundays, selling beer without a license, and such flagrant effects of debauchery as I cannot repeat, are not in this lenient land allowed to be *specific charges.* To console me a little, however, I have the satisfaction to tell you that my last new colony, established among glass-houses and coal-pits, and of the success of which I had little hope, now begins to promise much comfort. The master of the school has much zeal and knowledge, and after having made a long trial of his prudence, we, a few months ago, ventured, after school on Sunday and Monday evening, to read a sermon and prayers to the elderly people. Above one hundred now attend, and

I had last Sunday evening the pleasure of seeing several grim colliers shed contrite and penitential tears, and in a private talk I had with them afterwards I never was so moved as at the genuine sorrow for sin they expressed with an earnestness, the truth of which it would be very wicked in me to suspect. Alas! my faith is much weaker than theirs, for the thought of coming home at night afterwards, ten miles the worst road you ever saw, begins to grow formidable, and the first frost will probably disable me from the real enjoyment I find among these poor people. I have but little zeal myself, and am often discouraged by petty difficulties. Patty, I thank God, is a useful colleague, much abler and better than I am, and so heartily engaged in the business, that she never thinks of a holiday for six months together. I know you are interested in the meanest attempt to spread Christianity, or I would not talk to you of these poor things, which I never name except in my letters to Teston or Clapham, and after all it is very little we are doing.

What you say on the subject of sermons for servants is much to the purpose. But I feel myself utterly unequal to so useful an undertaking. Indeed, I think I have come to a deliberate resolution not to write another line; I fear I may have done little good to others, and some harm to myself. I feel more and more the presumption of having

pretended to teach others, as I feel more and more my own ignorance, defects, and infirmities. Believe me, my dear Sir Charles, this is not an affectation of humility in order to be thought well of, but a consciousness arising from some degree of self-knowledge; and I thank God for having in this valley taken me from all opportunities of vanity in the display of imaginary or tinsel talents, and placing me among poor illiterate savages, where talents, or taste, or ingenuity, if I had any, would be rather a drag and an impediment, and where I must get rid of any desire of making a figure, before I could hope for the smallest chance of doing any good.

I did not intend to have run into such a length, which seems rather like a dissertation than a letter. I have not seen Drysdale's Sermons, which Mrs. Bouverie recommends; indeed I read little, and this is not the place to hear of anything new.

Patty sends her particular respects to Mrs. B. and yourself, in which the rest of the family desire to join. Pray remember me kindly to both ladies. I think I have walked the garden but twice these six weeks, so instantly does it take away my voice and bring on my cough, and yet I am able to go my distant tours in a carriage, and my near ones on horseback. I cannot be thankful enough for this. Pray mention how Mrs. B.'s health is when

you write, for you know she never talks of herself.

With my best wishes, I remain, dear Sir,

Your ever faithful and obliged,

H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Bath, 20th December, [1793.]

My dear Sir Charles,

As I write to Mrs. B. I shall say little to you to-day, except to thank you for the enclosed, which does great honour to the feelings of the writer. The account she gives of the amiable deceased, not only gives one great satisfaction to see how the sweet young woman had got on, in spite of all disadvantages, but strengthens the comfortable hope I am so ready to maintain, that there is a great deal more piety in the world than we suspect, especially among young people, if the appearance of it were not restrained by the worldly and dissipated lives of those whom they are obliged to live with. But what a comfort to reflect how graciously the most moderate degree of secret piety, nourished in the inward heart under discouraging circumstances, will be accepted by that tender and compassionate Father who does not despise the day of small things. I rejoice in the

right bent of Mrs. Edwards' mind. What a comfort for you! My paper cuts me short.

Yours truly,
H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Bath, 31st January, [1794.]

My dear Madam,

You are naturally so candid and sincere, that I ought not to suspect (though you are very polite also) that you sacrifice too much to friendship, and to my convenience in the latitude you give me as to the time of my visit to Teston. As Easter is so very ill-behaved as to fall very late this year, the *earliest* time you name would be rather cramping to you at Teston, and prolong more than I could wish my stay in town. I therefore propose the *latter* scheme, if it meets with your perfect and convenient acquiescence, viz., to go to Mrs. Garrick pretty early in March, stay ten days with her, come to you about the 16th or 18th, and stay with you, if you do not turn me out before, till Easter Monday perhaps; then go back for a fortnight to Mrs. Garrick, for if the weather turns out good I shall be impatient to get down as early as I can be of some little use. For at present, I lead a poor, animal, unprofitable life in the chimney corner,

and by totally confining myself have had the best winter I have known for years.

I was much diverted at your supposing Mrs. Garrick would want me in the capacity of a *lawyer*. I believe you have no housemaid that is not deeper in that science than I am; but she seemed at that time a good deal agitated with the expectation of a Chancery suit, and seemed to wish for me, by way of having somebody to speak to who should feel an interest in her concerns; for in that view only could I fancy myself of use to her, and had she made a point of it would have gone.

Pray tell Sir Charles I received last night from Dr. Hawker his new volume on the Holy Spirit. I have only read the first sermon, which is very good and serious; so serious indeed that I should not wonder if it lost him some of his admirers among those who do not quarrel with doctrines till they come to be considered as having a practical influence. But I must read the book before I can speak fairly of it, for I am conceitedly prejudging it.

Apropos of sermons—I hear nothing of Dr. Heylin. Surely Rivington does not keep at all to his engagement.

Mr. Horne, the clergyman who is returned from Sierra Leone, has spent a couple of days with us; and gave us a great deal of interesting information on the subject. The colony is doing full as well

as could reasonably be expected. Sugar, though the cane grows luxuriantly, is not likely to succeed at present; the large ant which is extremely destructive must first be conquered. Coffee, cotton, and rice do well. The cargo they brought home in his ship was worth £2500, and they could have brought £2000 worth of ivory besides, but were afraid on account of the war. The colony is very healthy, and after the present year is likely to subsist itself.

The last words poor Naimbonna uttered were, "There be many that are called, but few that are chosen." Old King Naimbonna entreated to be baptized when he found himself near death. Whether he had any conviction of the truth and value of the religion of which he wished to die a member, or considered the rite of baptism as a savage, under the light of a sort of charm or viaticum, is what I should like to be informed of. Our friends the directors are writing to me to get them clergymen, missionaries, and schoolmasters. Alas! such as suit their purpose are rare; do they grow in your soil?

I hope this capricious weather has not much affected you. My kind remembrances to Mrs. T. and Sir Charles.

I am, my dear Madam,
Yours most gratefully and faithfully,
H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Adelphi, [1794.]

My dear Madam,

I met Mrs. Unwin* for a few moments in King's Arms Yard, which I was glad of, as it was a gratification to her to hear an account of you from one who has just left you. We were indeed very glad to see each other; she looked cheerful, but neither *fresh* nor *fat*. The letter you sent me from Teston was from Lady Waldegrave. It gives me the greatest pleasure to find that Lord Orford† has left her £5000, the house in Berkeley Square, and the reversion of Strawberry Hill after Mrs. Damer's death to Lady W., her sons and their heirs male, also the advowson of a living in Essex to her and her sons. This last circumstance pleases me extremely, because it is so creditable to my departed friend to have given a living to the only person in his family who has any great piety, and who was therefore likely to bestow it properly.

I have dined twice at London House, and was much shocked at a letter the Bishop received, informing him that Mr. Mason, the poet, in stepping into his chair on Friday, scratched his leg a little, but so little that he did not take any notice of it till Monday, when signs of mortification

* The friend of the poet Cowper. † Horace Walpole.

appeared, and on Wednesday he was dead! How awful! The Bishop had just read to us a sonnet written a fortnight ago on his seventy-second birth-day, boasting of his unimpaired health and faculties. but closing with a sentiment of piety, which gives me pleasure on knowing it was his last composition. Mr. Wilberforce sat an hour with me last night. His book is finished. He looks poorly, is much affected at the times, is going to Bath in a day or two (I bid him not take his prayer-book). I hope the waters will enable him to reduce the quantity of opium he now takes. The Slave Trade question met with its usual fate. Mr. Sheridan came to the House to vote *for* it, Mr. Dent as usual to vote *against* it; the former was so dead drunk that nothing could wake him, he lay snoring on the bench, and they could not put sense enough into him to comprehend what they were about, so they lost his vote. Luckily, however, Dent was nearly as drunk, and not knowing what he did, he voted on *our* side, for which I suppose he was ready to hang himself next day. These are our *virtuous* senators, on both sides. Our friends seem to entertain some faint hope of peace. Mr. Smelt is in town. I dined with him at Mrs. Montague's; he looks as well as he did twenty years ago, and at past seventy is going into the military.* Mrs.

* Quære, Militia?—Ed.

Boscawen, Porteus, &c., full of kind enquiries about you.

Yours, my dear Madam,

H. M.

No end to the Committees.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Adelphi, March 5, 1794.

My dear Madam,

Whether it be that geography has anything to do with the feelings, and, as the philosophers say, that the attraction increases as the distance lessens, I cannot positively say; but certain it is that being so much nearer you seem to give me a sort of right to plague you with a letter, which I will do with the more confidence as it does not require an answer; for if it pleases God to send no obstruction, I will take everything for granted that has been already negociated between us for the Teston visit, to which I look forward with more satisfaction than I dare tell you. I only feel myself rather compelled to make this small difference, that I hope to be with you on *Wednesday the 19th.* I heard part of a letter from Mrs. Edwards to Miss Conyers, which represents her to be coming to town, so that I hope I shall at least get a little peep at her before I leave it. I had the pleasure to find Mrs. Garrick in remarkably good health

and spirits, and have myself been very stout for many weeks as to essentials—passing clouds I do not reckon. I am very anxious (too anxious) to bring myself in such a state to Teston as shall make me as little burthensome as possible, well remembering with grief and gratitude what a torment I was to you last year. I find some dear and old friends in a state which rather alarms me. Mrs. Boscawen, that warm and constant friend for near twenty years, with so many virtues and so many talents, seems very declining indeed. Mrs. Porteus is but poorly, but getting well again I hope. I dined there on Monday, but she did not come down. Lord Orford has such a serious and depressing fit of the gout as, at seventy, makes me tremble for him. Mrs. Montague growing younger and healthier, and in full song. Mrs. Carter a good deal broken. Mr. Wilberforce and Thornton enquire kindly after you, the former pretty well, the latter has been very ailing. When at Bath, I began with great zeal to copy the Sierra Leone journal for you, and had made a great progress, but when I wrote to ask permission to send it you, H. T. sent me word he had already done so, and I think you will agree with me that it is very interesting. I beg my most affectionate regards to Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Twysden, and Sir Charles. I hope the former will bring a comfortable account of your health, to which I hope

this mild though very damp winter has been favourable.

I meditate a visit to Mr. Rivington the first morning I can get so far. Adieu, my dear Madam,

Believe me, in great sincerity,

Your ever obliged and faithful

H. More.

CHAPTER XIV.

OSTENSIBLY of a biographical character, this book has hitherto run imminent risk of being compared to "Hamlet with the part of Hamlet omitted." In excuse, I plead—its chronological arrangement, the uneventful nature of Lord Gambier's services up to the year 1794, and a notice that the second volume will treat principally of Basques Roads and what was done there and thereupon in 1809.

In the meantime, the chronological march of this compilation brings us to the 1st of June, 1794. In that action which, from having been fought in the open sea, stands forth in unlocalized distinctness to posterity as the "Action of the 1st of June," Lord Gambier, then Captain Gambier, commanded the 'Defence,' (74), to which he had been appointed in April, 1793. The following short narrative of the part he took on that occasion is from Marshall's "Naval Biography."

"On the 18th of November, the fleet [Lord Howe's] being on a cruise in the Bay of Biscay

got sight of a French squadron, to which chase was immediately given; but the enemy being considerably to windward, and the weather thick and squally, they effected their escape. The 'Defence' in the pursuit carried away her topmasts. It was not until the month of May, 1794, that the Brest Fleet put to sea, and then only for the express purpose of protecting a fleet laden with corn, the pressure of want throughout France being so great that the party then in power determined to risk a defeat rather than be exposed to a famine. In the actions that ensued, Captain Gambier bore a most distinguished share. On the glorious first of June, the 'Defence' was the first vessel that cut through the enemy's line, passing between the seventh and eighth ships. She had successively three and four ships engaging her, the men being almost from the first divided at their quarters to fight both sides at once; her masts were *all* shot away, the mainmast fell in board, and the whole of the quarter-deck and forecastle guns were rendered useless. The loss she sustained on that and the preceding days amounted to eighteen men killed and thirty-nine wounded.

"A general promotion followed this important victory, on which occasion Captain Gambier was nominated a Colonel of Marines; and on the 1st of June, 1795, he was advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral."

To this narrative I have to add a fact now forgotten, but derived from the statements of eye-witnesses now dead. When nearing the French fleet, the master of the 'Defence' proposed shortening sail, in order that she might arrive with the fleet, according to Lord Howe's intention, instead of attacking alone and unsupported. Captain Gambier replied—that the Commander-in-chief* had made no signal to that effect; and that, come what would, he would go straight at the enemy.

Sixty-six years have passed since then. The narrowness of party and the circulation of uncontradicted calumnies have either depreciated or cast the veil of oblivion over the whole of Lord Gambier's career: but the facts I have narrated were then well known and recognized undisputedly.

I may as well state here two facts not so generally known at the time, and since forgotten. A short time after the action, George the Third said to Sir Charles Middleton, in allusion to the latter's notorious aversion to nepotism; "Well, Sir Charles! I hope you are satisfied with your nephew, now?" The King moreover, declared that he would make Captain Gambier a Peer; and only by representing the complication that would arise from such a step, did the ministers succeed in dissuading him from executing his intention.

Yet this was the man who is now supposed

* Lord Howe.

to have been indebted to Mr. Wilberforce for his advancement.

The following letter will speak for itself without comment.

MR. P. CAMPBELL TO CAPTAIN GAMBIER.

'America,' at Spithead, 15th July, 1794.

Sir,

Permit me to express to you, as my old Captain, the just tribute of praise due to your late most gallant conduct, which so admirably contributed to gain the victory to the British fleet over that of the French, on the 28th, 29th May, and 1st June last.

Since my return into port, I have heard of the whole of that great action, and it is with real satisfaction that I learned from every quarter that you acted most nobly on all the three great days.

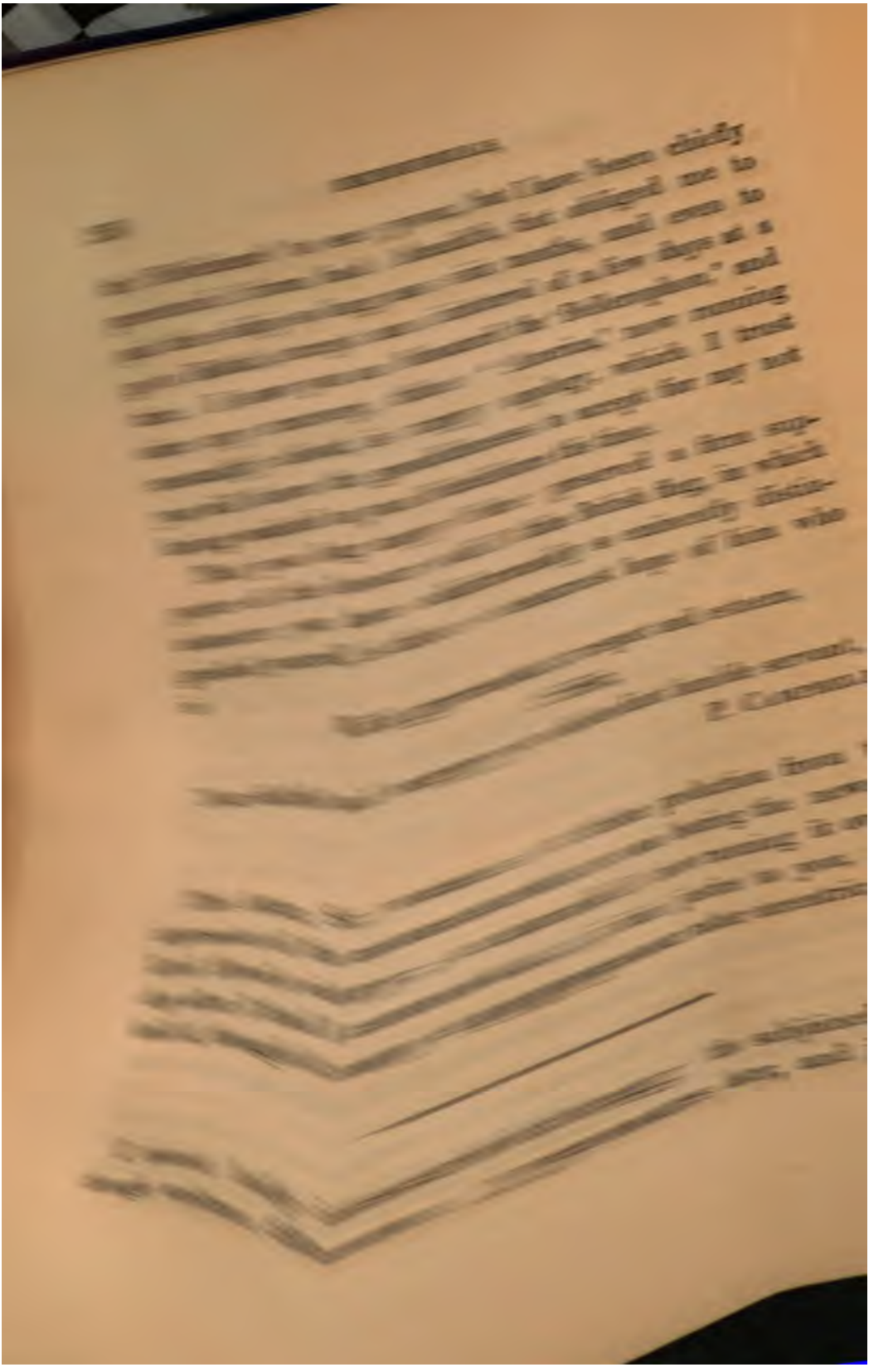
Before that memorable event, it was said in the fleet that the 'Defence' had too much preaching and praying* on board ever to be much of a fighting ship.

* It may be as well to state on the authority of officers who served under him, that the 'quasi-religious practices' mentioned of him by Lord Dundonald mean, when interpreted, the celebration of Divine Service on board ship. This was carried out by him in undeviating conformity to the naval regulations. He neither added to nor subtracted from, altered, or modified in the

From all I could recollect of your character, Sir, as a commander, I was assured that whenever an opportunity offered, you would effectually prove how unkind such a reflection was. This you have done completely indeed, for you have forced the admiration of that very fleet who threw out this reflection. And they are now convinced from you, that to serve God and their country are duties entirely compatible, and therefore ought to be inseparable.

Although it is now upwards of a dozen of years since I had the honour of sailing with you in the 'Raleigh,' you nevertheless recognized me on board the 'Bellerophon' that morning last, on which you went out with Commodore Paisley in quest of some French Frigates then off the coast. I observed it; but as I had not previously been on board the 'Defence' to pay my respects to you, I wanted confidence to make up to you then to ask you how you did. This vexed me a good deal at the time, for I have always had a particular esteem for your character, Sir; and this appearance of inattention to Captain Gambier was therefore much against my will. I certainly intended since I came last afloat and ere long now to have come on board

slightest degree, those regulations. He only carried them out instead of neglecting them. Further confirmation, or rather repetition, of this fact will appear in a letter of the year 1809, addressed to the "Naval Chronicle." *Vide Chapter I.*



another service which the chronological order of this book does not yet bring before us. It was written by an officer who had been an eye-witness to the fact he relates.

Sunderland, August 13, 1809.

Mr. Editor,*

I have waited with anxiety for the termination of the court-martial on my old commander and friend, Lord Gambier, not with any fear as to the result, as I felt confident that the more minute the inquiry, the more favourable would be the public impression of his conduct. It is many years since we sailed together, but I know him well. Notwithstanding the professional merit of almost every admiral and captain in the service is circumstantially known to his brother officers, yet having been an eye-witness to his persevering intrepidity in the hour of danger, and his modest unassuming deportment on many triumphant occasions, I feel myself called upon to acknowledge his meritorious example and national worth.

It is painful to reflect that he—an individual long known in the service to possess the most undaunted bravery, and who has been distinguished in a career of honour and rectitude—cannot be universally and intimately known, prior to his

* Letter written to the 'Naval Chronicle,' vol. xxii. p. 102.

being brought before the public with the imputation of neglect or delay in the execution of his duty. After a highly honourable acquittal, I may with propriety offer a few remarks on the leading ch racters in the late transactions. Lord Cochrane's exemplary zeal, activity, and courage, on many occasions, entitle him to admiration; that spirit of enterprise which he displayed on his first promotion to be commander, when he headed the crew of the little 'Speedy' brig in boarding the Spanish xebec 'Gamo,' singled him out at that period as a disciple of the immortal Nelson; but I wish to remind him that Lord Nelson *never sought to add one laurel to his brow by tarnishing the fame of a senior officer.*

I can make due allowance for the various resources of an electioneering contest, and the warmth of candidates; neither do I wish to screen age or seniority from public investigation. But long and meritorious services justly claim our respect and gratitude; and it should not be forgotten that the late commander-in-chief at the isle of Aix [Lord Gambier] was a post-captain, and co-operating with a brigade of seamen under Admiral Arbuthnot and General Sir Henry Clinton, in the reduction of Charlestown, before my Lord Cochrane had quitted the nursery. At the commencement of the last war, Captain, now Lord Gambier, commanded the 'Defence' of seventy-four

guns. His regulations, discipline, and strict conformity in every particular to the articles of war, were notorious in the Channel fleet; for with great attention and judgment, his exertions were adapted to promote the comfort and happiness of every officer and seaman in the ship. He may, with truth, be styled the seaman's friend. I could relate many instances of his unwearied attention in forwarding the deserving and friendless sailor, not only in promotion, but (to the hurt and wounded) pecuniary assistance, when he conceived the smart money or Greenwich pension inadequate. To the idle and dissolute his punishments were with vigilance directed, but in no instance attended with cruel severity; the old but now obsolete custom of the collar, and fine for swearing, were invariably adhered to, and no women were admitted on board without possessing marriage certificates.

The Chaplain's attendance likewise on Sundays was never dispensed with when circumstances would admit, and rainy weather was not deemed a sufficient plea, whilst the after-part of the lower deck could be resorted to. This steady adherence to the 'Instructions,' and humble endeavour to improve the morals of the seamen, were the only complaints I ever heard alleged against him. Could Lord Howe be now appealed to, whether the ship was or was not ever ready for any service, and whether on the 1st of June, 1794, she did not

eminently prove the undaunted intrepidity of her commander, his venerable reply would at once fix the public favour.

She was the first ship, by the Queen Charlotte's log-book, that cut through the enemy's line, when the signal was made in the morning for that purpose. The officers then present can report how far it was complied with—for the enemy, suspecting the intention, had closed, and formed in compact line to leeward, opening their fire from van to rear. Captain Gambier determined on fulfilling the signal, and passed between the seventh and eighth ship. The 'Brunswick,' Captain John Harvey (who lost his life), hooked in the same attempt the head and sternmost ship of the enemy, which jammed her between two. The 'Defence' had successively three and four ships engaging her; the men being almost from the first divided at their quarters to fight both sides of the ship. Her masts were all shot away, the main-mast falling in board, with a great part of the lumber of the others fore and aft the deck, the forecastle and quarter-deck guns disabled and useless—the helm lashed alee, and the ship no longer manageable, surrounded by the enemy—rendered it a scene only known to those who experienced it.

The marines stationed on the poop were nearly all killed, and the officer at their head wounded. The master and boatswain killed, and the few

remaining men sent below to man the main and lower deck guns (for it was Lord Gambier's practice not unnecessarily to expose the lives of the ship's company). He himself remained on deck.

I appeal to Captain John Larkin, Captain Alexander Beecher, and Captain W. Roberts, the only surviving officers (then lieutenants of the ship), to vouch for the truth of what I have asserted. The signal marks of attention and friendship shown him by Lord Howe are well known to every Captain in that fleet. He considered him equal to any service, however hazardous and intricate; and with equal confidence may the country depend on his long tried ability, courage and humanity.

I have the honour to be,

Yours respectfully,

J. C.

The next letter (from Lord Harcourt) refers to the subject treated in the foregoing, and corroborates the substance of what is therein contained.

FROM LORD HARCOURT TO CAPTAIN GAMBIER.

March 2nd.*

My dear Captain Gambier,

Perhaps it is not according to form that I should

* In pencil under it. Perhaps 1795.

offer my congratulations upon your appointment to a seat at the Admiralty before you have actually kissed hands; but, as it is according to friendship and affection that I should give myself that indulgence, I am persuaded my premature congratulations will not be unacceptable to you—most sincerely do the *three* inhabitants of this house rejoice in a promotion that confers almost as much honour upon those who have conferred it, as upon him upon whom it is conferred, and this distinction shown to a man who distinguished himself on the ever memorable 1st of June, will be as gratifying to the nation at large as to the confined circle of friends who have long known and justly esteemed the amiable character and unassuming merit of Captain Gambier.

I am, dear Sir,
Your faithful and affectionate,
HARCOURT.

CHAPTER XV.

NEXT on the chronological list are four letters from Hannah More.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Navestock, August 18, [1794].

My dear Madam,

I promised to write to you from hence, but a head that has ached more than its share has hitherto prevented me. The day I left you I divided between Mitcham, Clapham, and Hertford Street. The next day breakfasted at Fulham, where kind and numerous were the inquiries after you. I shortened this pleasant visit to fulfil my engagement at Brompton, where I found poor Lady D. watching over her poor daughter, and in great additional affliction from the dangerous illness of the little Lord M——. I hear, however, to-day that this important little life, on which so many hopes and estates hang, has a chance of being preserved. I got hither so late that they had given me up. Poor Lady W. was deeply

affected at first seeing me. A longer and more intimate knowledge of her has confirmed me in my good opinion of her character, which has in it uncommon simplicity and firmness. She struggles against her sorrows with uncommon spirit, and instead of sinking under this second heavy blow, she has resumed all the active duties of a mother, which she goes through with unceasing attention. All her happiness seems to arise from the idea how short the time is before she shall be again united to her child. She lives in the profoundest retirement, but it is not a retreat of gloom or misanthropy, but because she has no taste for the pleasures of the world, but has great candour and charity for those who have. It is a great additional trial, and one she feels most sensibly, that the boy that was drowned was uncommonly bright and engaging, the present little Earl not so. However we may differ in some small points in which our views are not quite the same, she is sincere, and uncommonly good. I may be very glad to learn of her that great and most important point, submission to the Divine Will. In this point of duty she is quite exemplary, and I feel her decided superiority to myself.

This is a fine place, laid out by Browne, but, for obvious reasons, not quite kept up with the elegant neatness of Teston. Our peaceful tête-à-tête has lately been enlivened by the presence of

a man of war, Lord Cornwallis, who has spent part of two days with us. He is too wise and moderate to be a great favourite with any party, and seems to have no other motive of action but to do good and serve his country.

I have had a long letter from the present usurper of Teston, who is living in solitary grandeur, and says he grudges to monopolize so sweet a place to himself, for his colleague Henry is so engrossed by business in town that he has looked in on him but once. He says in his letter, "I seem to myself to be personifying the fiend mentioned in the Spectator, and to be living very comfortably on the credit of being employed, when in fact I cannot get on at all; I hope to do better every day, but hitherto I have not *paid for my keep.*" He then goes on to say, that finding a family party at Teston, he felt as if it would be rather impertinent in him to pretend to keep house. And adds, that having involved himself so deeply in obligations to Mrs. Bouverie, he felt it a sort of false delicacy to boggle about the addition of some weeks' meat and drink, and so gave up the point, desiring me to let him know my private sentiments whether he has done right or wrong. Whether I have done right or wrong, my dear Madam, in communicating all this to you, I am not quite sure.

Monday afternoon.

I am sure of your kind sympathy when I tell you that my incomparable Mrs. Baber* is dead. I cannot say how much this loss distresses me. But I have never known a human being in her station (I had almost said in any station) that had been of more essential service to her fellow-creatures in their best interest, and I am selfish and coward enough to think to what difficulties and vexations I am going home. I beg your pardon for dwelling so long on so humble a subject, but such talents and virtues as those I am regretting make all states honourable.

I hope you are going on comfortably, and that you see Sir Charles regularly. I shall make an effort to pass my last night in Hertford Street, if I can extricate myself from other entanglements.

I propose leaving Lady Waldegrave in a day or two, calling for a day or two at Hampton, at Mrs. Boscawen's, Lord Orford's, &c. I feel now like perverse children: I wish I had taken these in my outset, and had left Betchworth for my *bonne bouche*. Sir James Stonhouse, Wilberforce, &c., have exhorted me warmly to read "Fuller's Comparative View of the Calvinistic and Socinian Doctrines, with their influence on the practice." All say it is masterly, so I recommend it to you,

* The mistress of Hannah More's school at Cheddar.

on the strength of their commendation, for I have not yet been able to read it myself.

With kind regards to Mrs. Twysden,

I am, my dear Madam, faithfully yours,

H. More.

I little thought when I saw Miss S——* that the first news I should hear would be the death of Lord Bathurst, one of my oldest friends. Where, as Johnson says, is the world into which we were born?

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Cowslip Green, October 20, [1794.]

My dear Madam,

Perhaps I ought rather to congratulate Sir Charles and you on your fortitude, than condole with you on your loss; yet I who feel the evils of life with a less submissive spirit than he or you, was truly sorry to hear of the loss you had sustained by fire. I am glad, however, you were not upon the spot, for though you are more *resigned*, I do not suspect you of being much *braver* than myself, and I rejoice that you escaped the sight of the terrifying flames.

I have made a present of Dr. Heylin to two or three of my neighbouring clergy, to whom I dare

* Name illegible. Ed.

not risk giving what you would call my methodistical books, and yet to whom I am bound to make a little present every year for their attentions in my absence. They seem delighted with these sermons, and I hope they will do them solid good, though I wish they may not prefer their shortness to some of their higher excellences. I have just sustained a great loss in the clerical way. Two of our curates, my attached friends, are dismissed from their employments by two very worldly, and, I am grieved to add, immoral rectors. They were doing much good in their parishes; too much I fear to be acceptable to their employers. They were to me a great comfort and relief, and much lightened my trouble. The Bishop, your old friend, has behaved handsomely, and stood by my good men, but could not carry the point. You will smile at my petty cares, but the sort of life I lead not furnishing me with more brilliant subjects, I must write of such as occur. This leads me to say that I wish we could get some such active and benevolent spirit as Mr. Morton Pitt, to take in hand the state of what in this country we call *Poor Houses*, in others, *Church* Houses, or *Work* Houses. I have written on the subject to some of our young Reformers, but those who do good have already so much to do, and the rest of the world cares so little whether it be done or not, that I grow hopeless about all points of domestic reforma-

tion and redress. People in general are little affected with the vice, the ignorance, or the miseries they do not see, and it is not because I have more principle or more feeling than those I am blaming, but because the evils I am speaking of are more constantly under my eyes that I make this clamour about them. I can only speak of the ten or twelve parishes with which I am connected, but I suspect they are a good sample of the rest. Figure, then, to yourself, my dear Madam, from ten to thirty, forty, fifty, or more poor ignorant creatures of both sexes and all ages crammed under one roof—that roof so ragged, in many instances of my own observation, as to admit the rain on such poor wretches as are confined to their beds. Six or eight persons in one room without regard to age or sex; parents and children of all ages sleeping together; this attended with some circumstances I *cannot write.* In one of our most decent parishes I am now visiting, two poor women, on the point of lying-in, are terrified beyond expression at the idea that men will sleep in their room at that time.

Out of the bounty committed to my trust, you will say these wretched creatures might be furnished at that time with a lodging elsewhere; but I dare not do it, they have five or six little children each, and it would provoke the parish to withdraw their allowance. In those mansions of misery which

are indeed emphatically called *Poor Houses*, there is no one to superintend—to see that the young work, and the old are taken care of—that they attend church, or that a prayer be read under their own miserable roof. Now, if you only make the average twenty or even ten in a parish, and the parishes ten thousand, I leave any one to judge whether the whole does not make up an aggregate of sin and misery worth attention. In most of these places within my little circuit I have had the good luck to find one, and generally but one who could read: some poor methodistical cripple or poor diseased creature who had seriousness and scholarship enough to assemble the rest, who, for some reason or other relating to this world, or the next, attend in an evening to hear a chapter and a prayer read. I have been worrying some of my friends who care for these things, and are silly enough to think that even these poor sans-culottes have bodies to suffer and souls to be saved, to get some good clergyman to write a statement of these grievances, with forms of prayer suited to their circumstances to be read by one of the inhabitants; though, till the parish clergy will condescend to inspect into the carrying it on, I have small hopes of seeing it done. But this I am sure, *that* man would deserve well of his country who would contribute to do so good a work.

I am sure Sir Charles and you have mourned at

the sad business at Sierra Leone. I fear Clarkson's imprudence has been in a good measure the cause, and that in order to carry his point and obtain popularity among the Nova Scotians, he made them promises which the whole colony did not possess land enough to realize.

The clergyman of the great church at Calcutta has been spending a little time here. He is just returned overland to India. You would have liked to have taken with him measure of the Pyramids, and traversed the plains of Arabia. He gives a most pleasing account of the present state of the civil government in Bengal, that justice is most uprightly administered, and so speedily, that if you will carry your grievance and suggest the remedy, you get redress in two hours. It would make Sir Charles's mouth water to see such a rapid dispatch of business, and such a speedy administration of justice. He is a very worthy man, has founded an hospital, and is rather religious, though not what our very strict friends would call so. He says the conversion of the Hindoos to Christianity is by no means so difficult as our East India Directors pretend, and would not be difficult at all if they were not witnesses of the corrupt manners of the Europeans. He says the absence of Mr. Grant, and the recent death of his brother-in-law, Mr. Chambers, is a great loss to the forwarding of religion, as there is now only Mr. Brown,

for the Baptist Missionaries are wild, impudent enthusiasts, which is much to be regretted.

I had a cheerful letter from Lady Susan Bathurst. They could find no house near Betchworth, and are settled at Tunbridge till Christmas.

I hope the visit of our good Bishop was pleasant, it could not fail to be so if all parties were in health and spirits. To make apologies for this being a dull letter would be to insinuate that I used to write bright ones. I have been anxious for poor Mrs. Edwards. Kind regards to Mrs. Twysden,

Yours ever,

H. More.

The following letter contains an interesting description of the origin of the "Cheap Repository."

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Cowslip Green, 30th October, [1794].

My dear Sir,

My familiar acquaintance with vulgar life leads me to the knowledge of some small avenues to usefulness, which much better people than myself, who live in the great world, cannot know. I have long believed that the indecent songs, trials, and penny histories which are cried about the streets have greatly contributed to the corruption of the lower class. Some farmers' wives and others of

my village friends, who are now become religious, assure me the seduction of their maids is greatly helped on by these vicious publications. Now it has struck me that it might be doing some small service to counteract the mischief. And as total abolition of all great evils is not in the power of individuals, we should endeavour to lessen the evils we cannot cure. I have adopted it into a kind of a maxim that most of the good and evil that is done in this way is done for sixpence, for the rich are too dissipated, and the poor are too busy to read large books. I have therefore resolved to set up a little trade, by which I do not expect to make a very great fortune, but by which I hope to do a little good. I have enclosed my plan, on which I desire your opinion, and that of such of your friends as have at heart the morals and happiness of the poor. I think to find out some broken, sensible, poor printer, and set up a little shop, and to employ my own leisure, and that of such friends as will stoop to such mean work, in selecting, or now and then composing, but chiefly the former—such religious pieces as shall be likely to catch the attention of the thoughtless. These I shall sell in halfpenny and penny papers. Dry morality or religion will not answer the end, for we must ever bear in mind that it is a pleasant poison to which we must furnish an antidote. Catechisms and Sermons already abound; but I propose to

print striking Conversions, Holy Lives, Happy Deaths, Providential Deliverances, Judgments on the Breakers of Commandments, Stories of Good and Wicked Apprentices, Hardened Sinners, Pious Servants, &c.; in short, such useful passages as may strike on the affections, and help to give them a right tendency. I am getting acquaintance with all the hawkers, pedlars, and matchwomen in town and country, and to secure a stall at country fairs, I propose to make a friendship in Bath and Bristol, with all such gentry as stick out penny literature in little shops in lanes and alleys. I am convinced I shall be laughed at by many, but when I consider that the Socinian pamphlets are translated into Welsh, and hawked about Wales for a penny, I am ready to ask, when shall we see as much zeal on the right side?

Pray remember me kindly to Mrs. Bouverie. Have you heard any more of your penitent lady? I do not know whether I ought to send you so much reading, busy as you are.

Yours, my dear Sir Charles, most faithfully,

H. More.

I am at a loss for a good title to my plan. I do not like to use the word poor; 'tis not consolatory and alluring—'tis like calling names and reminding people of their misfortune. I never saw or heard of a pamphlet advertised by the name of Will Chip, and which I suppose is ascribed to me.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Bath, 20th December, 1794.

My dear Madam,

It was neither idleness, nor any other of my besetting sins; no, nor unfeelingness, nor ingratitude—sins which nobody is willing to acknowledge—which hindered me from thanking you sooner for your very kind invitation; which I truly assure you I feel doubly kind, when I reflect that you have hardly taken time enough to banish from your remembrance what a very unpleasant and burdensome guest I proved in my last visits, both at Hertford Street and Teston, where my conscience tells me I gave trouble enough to have surfeited common friends in such a way that they would not be in a hurry to repeat their invitation. I was about saying these, and many more such like things to you, not as words of course, according to the fashion of this world, but according to the simple feelings of genuine and grateful friendship. And I was about to tell you that if the frost and the winds, which we had a right to reckon upon about March, should fail to produce their usual effect upon me, that I should really like vastly to come to you, previous to my London visit, for the mere reason that I could be able to stay longer. But a letter from Mrs. Garrick, indeed a succession of letters, oblige me to sus-

pend all my plans, or rather to make them subservient to her concerns.

It gives me great vexation to find she is involved in a suit of Chancery,* by the conduct of one of her husband's executors; however, as she has certainly right on her side, and as Lord Camden is the other executor, I trust she will be happily extricated from this dilemma. This suit is expected to come on after Christmas, and if it does, she so earnestly implores me to be with her at the time, that I feel I ought to sacrifice other considerations of convenience or satisfaction, if I find I can be of the smallest use or comfort to her. I may venture to say to you, that I have so far broke with the world, and so steadily refused entering into parties for the last few springs, that I am uncomfortable in the idea of being in town for any length of time, except in such a way as I could choose for myself, but I make everything yield to the present anxiety of her mind. And I have told her, if the suit does come on, that I will come to her on the shortest notice, if I am *out of bed.* Still I have told her that I cannot stay with her any longer than I shall be necessary to her. I cannot bear the thought of spending a winter in town, for, my dear Madam, I grow old; but that would not so much signify, if most of my friends did not either remain as they were, or grow

* Which was decided against her *fifteen years* after.

younger. You see how I am circumstanced, and how impossible it is for me to send a definite answer to your very agreeable proposal.

I am quite grand in my health just now, and though I always quit my cottage with sorrow of heart, I seize the temptation this mild weather offers, to drink a little water before the frost shuts me up.

Mr. Cecil has just sent me his little "Address to Servants;" I daresay he has sent it you also, for it travels in a frank. Though I had thought never more to spend so much money upon books, I have just laid out thirty shillings on "Robertson's Scripture Characters;" I think it will be a good family book; the reflections often appropriate to one's own case.

I felt for you the death of your valuable friend, Lord Romney. The loss of Lady H. Conyers I should not have heard but for your naming it. How pregnant is every hour with warning! Two men with whom I have often dined, Lord P——, and the Bishop of P——, of different characters indeed, the first profligate as if there were no other world, the latter, alas! fondly attached to this, are here, both with a paralytic stroke.

My best regards to Mrs. Twysden,

Yours, my dear Madam,

Most truly and faithfully,

H. More.

CHAPTER XVI.

Two letters from Sir Charles Stuart, illustrative of the difference between the active and the passive voices as regards favour, bring us to the end of 1794.

FROM MAJOR-GENERAL STUART TO MR. MORTON PITT.

December 2nd, 1794.

Sir,

I know of no regiment belonging to me, but, when I do, you may depend upon my serving my own friends in preference to yours.

With frankness and sincerity,

Your very faithful servant,

CHARLES STUART.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Sir,

I take the liberty of requesting your support at the ensuing election for members to represent the town of Poole in Parliament; and I trust you will

give me as plain an answer to my solicitation at present, as I gave to yours when I thought it my duty not to promote your wishes.

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient servant,
CHARLES STUART.

Three letters from Hannah More follow, of January and February, 1795.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Bath, 24th January, [1795.]

My dear Madam,

Among the many other *amiable* propensities of our nature, I believe one is to use worst those to whom we owe most: I have most gloriously illustrated this position in my behaviour to you; for I have not only shamefully been silent to a long and very kind letter you wrote to me, but I make you the last of about three hundred persons to whom I have written within a fortnight. There is one pleasant part of your letter, in which I am too much interested not to answer that, however excess of hurry may make me overlook other parts of it. I mean that which respects my visit to Teston. As far as it is possible to determine anything in this uncertain world, and perhaps the most uncertain period of that world, my scheme is to get to town

about the last of February, or very beginning of March, to stay there about three weeks, and then to pass a few quiet weeks with you; this at least is my pleasant vision—may it be realized!

The arranging and bringing to bear my plan has been a labour beyond all conception. I had engaged with three different printers—then false estimates—then it could be done cheaper—then it was all to do over again; the business, too, of selection is far more difficult than can be imagined. In short, I find hardly anything quite proper in every respect. Almost every piece has, not only to be abridged and the style made familiar, but the phraseology to be changed. Many books suggested by my friends as containing good matter, I found so full of absurdity, dreams, visions, ghosts, &c., that I not only rejected them for the sake of my credit, which is but an inferior consideration, but because I do not believe one word of it myself. I have been obliged to turn *sans-culotte* author myself, and have scribbled seven or eight pieces in the last month, the poetry of which rivals the bellman, and the prose eclipses the Ordinary of Newgate.

As I begin to hope the plan will circulate very widely, I propose to have some pieces for all descriptions of characters among the common people, from the harmless country girl to the hardened felon in a jail. Some respectable clergy who are

here, assure me that in the west of England (and I know it to be so in other parts) the most indecent songs and papers are posted up in the cottages. Now it has occurred to me to write a variety of things somewhere between vicious papers and hymns, for it is in vain to write what people will not read; these verses are made to attack some gross immorality or dishonest practice, and by trying to make them a little amusing in the manner, as well as ornamental in the appearance, we may in time bring them to still higher things. The fraud attacked in the enclosed "Market Woman" is not uncommon, and perhaps they will bear to hear it in verse, when they would not read a serious moral lecture. I repeat that the Dissenting and the Methodistical poor do not much need what we are doing, but I write for the multitude at large, of whom I fear a great proportion is both ignorant and profligate. I hope Mrs. Twysden will not think the "Gin Shop" too strict. That is the stronghold against which my chief artillery will be planted; all the evils of this country put together do not make up gin.

On second thoughts, I will not send the "Gin Shop," lest she should think it too strict, but the "Carpenter." Some pretty young ladies are kindly busy for me in drawing little pictures for wooden prints,* for I am resolved, in trying to *reform*

* Woodcuts?

the poor, to *please* them too, a point which I think we do not sufficiently attend to. We are very apt to forget they have the same tastes, appetites, and feelings with ourselves; ay, and the same good sense, too, though not refined by education. I therefore conceive that in writing for them we are not to lower the sense, but only the phraseology and style, and to avoid hard words and allusion to things they have had no opportunity to learn. How do you bear this Siberian weather? I tremble for your delicate lungs. Poor Sir Charles, I fear, is overworked. How awful are the times! ain't you delighted with Wilberforce? You must get his speech on the Amendment, in the "Times;" it is correct only there.

Yours, ever,
H. More.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bath [February, 1795.]

My dear Madam,

This is so much the age of revolutions that one begins to get accustomed to them. I have now to inform you of one which does not indeed very materially affect states and empires, but affects what is of some importance to me, I mean my visit to Teston; now don't begin to flatter yourself that I am not coming, and to say, "Well, Mrs.

Twysden, we shall get rid of her." No such grand luck for you, my dear Madam. The revolution, on the contrary, is all in my own favour, for it affects rather the chronology than the events of my history. All this long preface to a very short book (for such must my letter be, I being worked beyond all conception), is only to say that if it suits you quite as well, I propose myself the great indulgence of spending the month of March instead of April with you. I think of going to town, or rather passing through it the first week in March—perhaps may beg a night or two of lodging in Hertford Street, and come on to you. I was afraid to propose this change to Mrs. Garrick, but I find it suits her better, and I shall rejoice to escape a little from my present hurry to your peaceful society.

Yours ever, my dear Madam,
Most faithfully,
H. More.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.*

I feel myself not less accountable to you, my dear Madam, than to my own conscience for the large means of doing good you have put into my hands, and I feel a sort of impulse to say a few words to you on the subject, not so much to give

* Not dated—probably 1795.

your bountiful heart the satisfaction of knowing that you have furnished me with the chief means of carrying on my little schemes, as to acquit myself of a duty in owning to you that I have not very faithfully applied it to all the purposes I promised. There is something so sacred in credit, especially that of a dear friend, that I would not breathe it to any but yourself, that that excellent being, the whole of whose vast income has gone in charity, has not saved anything; and he has been so harassed by public grievances, that I have refused to accept a shilling from him for above a year (all that will come about again though), and I should have thought it right greatly to have abridged my schemes as a point of conscience, had not your kindness, coming so providentially, enabled me to get through with them. Mr. Wilberforce also gave me £100, and Mr. Hoare has been very liberal in clothing; and though you will smile at the idea of my being rich, yet I assure you my own little affairs have prospered too, so that instead of being straitened I have been really rich. All this preface, my dear Madam, is only to explain to you, that instead of distributing your money in various quarters as I intended, I have really, except a few pounds to that good clergyman, kept the whole of it in my own hands for my own schools and villages. I trust to the extreme candour and frankness of your own nature

that you will receive this with the same simplicity and plainness with which I have endeavoured to write it. So far from being in want, the magnificent present you had the goodness to make me for my own use is untouched. I did not think, in this time of general distress and trouble, it was right to spend it in the way your generous friendship suggested, so I have reserved it for the contingencies of next year. I tell you this, not only to quiet your liberal spirit, but for fear you should *for a moment* suspect me of intending to excite your feelings, or to imply, or hint, or insinuate any kind of want. The direct contrary is the case —were it otherwise, I would fairly come to you and beg.

In order to let you see that you were not indebted to Mrs. Unwin for Mr. H. Thornton's visits, I am strongly tempted to be treacherous, and to give you a fair extract from his letter on the subject;—"I have been to see Mrs. Bouverie, but was sorry I found no means to have much conversation with her; for we were all together, and I was dull with the tooth-ache. I think I could discern, however, how it might easily happen that Mrs. B— might have a certain sort of prejudice against Methodists. I should really like to be well acquainted with so humble, sensible, and good a woman, though I have an idea I could learn much more from her than she could from me,

and the more so as her turn is not quite in my own way. But I do not expect it will be my lot to meet with her much. If you happen to know when she is tolerably near us, for she is now at Teston, pray let me know—but there is no profitable conversation in company." Perhaps I do wrong to send you this, but I have always thought you were born to be friends. There is a great resemblance of character, and yet such a material difference in some opinions, as might make you of use to each other. He detests *enthusiasm*, cant, and sectarian phrases as much as you, and yet warmly defends some of their leading doctrines, but it is not for *doctrines* that I esteem him, but for living, while in all the hurry of the world, in that heroic self-denial, and close communion with God, which makes him much the most impressive example I ever saw.

My dear Madam, you will, I hope, forgive the exceeding frankness of this long P.S., which I wish you to burn. May it please God to bless you with peace and comfort.

H. M.

I have been rather better lately.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE following letter cannot, I am convinced, fail of being pleasantly acceptable to the reader—as having been written by the widow of the great Chatham. If the composition is quaintly involved, the spirit is characteristically unmistakable.

LADY CHATHAM TO THE REV. DR. MITCHEL.

Lady Chatham has heard such a character of the bearer of this note to Mr. Mitchel, a certain grey horse which she has seen, that she cannot be easy till it is received into his stable. She wishes it was a beauty, which it is not, but then it is good, and though not speedy, it is not slow—that it was lively, but it is quiet, and does not start. She cannot help persuading herself that so many sober perfections may induce Mr. Mitchel to accept him, and should he not answer Lady Chatham's hopes of proving a treasure, she has only to beg Mr. Mitchel will not keep him a moment, but

oblige her so far as to exchange him for one that may suit him better.

She desires her best compliments to Mrs. Mitchel.

Burton Pynsent, January 1796.

It is not generally known that Sir William Pynsent had left Burton Pynsent to various ministers before Lord Chatham, and being *désillusionné* with each in turn, revoked his will in each case respectively, till it came to Lord Chatham. Sir William died before the latter had time to get out of favour.

Three more letters from Hannah More of the year 1795.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Adelphi, 25th April [1795.]

I cannot forbear calling myself to your remembrance, my dear Madam, by a few hasty lines. I dare not indulge myself in telling you that my spirits sunk at your departure, more than I ought to say, or than you would like to hear.

Now for a little vanity disguising itself under the appearance of a little gratitude. My *new green gown* was exhibited for the first time at Gloucester House, and very pretty it is. I have performed that *Royal operation* twice, and it turned out both

times better than I expected. No company but the Duchess, Lady Waldegrave, Princess Sophia, and (once) Prince William; the latter has greatly the advantage of his sister in beauty and personal elegance, in which indeed he exceeds most young men I ever saw; but the young lady is uncommonly pleasing, engaging, and agreeable, greatly superior in *manner* to her sister, Lady W., with a mind well informed and desiring to be still better. I stayed from eight o'clock till near twelve, and the whole of the evening was passed in rational and useful religious conversation. I was as bold as even *you* ever saw me, for it appeared to me one of those opportunities that should not be lost. I had heard so much of the vanity and ambition of the Duchess formerly, that I could not but hope her trials in life (which have been great, as well as her prosperity) have done her good; for she seems religiously disposed, and even strict as to practice, though I took the liberty to combat some of her *notions* which I thought not sound. Indeed the doctrine of human corruption is not likely to be very palatable to great beauty or exalted rank. I should not have talked of this subject to any but you. Lord Orford called to thank me again for the pictures, but I was not well enough to see him. Indeed, it is three days ago that I began this letter, without having been well enough to finish it. I am just getting out

of a three days' headache, so acute that I was hardly rational, and it has left me so nervous that I have not slept these two or three nights.

I saw our two Lords of the Admiralty* one night for two moments, when I went selfishly to borrow Captain Gambier's carriage, which he kindly offers me. It is a gratification to me to write a few lines to you, though I am forced to let half a quire of letters lie on the table unanswered, nay almost unread. Kind things to Mrs. Twysden.

I gave your magnificent ——† subscription to the *pair of friends*. I fancy yours and theirs is the chief support of the institution.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Cowslip Green, August 14, [1795.]

My dear Madam,

A thousand thanks for your very kind and nice long letter. Mr. Pusey is so much in the habit of doing things right royally, that I dare say his offer did not appear so magnificent to himself as it does striking to me. Will you have the goodness to return him my best thanks, and to say that we have put matters on a footing which so much reduces the expence, that till the end of the year,

* Sir Charles Middleton, afterwards Lord Barham, and Lord, then Captain, Gambier.

† Word illegible.

at least, we shall not be obliged to raise further levies on the bounty of our friend, and even then a small annual subscription will, I hope, enable us to defray the incidental expenses. I had hoped to have got rid of this entirely, as I know it hurts *your noble pride*, but I find that if the thing goes on there will be always a standing, though not considerable expense. But I have no idea it *will* go on to anything like the extent of the present circulation. The novelty will subside, and the fashion become obsolete.

Before I dismiss the Repository subject, to which you have always been disposed to lend a gracious ear (and much did I try your patience in my last visit to Teston), I have had so many applications in the newspapers, as well as from private friends, to turn my attention next month, to the subject of the bad economy of the poor, that I have set aside *Farmer Bragwell* to make way for the *Way to Plenty, or the Second Part of Tom White.* I have ventured to represent to the poor how much they multiply their actual wants by their own bad management, and the part you will meet with about having a shoulder of mutton on Easter Monday, was taken from a conversation I had with Mr. Harding in Teston Park last Easter Monday, when we met your carpenters, &c., going to keep holiday. I hope it will be a gratification to Mr. Harding to find some of his own words repeated,

though he probably will not remember the rencontre between him and me, to which I allude. It was not very easy to make receipts for leek-porridge and rice-milk.

I have really been very anxious about Sir Charles, for I have not dared to gratify myself by very frequent inquiries of his progress towards recovery. Admiral Gambier, however, wrote me a comfortable account of him lately, which your letter confirms.

You and I used to indulge a little in political altercation, which I think we contrived to carry on with rather less hatred, malice, and uncharitableness than opponents always do. We should differ still less now, the ground of our dissension being much diminished. That ill-fated Quiberon expedition never had a more decided enemy. The measures of Government now appear to me to be infatuation in the extreme. The Wilberforce party that is the *moderates*, does not seem to gain ground. It is too wise and reasonable a plan to become popular with the zealots of either side. I had the grief yesterday to see in the papers that our friend the Bishop of Dol is guillotined. He was the most virtuous and pious bishop, perhaps I might say man, in France. He has told me himself that he frequently preached to the unfortunate Louis, frequently wrote to him to point out to him the consequences of the infidelity and vices of his Court, particularly the spread of infidel writings among

the great, and their avowed patronage of those principles, but he was not listened to by that wretched king; and after having been a sort of prophet, is now a sort of martyr, for he was no politician, but quite like what I conceive of a primitive Bishop. I believe the generality (perhaps almost all) of the French Bishops were as much Atheists as Robespierre. I don't think I have written so much on politics this twelvemonth, if indeed my concern for the fate of a worthy man can be called politics.

It would have been strange if I had forgotten to tell you that the franker of this epistle and my treasurer, is my guest also. Mr. H. Thornton is here, passing a week in my little cottage, the quietness of which, I believe, reconciles him to the smallness of it. He desires to be very kindly remembered to you. Mr. Wilberforce is in Yorkshire visiting his mother and sister, or rather, I believe, his constituents, who do not *all* of them approve that state of *between-ity* he has chosen. I do not hear of any dissolution at hand. I am glad you do not dislike the *Riot;* I told the Bishop of London I would screen the collateral and subordinate causes of the scarcity, as much as my *conscience would allow me,* for the sake of keeping peace at home. Indeed I said what I take to be truth, when I said that its *leading* cause was successive bad seasons. I hope it is not Je-

suitical to tell the truth without telling the *whole* truth.

When have I written so long a letter?

I have sent your name and Sir Charles's to a subscription for two volumes, *Sermons to Country Congregations*, written by a very worthy man (I did not know him), a Mr. Haggett, who died very young, attending a funeral in the severe weather, and has left a distressed family. Pray remember me very kindly to Mrs. Twysden. You say nothing of your health, a sad omission in your letter.

I am glad you are got within reach of Sir Charles. It is so important to his health, to say nothing of his comfort.

Yours, my dear Madam,
Very faithfully,
H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Cowslip Green, 13th October, 1795.

My dear Sir Charles,

I do not trouble you often, having indeed little time myself, and knowing that you have still less. Yet I feel anxious to know how you do, and how Mrs. Bouverie does. I should probably have written to her first, but do not know at which mansion she is.

All my friends who think and who feel, write to

me with the most gloomy apprehensions as to the prospect of public affairs. If government have resolved not to give us peace, I hope they will at least endeavour to secure us bread. It is with us nearly as dear as ever. We give thirteen shillings per bushel for the wheat with which we make our brown bread.

I have been just now enlarging my schemes so much, that I hardly dare allow myself to think how I can possibly carry it on, my health has lately been so infirm. But the time is short, and I wish I was more stimulated by that consideration. You like sometimes to hear some of my village stories, so, having nothing better at hand, I will tell you what we are doing. There is a very large, ignorant, poor, and wicked parish some miles off. I have often wished that I had had either time, or money, or health to spare, with a view to seeing if any good could be done among them, but have put it off from year to year, from the united suggestions of prudence and indolence. At our last assizes, a woman in this parish was condemned to be hanged, and three others were tried for their lives. This so alarmed the parish, that the clergyman, overseers, &c., came in a body to implore me to attempt something for the instruction and reformation of this forlorn place. Those trials, &c., I thought formed a sort of crisis, and that I was no longer at liberty to repose. Accordingly Patty and I have

been nearly two months employed in fitting up a house, training of teachers, and raising recruits.

Our operations have been much delayed by the badness of the cross-roads, which has caused us to break down several times, but without hurting us. We have at last so far conquered all our difficulties and obstructions (which have been many), that on Sunday last we opened the school, not only for children, but young men and women. We had one hundred and seventy attended; three children of the condemned woman, and several who were tried, are of the number—many thieves, all ignorant, profane, and wicked. These banditti behaved very quietly, and the clergyman, a hard man, a Justice of the Peace, was so affected when he came in, and saw all these poor creatures kneeling round us, and listening to a prayer composed for the occasion, which Patty was reading, that he burst into tears; it was so new a thing for him to see the grown up part of them, except to *commit* or to punish them in some way. God knows if any good can be done. I am not very sanguine, but we must do our duty, and leave the rest to Him.

I hear Mr. Wilberforce is very popular in Yorkshire. I rejoice at it, as I suppose the time of trial is at no great distance. I have a letter from him, sadly lamenting how he has been obliged to spend the summer; such a loss of time.

When H. Thornton was here lately, I carried

him to some of our parish workhouses. He there saw with his own eyes a degree of want, misery, vice, cruelty, and oppression so great, that I am persuaded he used to think I exaggerated in my descriptions. I believe he will take it up with a high hand. I could now convict some overseers of murder, if those who could redress the grievance would listen to me. I believe I see more misery in a week than some people believe exists in the whole world. And it is not knowing what misery is, that makes people indulge themselves in such excessive voluptuousness and expense. Pray remember me very kindly to Admiral Gambier.

I hear from many of my friends sad accounts of the progress of Antinomianism. It is a doctrine fatal to holiness of life, and much to be dreaded.

Yours, my dear Sir, most truly,

H. More.

Two more letters from Hannah More bring us to the end of 1795.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Cowslip Green, 30th [1795.]

My dear Madam,

Though I have hitherto spared you, I can no longer forbear calling myself to your remembrance. You need use no such stratagems to awaken in me your idea. I am too frequently employed in dis-

seminating your bounty through this wide valley, to forget to whose kindness I am indebted for the most interesting and comforting part of my employment, that of being able to relieve such misery as the gay and the prosperous do not believe exists in the world. I can truly say I see so much of it in these dear and calamitous times, that my life would be a burthen to me were I not enabled, by the goodness of others, to mitigate a little of the misery arising from the terrible disproportion of human conditions. I did not intend, when I sat down, beginning upon this melancholy strain, but that which is constantly before one's eyes is too apt to force itself to be the common topic of one's pen, when one dares—and for my own part I seldom dare, for most of those who wear "purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day," are apt to fancy the whole world is a scene of content and jollity, and that things are going on very smoothly, and that all is as it should be.

I have been much concerned for Sir Charles's health, lest he should be overworked in these disastrous times. I am waiting, as I dare say you are, with anxiety for the deliberations of Parliament. Mr. Wilberforce writes with great solemnity on the awful prospect of things. I suppose you and Mrs. Twysden are, by this time, set quietly down to a Teston *tête-à-tête*, after the usual annual parties at Betchworth.

Have you seen the "Self Observer," by Lavater? I know he is a favourite author of yours, but as he has not always written on such favourite subjects of mine as the present, I am not very conversant in his writings. This last work is interesting; there is a great mixture—a little absurdity, a little trifling, and a great deal of good. But there is something in the name of a journal that always interests one; it is getting at people's secrets, which one likes. The first volume I greatly prefer to the second—the preface to which last, by telling you that every part is not strictly true, destroys the illusion, and of course greatly lessens the pleasure. Besides some sublime passages of devotion, it is a book which sets one thinking, and uncovers to one one's own self-deceit. You may think perhaps from the above, that I read, but you were never more mistaken. I have hardly time to look in a book; when I am not sick, or abroad, I am employed in the lowest ways you can imagine. Having undertaken a vast new scheme, I am employed in every petty art of saving, such as printing single alphabets to save spelling books, farthing prayers, cutting, stitching and trimming one book into two, so that I really think that when the French come, I am vastly improved in arts and contrivances for cheap living since you and I talked over that matter together, and can invent some new trades.

I wish you could see (but I am not so wicked as

to wish you to read) the variety of trash that is sent me weekly in prose and verse from all parts of the kingdom for the Repository. You would not conceive there was stupidity enough to produce such stuff, or vanity enough to desire to publish it. It is my mortifying task to be obliged to answer all the letters, and to reject all the pieces. You would pity me if you saw what I am obliged to read, as well as the home-truths I am obliged to write.

Pray tell Mrs. Twysden that I have not at all regretted eating the brownest bread (even, for some time, without any of the bran being taken away), no, nor the total giving up puddings and pies, but that my vanity has received a greater mortification than my sensuality; for to expose my grizzle locks without an atom of powder, for the last six months, was so little to my taste, that I have taken refuge in a great cap to hide all defects. Seeing, however, that none of my friends have left off powder, I shall probably be so vain as to return to it, when I return to the world, as I should only acquire the charge of singularity. But while one is living entirely among the poor, I fancied it was sympathizing at least a little with them, though it did them no other good. Adieu, my dear Madam, believe me most truly and gratefully, and affectionately yours,

H. More.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Cowslip Green, December 7th, [1795.]

My dear Madam,

In my hasty lines to Sir Charles, I had hardly leisure to thank you for your letter, which gave me, however, great satisfaction, as it served to confirm what all reports had told me, and what my own mind had taken for granted, as to the just and honourable cause of his retiring. For your sake and for his, I am glad he has recovered his liberty; but I *must* be sorry for my country. And what a distracted country it is!

I am glad to turn from these melancholy prospects of public calamity to my own petty cares and occupations; but even these take a tincture in some degree from the others. All is very quiet in our quarters as far as relates to tumult and disturbance, but the prospect is melancholy enough as to scarcity and dearness. I have been employing myself for many weeks, every day that I have been able, and could spare from my schools, in visiting the cottages of the poor in many parishes, and I am persuaded that no labouring man, even if he be healthy and sober, can maintain a family of any size, and find them clothes and pay rent.

Nothing is more common than for the father and mother and four children (of all ages and both

sexes) to sleep in one bed. Hardly any poor man can now get a bit of ground for a cow, as all the land in a parish is swallowed up by a few great farms. Jobbers go round and buy up the butter, which they again sell to little shops, so that there are three profits before the poor get it. Instead of coming home thankful to my own good dinner, I come home sad and discontented. I do hope that these evils, by getting to such a size, will cure themselves. Yet these husbandry labourers are quiet and patient, while the manufacturers who get more than twice their wages are rioting. I thank God that I am still able to prolong my campaign, though I fear I shall soon have my communication cut off from many of my villages, the waters being out, and some of the roads nearly impassable; this, however, is not the case with all, and I am able to come home without much fear, ten miles at eight or nine o'clock at night. I speak this rather with boasting, as a new acquisition, for there was a time when I was nearly as fearful as *some folks* I have the honour to know. But habit has conquered it.

Sir Charles has been accustomed, I fancy, in his various official capacities to "Monthly Returns" of killed and wounded, or safe and well. Now my *annual* returns being just made out, I have taken a fancy to enclose it rather for his perusal than yours, that you may judge of the strength and

number of our troops, though you will agree in wishing they had better generals.

I heartily thank you for your kind hint of accelerating my Teston visit. I should really like it, but I feel it a sort of duty to get over in my own habitation those months of frost and snow, which commonly make me so utterly unfit for the society of my friends, and so unwilling to burthen them with the worst season of my infirmities. I assure you, when I leave this cottage for Bath, I feel as if I were going to exile rather than to a place of polished society. I grow almost a savage, and disqualified for civilized life. What will you say when I tell you that after four years profound ignorance of her fate, I have got a letter from my old friend, Harriet Lester, the unhappy girl who attempted to drown herself. It excited in me the warmest hopes of her repentance and change of life, and I have been employing Mr. Cecil, Miss Bird, &c., to converse with her, to place her in a religious family.

Alas, on inquiry we fear it is a short fit of repentance, excited by some present disappointment. Yet we are doing what we can for her, for she is so young, I am willing to hope she is not irreclaimable. I wish I could convey you her letter. I have much to say on Repository business, but that must be the subject of another letter, for I have hardly left room for my kind remem-

brances to Sir Charles and Mrs. Twysden. Tell Sir Charles I wish to hear about Mrs. Edwards.

Most faithfully yours,

My dear Madam,

H. More.

State of the Mendip Schools, December, 1795.

Cheddar Sunday School	190
Weekly School by Day	30
Night School, number uncertain	
Shipham Sunday School	170
Weekly School by Day	30
Night School, number uncertain	
Society of Young Women in the evening	30
Axbridge	100
Banwell	70
Sandford	50
Congersbury	60
Tatton	100
Nailsea	100
Blagdon Sunday School	185
Weekly School by Day	30
Night School	30
Old People who attend religious instruction at the Schools, about	350
Poor Women in our Clubs	300

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE following letters of 1796 from Hannah More give many interesting particulars of her varied labours.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Mitcham Grove, Thursday.

My dear Madam,

I trust you got a note from me, before you left Hertford Street, informing you that you had, in the excess of your liberality, made a mistake and given me £400 instead of £300 as you intended. I delayed restoring you the overplus in the hourly hope that some opportunity would have offered of seeing you once more; but a lame horse and a succession of company put it out of my power, and I was afraid to trust so large a sum to the Penny Post—by the General Post I trust there is no danger. For fear there should, however, I will send the halves to-day, and the remainder to-mor-

row, of the £100. I gave your great trust to Mr. H. Thornton, who, I hope, will prove a good steward.

I came hither on Wednesday by an assignation with Sir Charles, who departed late in the evening for Betchworth, nothing daunted by the rain.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoare are well, and desire their best respects to you. I shall return to Battersea Rise to-morrow on my way to Fulham on Monday. Mr. Thornton has had a violent complaint in his eyes; he cannot bear a ray of light, and had he not an amiable, patient, and keen-eyed reader and secretary who forces herself to read and write for him in what I should call utter darkness, I don't know what would become of him. The Dissolution is expected to take place next week, but he must mend greatly before he will be fit for canvassing.

I hope you had a pleasant journey down, and found your whole vegetable kingdom in a very gay and flourishing state. Who would be in London? I wish I could take another peep at Teston. I do not like to think how long it will be before that will happen. While I was looking out for you to come to town, though I knew how little I should see of you there, yet there seemed to be something to look forward to, and I did not conceive our separation so seriously as I have done, ever since Sir Charles told me you had turned your back on London. Alas!

Adieu, my dearest Madam. *One* of the reasons which led me to cut the enclosed bills in half was to save you the trouble of saying you had received them. As I shall not now be anxious for their safety, I beg you will not even say that short word to your very affectionate and faithful

H. More.

This letter was probably written in 1796, because she alludes to the coming Dissolution of Parliament—which could hardly have been that of 1790, because Lady Middleton was alive in that year, and her name is not mentioned in the letter —nor could it have been that of 1784, because the remittances spoken of in the letter, must, by their amount, have been for Hannah More's schools, which were not begun until 1788—nor of 1802, because Mrs. Bouverie died in 1798.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Cowslip Green, July 2, 1796.

My dear Madam,

I am willing to flatter myself that you and Sir Charles are by this time beginning to look out for a little visitation of the epistolary sort from Cowslip Green. My indefatigable sister Patty had been here a month before me, and had brought

everything into a good train for me. This is our busiest month in the year, at least we are most occupied as to temporals, for you will allow that buying, contriving, cutting out, and carrying to every individual one or two articles of clothing each, is no small job when your family consists of between one or two thousand.

Yesterday was a most grand day indeed. We celebrated our Poor Women's Club anniversary: fortunately the weather was uncommonly fine, or I could never have gone through the fatigue, as we had about four hundred—of two parishes only, and of all ages and descriptions. We had the comfort to find that, after all the sick had been properly relieved, we left yesterday no less than ninety pounds in our Club Box, but the best part of the business was that, having waited upon Jacobs (the cruel prosecutor of Mr. Jones) with an invitation, he and his wife were *so condescending* as to come and go to church with us, (which place they had not entered since they set up their Jerusalem temple,) drank tea with *us* and then our poor workpeople, and subscribed a *guinea and a half* to our institution. I give the credit of this victory over pride and wickedness, to my sister Patty, who has taken infinite pains with him.

We have lately had an agreeable visit from the Governor and Physician of Sierra Leone, who landed at Bristol and passed a day or two with us. They

give a very pleasing account of the colony, and if we could have peace, they seem to think trees would be very flourishing, though in the present precarious state of things they are afraid of running any risks. But their best hopes are founded on the following little circumstance. One of the settlers, taking out a light into a thick wood to burn some thickets, which were entangled across a path, spied two little brown berries, which he carried home to the Botanist, who pronounced them to be coffee. The man was offered a reward if he would produce more; he returned with some, enough to roast and make a small dish, which proved to be very good coffee, of the same genus, but not exactly of the same species we are used to, but as good or better than the West Indian. The man was then offered so many dollars for so many trees, which he found out by looking over his head, where he had found the berries. When blossoming season came on, he procured a good number of these trees, which they are now carefully cultivating. If good coffee be really the spontaneous produce of the soil, they say it will be more profitable even than sugar, as the great expense of mills and manufacturing renders the latter very expensive. The Governor planted many of these berries, which he brought home in boxes; they are not yet more than an inch high; he has promised me two or three trees if they live. Should they stand this

harsh climate, I should like to transplant one of them to Teston, as a soil favourable to the productions of the *land of liberty*.

I grieve to tell you that bread here is nearly as dear as ever it was, at the dearest period of last year. We, alas! have no magistrates who care for the poor and needy, nor who seek to right the oppressed, though it might be done at the easy rate of adopting the Bristol standard. I have taken infinite pains to little purpose. People are too busy or too idle to attend to the cry of the hungry. Paper cuts me short; kind remembrances to Sir Charles and Mrs. Twysden.

Yours very faithfully,

H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

August 1, 1796.

My dear Sir Charles,

I think you would have felt a melancholy pleasure, had you spent yesterday with Patty and I. It was in our new Parish; the wretched parents of several of our children are in prison for various crimes, and as their trials came on this day, it gave a peculiar seriousness to our day's operations. Perhaps England hardly contains so lawless a parish, yet in many instances we have had great encouragement, but the difficulties and obstructions

are so great, that my heart would often fail if my colleague Patty had not more spirit. Some of the worst of these people, among others the prisoners and their families, live miles from the Church and our school, in a craggy part of the Mendip hills, quite detached from human society: these are all thieves: and to rescue the rising generations from the iniquitous trade is worth some trouble. The weather has been hitherto very unfavourable to our expeditions, as we seldom this summer escape a good wetting. Besides a Sunday and Weekly School for the very poor, the doors of this school are opened three or four evenings in a week, to the parents and grown up scholars. A good many young labourers are so desirous for improvement, that it would affect you to see them come in at nine o'clock after a hard day's mowing, just to hear a chapter or two before they rest their weary limbs. As this parish abounds with little farmers, very ignorant and profane, we invited them to come of an evening, under pretence of improving their spelling and reading, without saying much at present about higher things. About twenty of these, including their wives, now come for a few spare hours in a week, with an earnest desire, as far as we can judge, to improve themselves in the knowledge and practice of Christianity. We must throw these encouragements in one scale against the opposition and enmity of many others; I give

you these little details, as we last autumn set up this new place with a heavy heart, and almost without hope.

I had a letter the other day from Mr. Wilberforce from Buxton: he is pretty well, and going on with spirit in his book. Mr. and Mrs. H. Thornton have been gone for a month past to Yorkshire to see her friends. Pray tell Mrs. B—— with my kind regards, I will answer her soon. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Hoare have visited at Teston.

We give a shilling a pound for butter in a wet July, at 130 miles from the capital! everything else proportionally dear. I almost lose all hope of peace or plenty! But I try to turn my thoughts from these corroding subjects, and I comfort myself in this way—there are great evils which I cannot help to redress, there are others which in a small degree perhaps I can: it is but little indeed, but it is better to do the little I am called on to do, however poorly, than distract myself for these incurable evils.

Yours ever,

H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Cowslip Green, 17th August, [1796.]

My dear Madam,

I figure to myself that you are by this time like a Lady-Patriarch, removed to the rich and fertile

plains of Betchworth among your flocks and your harvests. For Betchworth always gives me the idea of corn, wine, and oil, and the wealth of sheep, and wheat, and barley; and Teston of the more elegant refinements of taste and cultivation. It is, however, a pleasant pilgrimage that you annually make from one of these delightful tents to the other, and I trust your health and spirits are improved by the change.

I, too, am a pilgrim, and have journeyed rather triumphantly for some time past, both as to health and weather. The latter has been so favourable to me, that I do not find myself much the worse to-day from my travelling car, on which Patty and I usually perform our pilgrimages, having broken down last night and driven us to walk several miles at a later hour than I have done for some years. The country really presents such a scene of riches as ought to cheer one more than I feel cheered. If we cannot have peace, I know we ought to rejoice that we are at least likely to have bread. But the wickedness of monopolizers, or forestallers, or contractors, or the negligence of the rich, will I fear contrive to defeat the kindest bounties of Providence: for grieved am I to say, the white loaves which our poor buy at the bakers, are very little larger than they were this time twelvemonth—the period of the greatest scarcity. The sight of this oppression really embitters my

life, and I do continue to cry in the ears of the few magistrates and managing persons who come in my way; but I might as well spare my breath. They are full fed themselves, and will not believe the misery which I see with my eyes, though it is much diminished by the plenty of work; but, alas! all cannot work, though all can eat: that is, they could if they had it.

Do you remember the excellent young collier who lost an eye, and had his jaw and skull fractured by the falling in of a pit on him? He recovered so far by good nursing, and a skilful surgeon, as to make a fresh attempt to work at his calling. But he was so weak as to be threatened with insanity by the damps of the pit. So in obedience to your instructions, as you seemed to interest yourself in his well doing, I tried what would be the best way to employ him. He has a superior understanding, and I thought it right (as hard labour would probably kill him) to turn his talents to some good account. He already keeps one of our Sunday Schools, but as this income is too small for his maintenance, and as I think him capable of higher usefulness, I have put him to a good school to improve in writing and arithmetic, of both which he knows something; by this means, I think he will be qualified in a few months more, to keep, on week-days, a school of a better sort, for the instruction of the sons of farmers and little

tradesmen, to whom I conceive it may be an extensive blessing to be bred under a religious master. In the meantime, he walks home every Saturday night twelve miles to attend his own school on the Sunday, and goes back to his master on the Monday morn. The loss of one eye is our greatest difficulty.

You see, my dear Madam, what elegant details you must be contented to hear, if you *will* condescend to correspond with one who has no better subjects to treat you with. But to advert to another equally brilliant. How did our interesting friends the Teston hawkers get on afterwards? I beg you to read without delay the last history of Betty Brown, the St. Giles's orange-girl, a composition on which I am afraid I rather value myself, as it shows my intimate acquaintance with night-cellars and other places of polite resort in the metropolis. 'Tis a most renowned work.

It is with great pleasure I hear Mrs. Garrick is to visit you. I trust she and Mrs. Twysden will eat a few good hot suppers, and drink many a hearty glass together. Pray remember me kindly to Mrs. Twysden, who I hope continues in full song and feather.

I am, most faithfully yours,

H. More.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Adelphi, Friday, [1796].

My dear Madam,

I think you will expect to hear something of your poor *enfant trouvé*. Mr. and Mrs. Thornton went with me themselves to a very respectable family in the Borough, to whom I was to commit the care of your family!

I spent Tuesday at the Bishop of Lincoln's in private, and we sat five hours over Mr. Pitt's Poor Bill. *Entre nous* (for I should not like to say it to others) we took the liberty to make pretty free use of our pencils in the margin—for which purpose indeed he gave it them. They say his whole soul is in this Bill. I presumed to suggest several things relating partly to female economy and religious instruction, but I am far from being so arrogant as to say they will be adopted. We all terribly deplore the seeming distance of Peace; the Bishop assures me Pitt earnestly desires it; we are rejoicing however at the fall of wheat. The commercial troubles still continue. Pitt is to bring forward a measure on Monday to put some remedy to this great evil. I have been told, *in confidence*, as I tell it you and Sir Charles, that no less than eleven million guineas have been sent out of the kingdom this last year, an evil so enormous that they say it was absolutely necessary to check its

mischievous progress. I spent an evening with the Bishop of Llandaff, with whom I had a long conversation on the subject of his book. I was glad I could very honestly commend it, at the same time I told him all my objections. On my representing to him that a shilling poison should not have had a four shilling antidote, he told me that he was afraid people of fashion would not read it if it had come out in a cheap form, and that he wrote it for the readers of Voltaire and Gibbon still more than for those of Tom Paine. He has, however, promised me a cheap edition. I have many things to say, but no room to say them in. I begin now to calculate the time of your coming. Kind regards to all your party.

Yours ever sincerely,

H. More.

The following letters of 1797 are from Hannah More to Mrs. Bouverie and Sir Charles Middleton respectively.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Cowslip Green, 3rd November, 1796.

My dear Madam,

I begin to think as well as to feel that it is high time to inquire a little after my Teston friends, for I reckon you have ceased to be *Betchworth* friends

for some time. I have been a little shabby myself, having had a pretty long fainting fit, which seemed to be the prelude to an ulcerated sore throat; as I am, however, so well recovered as to have visited last Sunday and taught (tho' you will think rather superficially) about seven hundred and fifty of my flock, young and old, you will conclude I am pretty stout again. We have had with us for some days (for the purpose of visiting our schools as well as ourselves) Mr. Babington. I believe Sir Charles knows him—he is brother-in-law to Mr. Gisborne, with whom, you know, *I once dined in Hertford Street;* so the fact is told when Mrs. Bouverie is the historian, but Hannah More herself denies ever having seen the aforesaid Mr. Gisborne. But this disagreement among biographers is not uncommon. It is as yet *secret history* that Mr. Gisborne is on the point of bringing out an important work on the *Duties of Woman.*

Mr. Babington unites the gentlest manners to the most genuine piety. He was fellow-collegian with Wilberforce, and is quite in that class. Apropos of colleges, I have lately been a good deal interested with a few young men of whom I conceive great hopes. One of them lives near me, and is a sort of convert of my friend Boak, who goes on extremely well indeed. The former has lately been home for a few months during the Oxford vacation, and has attracted two or three

others equally well disposed. These young men have never had one religious advantage; saw no examples of piety at home, and at college they met with everything to make religion and even morality discreditable in their eyes. With these disadvantages to struggle with, they have a great deal of zeal, and an earnest desire after piety. I gave up a good deal of time to them, and I thought it a good symptom that—though the eldest is only three-and-twenty, yet they discovered less pleasure in gallanting the Misses, than in following Patty and me about in our toilsome marches over this wild country to visit the poor and sick. As they intend going into Orders on principle, I thought it would be a little sort of apprenticeship to let them make a long day now and then (in order to get acquainted with the ignorance and the miseries of their poor fellow-creatures), in the week-days as well as in going to our schools on Sundays. I think we had one day at dinner no less than eight *existing and embryo* parsons of a right sort of disposition. Because, having just then a casual visit from two or three clergymen, older and of a more established piety, I thought my young undisciplined troops might gain some good by being a little mixed up with such confirmed Christians as they had not before had opportunities of conversing with. They are now returned to College.

My hands were never so full of business, and

winter comes on so fast that the day is not sufficient for its duties, so that we are obliged to borrow some hours of the night. I have lately been, and continue to be particularly harassed by the loss of my most experienced and valuable teachers, not by death indeed, but marriage, as I think I told you. The rich farmers hear so much good of them that they carry them off, much to their own credit, but little to my comfort, who lose them just as they are able to be highly useful, and then I have all to do over again, by having their successors to teach, as they were taught before. This seems but a small evil, if it were a new servant or a person in your own house or village; but when you have a dozen or twenty miles to get at these gentry it does not leave much spare time on one's hands.

I rejoice with trembling at the prospect of a peace. I do not allow myself to hope it is very near, yet even a glimpse of this fair object is delightful; I hope pride and dignity will not be allowed to obstruct the negotiations, but I fear each side will expect *all* the concessions from the other. My chief reason for not *expecting* a peace, is the consciousness that we do not *deserve* it, and that our visitation has yet borne no proportion to our sins.

I was most terribly alarmed at the clause in the new Militia Bill, allowing the men to exercise on Sundays. Happy for a Country, when, if Ministers

have little religion themselves, they are not destitute of friends who have, and that we are rescued from this addition to our stock of public guilt. We can break the Sabbath fast enough without doing it by Act of Parliament.

What a wild malignant rhapsody is Mr. Burke's last pamphlet. It kept me in a violent ill-humour the whole time it was reading. We want emollients now, and not inflamers. I flatter myself that Burke and his friend Lord Fitzwilliam are in a very small minority, and that all persons of both parties who have not lost their senses will equally reprobate them.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bath, 24th December [1796].

My dear Madam,

I never had my hands so full, and if I were to give way to it I could tell such pathetic stories of the poor as would make Mrs. Twysden cry for a week. I will not indulge feeling, however, except in one instance; you do not disdain "the short and simple annals of the poor." So I must put you in mind of my admirable young collier, about whom you were so good as to interest yourself. I think I told you that I had a plan to cultivate his understanding so as to qualify him for a schoolmaster for the sons of the farmers and richer coun-

try people. I had put him at once over a Sunday school of 120, but thought his talents far too good to be confined to the very poor. So on the Monday he walked twelve miles to be instructed in completing his hand-writing, arithmetic, and came twice a week to us to be taught knowledge of a little higher kind. His progress was so rapid that this week he was to set up for himself. We took him a small house, laid out some money in furnishing it, and were, I fear, too much pleased to think that a creature of such parts and piety would be put into a situation for the exercise of his talents. I left my cottage on the Tuesday, he came to receive fresh lectures, chiefly on *humility*, &c. But mark the events of this world—on the next Sunday I was supposed to be in some danger, and my delightful collier was dead; I doubt not it is a wise dispensation. Perhaps the esteem he met with might have spoilt him—for he was so loved, that several parishes attended him to the grave, and the Clergyman gave for him a funeral Sermon. You will judge I am in no small perplexity for a successor.

Yours, dear Madam, most faithfully,

H. More.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. CORNISH GAMBIER TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, MORTON PITT.

Muglatore, 13th February, 1797.

My dear Pitt,

I HAVE to thank you for your letters of the 27th December '95, and 10th June '96. The former having gone round viâ Calcutta, did not reach me until near a twelvemonth after its date; the latter I received in last month. For your little memento, the pamphlets, &c., which you were so good to send with the letter of December, I have also to thank you; but I am not able now to give in return on the same subject what you request, regarding the condition, &c., of the lower class of people in this part of the world. I will, however, when having a little leisure time here, direct my attention more particularly to the contents of your letter now before me, and draw out a little statement in the way you wish, tho' I do not conceive that such may convey any useful

information. From the difference of climate on the Peninsula of India, the wants of the lower class of inhabitants here are so much fewer than those of the same class of people in England, that they bear but little resemblance as to the nature of their clothing, fuel, and situation in general. I have lately received a letter from Margaret,* of the 24th of July, from your barracks at Porchester, and was glad to learn of you and all friends their doing well. Of Sam's† appointment as Commissioner of the Navy, I had the satisfaction previously to learn. To the question you put in both letters as to the probable period for our meeting, I cannot reply with a great deal of pleasure, for I cannot form any reasonable conjecture as to the period for such an event. I might, however, have some apprehension that I may fall into both the extremes which you point out as to be avoided —the one, "when our uncle Robert staid so long that he was no longer able to relish anything," and the other, "of Sam, who went home with an inadequate fortune, so that he led a life of privation until he obtained his late increase of income!" As to the minimum you point out (sixty thousand), it must appear to me so maximum that I might as well think of searching for the philosopher's stone —at least, unless some very extraordinary and wholly unexpected events should take place. Such

* Mrs. Morton Pitt. † His eldest brother, Samuel Gambier.

is the manner in which I am going on, and such is the state of my circumstances, on which subject I have, I believe, spoken in one or two of my last letters to Sam. As to health, this is much the same as for some time past, and requiring a good deal of attention. I am troubled often with severe headaches, which together with business wear me much.

I intend soon to take a trip to Madras for a short time, to see what is going on there in general, and to see people, and have a meeting with old acquaintances and friends, and for the sake of a little change of air, and a little relaxation from business. Our latest accounts from England are of the latter end of October, brought by a ship arrived at Madras the beginning of this month, when there appears so favourable a prospect of a peace, that we are led to hope we may ere long have accounts of this event. Be so good to make my remembrances to *Maister* Scott on his marriage, and remembrances also to Skeffington if you please, whom you also mention.

I remain,

Yours very sincerely and faithfully,

C. GAMBIER.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Battersea Rise, 2nd May [1797.]

My dear Madam,

I was compelled to delay writing to you, till I had permission to disclose to you an event which for some little time past has much interested my feelings, and which I trust will no less interest yours. Not to keep you in suspense, the event in question is the speedy marriage of our friend Wilberforce. The wife follows so fast upon the book that he hardly gives one time to breathe between the two. The lady is a Miss Spooner, a very pleasing and amiable young person about five-and-twenty, and one out of a little set of young ladies, with whom I believe I told you I was beginning to be acquainted at Bath. He was pleased with her person and manners at first sight, and her character for sobriety and piety confirmed his attachment. It will please Sir Charles to be told that this young lady has got her a husband (and such a husband) by the very circumstance chiefly of her having been known to have left off public places; whereas most Misses think there is no other way of getting a husband but by going to those places. Mr. H. Thornton went down to him at Bath on Friday, stayed an hour, and they all set out to be at the House last night. You will all join in wishing that this young woman may deserve so high a lot. I judge her

very favourably, all that I know of her is to her advantage; but my grounds of judging are but slight.

Yours ever, my dear Madam,

H. More.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Mitcham Grove, 28th May [1797.]

My dear Madam,

No physician having been good-natured enough to consult the taste of the patient by prescribing me a second draught of Kentish air, I am afraid I am on the point of setting out for my hermitage in the west, with the cold and remote hope of seeing you, alas! next year. I spent near a fortnight at Fulham very comfortably; as I had a great deal of leisure, and the satisfaction of seeing many friends (besides the very agreeable inmates) in an easy way; and, what is entirely to my taste, without returning any of the visits; this latter circumstance always strikes me as being the only pleasant appendage to royalty!

Apropos to royalty, how gloomy are appearances in that quarter. That infatuated young man has miserably thrown away the golden moments Providence seemed to put in his power to win back the affections of the people; but nothing can be more completely unpopular or more detested.

And indeed his conduct both public and private justifies every sentiment of detestation that can be entertained for him. His behaviour to the amiable young lady who exposed herself to so many dangers to get at him does not indicate neglect merely, but contempt. She was seen in tears on the second day. It is not prudent to expatiate on this too fertile subject by letter, but I cannot help looking forward to the very worst consequences through his instrumentality. I shall rejoice to prove as false a prophet as Mr. Brothers has been. I am sure you have lamented with me the injudicious moment chosen for these Windsor fêtes, with *enormous debts* before the House, and the poor groaning for want. The only extenuation which can be offered seems to be that it was good-naturedly designed to give a little amusement and consequence to the poor bride; but what a miserable substitute is amusement and consequence for comfort, and peace, and substantial happiness.

* * * *

I must not forget to speak of the *bride elect* (Mrs. Wilberforce). She is, I really think, truly good, humble, and amiable. He is a most fortunate man. I do not know where he could have picked up such another. For, besides her good dispositions, she is almost the only woman I know who will at once and without any difficulty fall into all his habits, many of which would not be pleasant to a gay

young woman of the world. Add to this, she has such an exalted opinion of her husband, that the sacrifices she will be obliged to make will be no mortification.

I am sorry to tell you that Mr. Pitt's Bill is not likely to be brought on a great while. I need not say that I mean the Bill *we Testonites* have so much at heart, about the poor. At the same time, it will give you pleasure to learn that he is so much in earnest on the subject that he gives up a great proportion of time to it, and sat up a great part of the other night at it.

Adieu, my dear Madam,
Believe me most faithfully and affectionately yours,
H. More.

I was agreeably surprised by a kind visit from Mr. Morton Pitt, who was as usual full of charitable projects, and though he was with me at five in the afternoon said he was to be at a meeting at Mr. Wilberforce's next morning at eleven, on their new grand scheme for bettering the condition of the poor. That scheme seems to promise something, but Mr. Pitt's seems to meet great opposition.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Cowslip Green, 15th June.*

My dear Madam,

I left London and its environs the day after I saw Sir Charles at B. Rise. I stopped a night at Bath, at Mr. Wilberforce's request, in order to get a little more acquainted with his fair *Barbara*, who spent the evening and breakfasted with me at Mr. Babington's, where I slept. Mr. W., himself, reached Bath two days after, and was married on the Tuesday. I had a letter from him notifying his intention of bringing his bride on the Saturday to stay a few days here. It seems he had for some years formed a secret resolution to make his wife (if ever he did marry) set out with an act of humility, by bringing her to pass the first Sunday, &c. at my cottage and with our poor. They came accordingly. She looked very pretty, and was very gay, good-humoured, and lively. He in high spirits, but to my great concern, looking I thought very indifferently; indeed I never saw a poor honest gentleman more desperately in love. I earnestly hope she may make him happy, and not lessen but enlarge his power of doing good, his influence and his usefulness. She has a difficult station to fill, and will have many eyes upon her. Her counte-

* Not dated again: but must be 1797, from the reference to Mr. Wilberforce's marriage.

nance to me is highly pleasing; she is cheerful. and I believe very pious—these are great points. It is a new world she is entering upon in every sense of the word, for she has never even been in London, and though she has never been used to that high style of society to which she is now introduced, I trust she will make a respectable figure in it. I feel anxious on this head, as I consider the credit of Mr. Wilberforce in some degree connected with the credit of religion itself. They spent the Sunday at some of our schools, and it has diverted us not a little that it has passed current in all our villages that the Prince and Princess of Wirtemberg made their appearance at *Cheddar Church*.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

[July 28th, 1797.]

My dear Sir Charles,

I begin to feel that an unusual length of time has elapsed since I have learned anything of the history of Teston. Mrs. Bouverie's winter's illness makes me rather more anxious than usual on this head, though I am willing, particularly on that subject, to construe no news in the usual favourable way.

Haymaking in this our western hemisphere is not nearly over; some of the earlier crops suffered

much by the long continuance of wet, but nothing can be more prosperous than the present state of the hay, and prospect of the corn harvest. The poor have plenty of work, and there is a good promise of potatoes, which is a blessing, as meat is a luxury which they are scarce ever likely to taste again, and they do not find, except those few provident ones who have the industry to bake their own bread, that the loaf has enlarged in proportion as the corn has cheapened; this is a sore evil, and one I almost despair of seeing remedied in country villages; in towns and cities these things are regulated.

Now to speak a word of harvests of another kind, Patty and I find that our human harvests grow more abundant, and that our labours increase as our strength diminishes. We have reason, however, to be thankful, and ought not to complain or desist while we have a hand left to plant or so.

Yesterday we had the honour to entertain near five hundred mothers and children, the disciples of one parish only, with a feast of tea and cakes, and as you know honours are very fatiguing things, and as it was the hottest day we have had this summer, you will not wonder that I can hardly hold my pen to-day. It was the anniversary of one of our poor women's societies for relieving them in sickness and lyings-in, and as they are women utterly destitute of all other help, it was a pleasing

circumstance to find, on settling our accounts last night, that after due provision for the afflicted had been made, the club box was worth one hundred and thirteen pounds! At a similar anniversary in another parish a fortnight ago, our purse was in a state of equal prosperity, when I publicly bestowed wedding prizes on five virtuous and pious brides who were girls in our school, and who had married in the course of the year. I am strongly solicited just now, both by my own feelings, and by the entreaties of the poor suppliant women, to extend these institutions to still more parishes, but the expense is not inconsiderable, and the labour is almost intolerable. I am, however, considering that in no other way perhaps can I make the same sum produce half the same quantity of good; and as to the fatigue, I ought to remember that in a very few years all pain and labour will be at an end, while the beneficial effects will be permanent.

You often heard me speak of a little nursery of thoughtful young men in Oxford, in whose well-being I so particularly interest myself; you will also probably call to mind a Mr. Fry, whom I considered as the youthful father of the society; he is only two-and-twenty, and has been in orders but a month. I wrote to him to Oxford requesting he would come and preach our club sermon yesterday, which he did in a manner that has given me the most solid satisfaction. It was so very able, that

you would have concluded it to have been the performance of a divine of twenty years' standing. As we always invite all the clergy within reach to attend these meetings, I trust this admirable discourse may be of service to them, as I am convinced the greater part never heard anything comparable to it. He is full of animated piety, and seems to think the things of this world of little value but as they may be made subservient to preparation for a better; and as he has also great simplicity and prudence, I trust he will be a valuable member of the Church. He received my private criticisms, and the little errors which I pointed out to him in his sermon, with more apparent pleasure and gratitude than he did the applause and high commendations of the company—expressing his dread to me lest he should be made conceited by the latter.

I fear our prospect of peace is sadly diminished, at least the negociation seems likely to be a protracted one. I grow quite impatient and almost hopeless; I feel it to be almost the only public thing in which I continue to take much interest.

I think Mrs. Bouverie and you will have been delighted with Mr. Erskine's speech on the trial of Tom Paine's bookseller. One did not expect to see a lawyer make such a figure in a theological capacity. I thought it extremely fine indeed, and so likely to be useful, that I have sent to request

he will print it in a little cheap pamphlet, fearing its good effect in the transient form of a newspaper, will too soon pass away.

I have just got a letter from Philadelphia, requesting to have two thousand of each of the cheap Repository Tracts sent out, and deeply regretting that among all the numerous societies formed in America for political purposes, not one has ever been thought of for the improvement of the lower classes; the gentleman who wrote to me is going to make such an attempt, which one is surprised has not been thought of before, in a country professing so much philanthropy.

My sisters desire their best respects, particularly Patty. She suffers as usual almost continual pain; as to me, this fine hot weather keeps off coughs, and I am pretty well and able to be out at my work, in general, three or four days in a week; but my headaches are very violent, especially after much exertion, so that I always pass one, often two days in bed after the Sunday. But my intervals are good, and I have much reason to be thankful.

Pray present my affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Bouverie and Mrs. Twysden, who, I trust, is quite recruited by this fine weather.

I am, my dear Sir Charles,

Your very faithful and sincere

H. More.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

September 6th, 1797.

My dear Madam,

* * * *

With great reluctance indeed, I have given up the greater part of Lord Orford's letters to me to be printed; the earnestness of the Miss Berrys to swell the work by which the Bishop writes me they are to get three thousand pounds, should not have drawn me to consent, had I not found it was the wish of my deceased friend himself. If *that short letter* helps to throw any light on the history of the Duchess of Gloucester's picture, perhaps it may be right to send that also; but this is what I cannot recollect. Lord Frederick Campbell and Mrs. Damer have not yet returned me my own letters. I shan't feel quite easy till they are in my own possession, nor will all the civil things they say content me till I have the letters to put into the fire.

A principal person from Sierra Leone spent the day here lately. His accounts on the whole are as good as can be expected. The natives are very friendly; the children of above twenty kings and chiefs live in the governor's house, and are training up in religion and civility; coffee and other plantations flourish. The grand thing they want is peace, without which neither their colony nor their trade

can enjoy any degree of security. If it was not for this, he has little doubt but their trade might be considerable. Their coffee is allowed to be as good as the Turkey, and is the spontaneous production of the soil.

The Duchess Dowager of Beaufort and Lady E. Manners came here the other day with the felonious intention of carrying me off, but I was inflexible. I was far more tempted to yield to the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thornton, who have been spending a week in this little cottage, to accompany them on a tour through South and North Wales, but I have so much business upon my hands, that I could not allow myself to think of abandoning my post till winter makes it untenable, especially as I have had an interruption from an ulcerated sore throat, which I neglected till it became rather serious; that is, I neglected it, from fancying the throat was merely nervous and only a symptom, till it grew bad. I am now quite got the better of it, so don't waste any pity upon me, though I could not but smile at the state of human things, for your letter congratulating me on my being so well came at a time when I was in bed, and too ill to read it.

I really wished Sir Charles could have spent last Sunday with Patty and I, not with any of the wits or the Duchesses I have been speaking of, but with really what one ought to consider much better

company. You will think I am become a perfect democrat, when I tell you that this brilliant company was no other than a society of young colliers, who have really more in them than half my acquaintance. When I contemplate the natural good sense, the degree of religious knowledge, the civilized manners, the handsome Sunday clothes of these poor young men, some of them married (and staying all day at school with their children), I could not help thinking there was less disproportion in human conditions, certainly less in human happiness, than we are apt to believe. But then (more democratic still you will say), I could not forbear regretting that more pains were not taken in scouring off the crust from these rough diamonds, and that so many bright ones are left to perish in the mine without being brought to light and usefulness. Really the improvement of this village is the more comfortable, as they live under ground all the week, and only emerge to light and enjoyment on Sundays.

Yours, with true affection,

H. More.

I have been just now much diverted at an address of one of the regiments which says the British Constitution is founded on Reason and Revelation.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE following letter contains an account of the Emperor Napoleon Ist., in his early days, while yet France was a republic.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Bath, 28th December, 1797.

My dear Madam,

Flooded villages and impassable roads have at last driven me, to my great regret, into winter quarters. You can hardly imagine how sorry I was to leave all my poor friends, and how greatly I prefer the society I have quitted, to that I am come to. We are going on so prosperously—everything flourishing and increasing, that nothing short of being accused of suicide by my friends could, I believe, have induced me to leave those interesting scenes for this place. So far, however, from intending to obey the orders of that solemn council held at Teston, Lord President Wilberforce at the head, I have actually pledged myself to take

up next spring two more parishes a little farther off than I have yet migrated—I mean always if I am alive and able, for if I am dead, they will not, I think, be so unreasonable as to expect me to fulfil my promise.

I must not forget to tell you that our little Repository Tracts are translating into Italian, and now circulating through the new Republic. This piece of information I have from my old friend, Georgiana Shipley, who married, you may remember, young Hare, Fox's friend. She is just returned from Bologna, Rome, &c., where she was intimately acquainted with Buonaparte. To you, her communications on this subject would be particularly entertaining, as she speaks from exact personal knowledge. I would wish to transmit to you some of her accounts. In person he is of a small size, sallow and sickly in his countenance, not that sort of look which you expect in a hero, but mild and sentimental; he spits blood, and has weak lungs. In his manners, he is rather distant and reserved, "but," adds Georgiana, in the true spirit of a Republican, "when he speaks, whether it be on the subject of politics, war, business, or religion, he talks like an ——."* In short, she is in raptures with him. They conversed a great deal on the subject of government; he said, "In all

* Word illegible. Ed.

governments never let the mob have any power; above all, take care never to let the *avocats* have any influence, they are the worst of rulers, and produced all the anarchy in France. Let your men of property come forward and protect the property; as they have most interest in the state, they are fittest to defend it." These are, as near as I can recollect, his very words, and I thought it might amuse you to hear the sentiments of so celebrated a man, from one who lately had them from his own mouth. He has no levity, and speaks with reverence of religion, but whether he conceives of it as an essential thing in itself, or whether only as a good political institution, I could not learn.

Pray tell Sir Charles that his friend, Sir Richard Hill, is the very next door to us; he is an amazingly good neighbour, for he finds us in newspapers, franks, game, and such other necessaries of life. He is in poor health, and not able to attend this discussion of taxes; he tells me the new assessment will be about one thousand pounds a year to him; they will, if I mistake not, be something to a certain lady at Teston.

I am afraid these times keep Mr. Wilberforce from the Bath waters, which I am sorry for on his account as well as my own. I am sure you will anticipate the pleasure of his being a father, so doatingly fond as he is of children. But the wise ones say she does not manage herself well, and is

too indolent. We will send her to take a lesson of Mrs. Edwards.

Yours with true affection,
HANNAH MORE.

The following is a letter from the Duke of York to Mr. Morton Pitt, illustrative of the recipient.

THE DUKE OF YORK TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Horse Guards, 12th April, 1798.

Sir,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter and its several enclosures, and to return you many thanks for the suggestions therein contained. I shall take the earliest opportunity of communicating with Mr. Dundas on the subject of the plans you propose relative to soldiers and sailors discharged, as well as on your suggestion respecting the distribution of prize-money between the army and navy.

I am much obliged to you for your very interesting and able report on the coast of Dorsetshire and the accompanying map of the county.

With regard to the treatise on the use of the bayonet, the subject is not unknown to me, and was fully considered, and an experiment made of it some years ago. It was found, however, on trial, to be liable to considerable inconveniences, and it

was therefore not thought advisable to adopt the system.

I have recommended Captain Sweetland to the Barrack-Master-General for an appointment in his Department, and shall be happy if he can be shortly provided for in it.

I am, Sir, yours,
FREDERICK, F.M.,
Commander-in-Chief.

HANNAH MORE TO MRS. BOUVERIE.

Cowslip Green, July 21 [1798.]

My dear Madam,

My two grand anniversaries for the poor women's clubs are over. I think my two routs were equal to Mrs. Walker's, of which you must have heard in London, though mine did not, like hers, cost £400 for strawberries only. We had only about a thousand ladies to tea and cakes, and had the satisfaction of portioning off (in a tiny way) seven virtuous young women, brides—to whom I taught their letters nine years ago, and who have been ever since industrious characters, and either they or their husbands are made teachers. A couple of my young friends from Oxford came down to preach on those galas, and most admirably indeed. Pray tell Sir Charles I am more and more pleased with this little society, which is greatly increasing.

I have had a great many of them down here, and really look to them as the blessings of the rising generation. To-morrow I am going to enter on a rather formidable undertaking. It is a voyage of discovery to explore the state of a country which I am assured is as ignorant and as savage as Africa. It is very populous, and some very rich farmers there, are, as I am assured, professed speculative atheists, yet they are very desirous their poor should be instructed, from hearing the good effects which religion has produced on the industry and frugality of Cheddar and other of our villages. The misfortune is, this place is so distant that if we set up an establishment there, which we propose, we shall not, I fear, be able ever to go and return the same day. But there is no accomplishing considerable objects without some inconvenience, and we must not be too nice.

I am afraid you will think me very presumptuous when I tell you I am embarked in rather a laborious undertaking, and have actually the vanity to be writing a book which is to be called *An Essay on the Present System of Manners and Education of Women of Rank and Fortune.* I saw so much of the shocking way of going on in the short time I was in town, that I *must* acquit myself to my conscience on this momentous subject before I die, if it please God. Dancing and music fill up the whole of life, and every *Miss* of

fashion has *three* dancing, and a still greater number of music masters.

I must tell you of a fine present I have this moment received; two beautiful muslin gowns worked by the Duchess of Glo'ster herself, just fit to wear with my cloak, and a quantity of worsted of her own spinning, for us to knit stockings for the poor. The gowns are so good, I don't know when I shall wear them, but the worsted I can put into immediate requisition. Mr. Wilberforce went down into Yorkshire, to attend his mother's funeral —stayed only one day on account of his wife. I had a long letter from him yesterday.

We have been in great care for Mr. Addington, but he is recovered. Kind remembrances to Sir Charles.

Yours for ever, my dearest Madam,

H. More.

CHAPTER XX.

To return to Lord Gambier. He was a member of the Board of Admiralty from 1795 to 1801, when he was made Vice-Admiral, and appointed third in command of the Channel Fleet, under Admiral Cornwallis. While he presided at the Board of Admiralty, Lord Gambier compiled with much labour a code of signals for the navy; "no regular one, authorized by the Admiralty, having been established since the very imperfect sailing and fighting instructions issued by the Duke of York, afterwards James II."

"In that code Admiral Gambier made a list of the ships of the navy, with numbers against their names—an invention of his own, for the purpose of their making themselves known to each other at sea, and on other occasions—with several improvements in the signals and evolutions. He also drew up the 'General Instructions' for the direction and guidance of officers in the internal discipline of government of the King's ships, with the duty

of every officer clearly pointed out. This was a work greatly needed, as the old instructions had become obsolete, and almost useless, being very deficient and confused."*

The new code introduced by Lord Gambier was adopted in the service, and found very efficient. He made further improvements in it in the year 1815, when he was President of a Committee of Naval Officers, appointed to revise the former Code.

The following letter from Lord Hugh Seymour points to Lord Gambier's fitness for the laborious undertaking in which he was engaged.

LORD HUGH SEYMOUR TO REAR-ADMIRAL GAMBIER.

'Sansparcil,' July 15th, 1798.

My dear James,

I am to thank you for your two letters of the 29th of June and of the 10th inst. which I have lately received, and which I value as marks of your friendship, in the proportion which I know and understand your general disinclination to writing. I am very glad to learn that you have undertaken to arrange a Code of signals which may be used generally in the service, as I have very long thought the want of a set, by which all ships, under every circumstance, might communicate, not only incon-

* Marshall's Naval Biography.

venient, but disgraceful to a profession like ours, which in other respects stands so high by comparison with the other navies of Europe. I shall be very happy to give you my assistance on the subject if you should require it. I formerly liked it very much, and turned my thoughts a great deal to it, but as you have done the same and have had the advantage of referring to many codes which have appeared since that period, the business cannot be placed in better hands than your own.

I am of opinion that Lord Howe's signals, which are now well understood, and much approved by the navy in general, should be as much followed as possible, and I am of opinion that you should not be too sparing of bunting, for, do what you will, every captain will contrive to steal enough of it to furnish himself with a set of flags, such as are now in fashion, and it is surely better economy, as well as more advantageous to the service, that each should have a perfect set allowed him. The number of flags may certainly be reduced, and it is not necessary that captains should be furnished with divisional flags, and many others which are required by admirals, but I think that all signals, when the fleet is formed in line of battle, should be repeated by every ship, and they should be provided accordingly.

I am extremely sorry to find that Lord St. Vincent's selection of officers and ships to employ

against Buonaparte's expedition has given rise to so much real uneasiness among those of the longest standing under his command, and I must admit that they have some reason to be mortified on the occasion. I cannot understand his not having himself gone upon that service, as the importance and magnitude of the object appeared to me worthy of his personal attention, and there were other circumstances belonging to it which I thought would have made it difficult to a mind like his to have resisted such a temptation. The first success of the enemy is a considerable blow in itself against us, from its probable consequences, and affording them such good ports in the quarter where they want them most, will hereafter operate still more against our wishes, and I am now little sanguine about giving them any material check. I have a letter from Sir John Orde on the subject of the general disappointment to which I have alluded, but he has so strongly fixed in his mind that the Admiral is always inventing some new mortification for him, that he places both Curtis's arrival and Nelson's departure from the fleet to that score. I shall answer his letter when I have an opportunity, as the task is not a difficult one to prove, that chance has given rise to these circumstances rather than any plan of ours.

I find by a note which I have just received from Pole, that Gardener's ships are likely to be ready

by the end of the week, when I am sure that we shall be happy to receive them. Lord Bridport will, I am persuaded, be glad that you have cleared up the doubts which he entertained about going into port himself, and I hope that he will equally understand your intentions respecting the 'Sans-pariel's' return to Spithead, when it may become her turn to refit. You know so many of the reasons I have for wishing to go to town, that I need not say that I shall be happy to have an opportunity of doing so, for my mind is uneasy at the state of suspense I have been in so long.

God bless you, my dear James, and do me the justice to believe in the sincere attachment with which I am always your faithful friend,

H. SEYMOUR.

You are very kind about (. . . .) which I feel very sensibly. Pray thank Marsden for the two letters which I have received, and assure him that I will attend to his wishes respecting the sketch of the land he is desirous of having, whenever I have an opportunity of having another made.

In the year 1796, Lord Gambier, being then, as before stated, at the Board of Admiralty, constructed a frigate of 32 guns, called the 'Triton,' of peculiar beauty, and which, upon trial in the command of Sir John Gore and other officers of repute

and judgment, was found to answer admirably in all respects. The 'Triton' appears to have been built by contract, by Messrs. Barnard & Co., who make the following note. "If this ship should answer all the purposes of a man-of-war, of which there is no reason to doubt, the country will be much indebted to Admiral Gambier for this experiment, as she will be built of straighter timber than any ship of her class ever was in this or any other country, a very valuable acquisition at a time when compass [crooked] timber is so very difficult to obtain, so that a twofold purpose will be answered, viz. that of a ship's sailing faster, and being built of a straighter timber than any others have been." The model and drawings of the 'Triton' are in possession of Lord Gambier's nephew, Vice-Admiral Robert Gambier.

Lord Gambier also constructed the 'Plantagenet,' a 74 gun ship. She was launched in October, 1801, at Woolwich. I subjoin the following passage respecting her from the "Naval Chronicle." "On the 23rd, a launch took place from the Dockyard, Woolwich, of a new 74 gun ship, called the 'Plantagenet.' This ship was built upon a plan furnished by Admiral Gambier (when one of the Lords of the Admiralty), and is considered by judges of naval architecture to be of singularly fine mould and exquisite proportion. She is upon a large scale, but without a poop, so that,

at a distance at sea, she may pass for a large frigate.

"The launch took place at half-past one. The ceremony of throwing the bottle and christening her was performed by Commissioner Hartwell, of the Navy Board; and she went off very finely, amidst the huzzas of a vast crowd of admiring spectators."

In July, 1798, Lord Gambier married Louisa, second daughter of Mr. Matthew, of Felix Hall, in Essex.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE remaining letters of 1798 are principally addressed to Mr. Morton Pitt (with the exception of one or two to Sir Charles Middleton).

The first is from the Prince Regent, clashingly discordant with the general aspect of affairs at the period.

FROM THE PRINCE OF WALES, GEORGE IV., TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Carlton House, September 17, 1798.

Sir,

Some time ago, application was made to me by Mr. H. Sturt, through the Earl of Jersey (my Master of the Horse), to know whether I would not give up hunting what is called the Piddletown country, and I signified to him that I had no such intention, but that it should be taken in its regular course, assigning for a reason the supply of foxes it afforded. I am now, therefore, called

upon to make known to yourself, and the gentlemen of that part of the country, Mr. Sturt's conduct in consequence.

He has sent to my huntsman at Critchill (who has thought it his duty to acquaint me with it) a request to be informed of the first day of my hounds going out at Piddletown, declaring his intention of meeting them with his own pack, to mix them together. He at the same time offered him twenty guineas to persuade me to desist from making use of that country. Mr. Sturt has also published a number of hand-bills for catching foxes.

The obliging encouragement I have received from yourself, and all the gentlemen, to bring my hounds into that neighbourhood, justifies me in the fullest confidence that you will take every means to mark the warmest indignation at this unwarrantable behaviour in Mr. Sturt, as it must excite the most pointed resentment in me.

I am, Sir,
Most sincerely yours,
GEORGE, REGENT.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Bath, 10th January.*

My dear Sir Charles,

* * * *

I inclose our improved plan of the Repository, which you will show your friends. We found the hawkers got no less than three hundred per cent. by their vile traffic, and we must meet them on their own ground, or we shall not produce our effect; what now stimulates me more than ever in this business is that halfpenny and penny papers, of the most profane and blasphemous kind, are now sending about. Mr. H. Thornton condescends himself to converse with hawkers, and devotes himself with the warmest zeal to the promotion of our plan. I hope, by God's blessing on our labours, we shall be able in some degree to supplant the vicious publications. I was pleased to find that Lady Howard has bought off and supplanted the old trash at five or six different places; this is striking at the root of the evil.

We have had for a few days the company of Mr. Macaulay,† the Sierra Leone Governor, in the house. He is one of the most humble, enlightened, religious men I ever met with. It is wonderful that this young man, an officer, with few advantages I

* 1798—after Mr. Macaulay's return from Sierra Leone?

† Father of Lord Macaulay.

should suppose, should have made such a proficiency, and be so sensible and judicious. He is but in poor health, yet going back to his station with the spirit of a martyr. The colony flourishes. The mild winter, I hope, is good for Mrs. Bouverie.

With my affectionate regards to Mrs. Edwards,

I am, my dear Sir,

Ever faithfully yours,

H. More.

The following letter was written to Sir Charles Middleton on the death of Mrs. Bouverie.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Cowslip Green, 27th September, 1798.

My dear Charles,

Notwithstanding your first kind letter ought to have prepared me for the sad event there was so much reason to expect, I was exceedingly overcome to find by your second letter, received last night, that all was over, and our dear and incomparable friend so suddenly released from all the sufferings and sorrows of this evil world. It grieved me that I could not immediately express how truly I sympathized with you on this very trying and awful occasion; but I really was too much affected to write, even if there had been any conveyance for my letter, which there was not.

If we could, as we ought to do, divest ourselves of selfish considerations, nothing could be more consoling than your account of the circumstances of her departure. The prayers in which she had joined you the evening before, must always leave an impression of peace and comfort on your heart. The reflection, too, that she was favoured with so easy and gentle a dissolution, so free from pain and suffering, is very consolatory; and when I reflect how much and how constantly she lived in the fear of God, and how conscientiously watchful she was over her thoughts, words, and actions, I conceive that that habitual preparation had fitted her for the awful summons, and that it was in mercy that she was spared the terrors of impending death.

Her views were not the most comfortable. I feel thankful for the faithfulness and sincerity with which I was enabled to bear my strong and constant testimony against some favourite opinions of one I so greatly loved and honoured, though it was particularly painful to me to do it when I considered how exact, correct, and exemplary she was in all her ways. All her doubts, as you say, are now removed, and I doubt not that she is enjoying perfect happiness in the society of her two darling friends.

For my own part, I see every day so much of the wickedness of the world, and meet with so much opposition in my poor endeavours to do a little

good, through the depravity of the worldly clergy; that, together with great fatigue, and almost constant pain, I sometimes look forward with no small satisfaction to the hour of my release.

I heartily pray, my dear friend, you may be supported under this, and all your trials, and that we may have a happy meeting in a better world.

Your very sincerely affectionate,

H. More.

I have reason to be thankful for the rapid sale of my book (on Female Education before mentioned).

I hope you found out that Mrs. Noel was the lady alluded to in the book, as "excelling in music, but excelling also in piety, &c., &c."

I hear a very poor account of Mr. Wilberforce.

I have improved the second edition a good deal, have taken notice of indecent female dress, &c., &c.

The remaining letters of 1798, are three, from the Duke of York, the Adjutant-General, and the Marquis of Buckingham, to Mr. Morton Pitt.

THE DUKE OF YORK TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Horse Guards, 30th January, 1798.

Sir,

I lose no time in acknowledging the receipt of

your letter of the 26th, inclosing a complete copy of your publication on the defence of the Kingdom, for which I beg you will accept my best thanks.

The proceedings that have taken place in Dorsetshire, with respect to putting the Posse comitatus in a state to act on the shortest notice, deserves every commendation, and the measure, if carried into general execution, could not fail of being productive of great advantage at such a period as the present,

I am, Sir, yours,
FREDERICK, F.M.

The following letter, from the Adjutant-General to Mr. Morton Pitt, illustrates, with some others that follow, the state of Ireland at that time.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Horse Guards, 15th October, 1798.

My dear Sir,

Your letter of the second of this month, written from Fermoy Camp, and that from Waterford, demand my best thanks, and certainly deserved an earlier acknowledgment than has been in my power to give them. Your letter, No. 1, I never received. The detail of your movements is very interesting, and your very judicious observations on what is

passing near you, gives a full idea of the state of the wretched country you are acting in. The traits you mention of the zeal shown by the Dorset regiment on different occasions, cannot fail to impress one's mind with the strongest assurances that whenever called upon they will distinguish themselves. Not having had any intelligence of the Brest squadron which sailed from thence on the 16th of last month, certainly destined against Ireland, nor of Sir Borlase Warren, who was sent in pursuit of them, it is concluded that they have been foiled in their object, and that, despairing of getting back to France, they have steered their course to the West Indies, where certainly they may do us infinite mischief; however, if they are kept from Ireland it is a great point gained, as the disaffected there cannot be brought back to their allegiance as long as their hopes rest on foreign aid. Lord Cornwallis's task is indeed an arduous one, and the whole business in Ireland seems to be enveloped in so much perplexity, that there is no calculating in what manner a restoration of order and good government is to be brought about. I myself don't understand the subject sufficiently to judge whether it is to be effected by the measure of a Union, now in contemplation.

Your idea of the expediency of establishing a society in Ireland, similar to that in this country, for bettering the condition of the poor, is certainly

an excellent one, and ought to be adopted. I communicated what you have so properly observed on this head to the Duke of York, who will be very glad to see the abstract of the proceedings of the Society here, which you mention, and most readily acquiesces in his name being added to the list of the Society. At a leisure moment, I will mention His Royal Highness's wishes to your secretary, Mr. Martin, and request of him to add mine to the list also.

In consequence of the several queries you have put, I have endeavoured to inform myself, so as to be able to give correct answers to them, and find the result to be:—that the reinforcement of English regiments lately sent to Ireland receive British pay and the regular allowances borne on the regimental establishment of Great Britain; those, however, which you recite are not of that description. Soldiers in this country do not receive sixpence per diem marching money, they are entitled to their full diet for fourpence, by the Mutiny Act, but the sixpence alluded to is an addition to the inn-keeper and not to the soldier. In Ireland they must be on the same footing in regard to quarters, and the advantages or disadvantages of the mode of lodging and dieting, as the King's other troops in that country. The allowance of eightpence per head for soldiers' wives and children under ten years, is not known to have been extended to those

who have followed their husbands to Ireland, and it is not thought likely that it will be so extended. In respect to an allowance of lodging-money to officers not in barracks, I must refer you for information to the Irish government, as the Irish allowances are not known here. As to stoppages made from soldiers while on board ship, the same is directed by the King's warrant, which regulates the increased pay of troops out of Great Britain, dated the 5th of July, 1797, and credit for it will certainly be required from every corps, without exception, on the passing the accounts of the several regiments at the War Office; but whatever circumstance in the new situation of the regiments before mentioned is thought to bear hard on the officers and soldiers belonging to them should be addressed to the Lord-Lieutenant, who will naturally refer their representations here, when you may rest assured it will undergo a candid investigation. Your observation on the inconvenience arising from the want of a due circulation of specie has been mentioned in a quarter where I trust it will be attended to.

I am at a loss what to say to you about the Hottentot corps; a report on that subject is daily expected from the Cape; but this you may be assured, that no officer is appointed to the command of it, and if such a corps is to be formed,

the interest you take in Colonel King's behalf will not be forgot.

I am, my dear Sir,
With great esteem and regard,
Your obedient and faithful humble servant,
ROBERT BROWNRIGG.

P.S.—Though late, I cannot avoid congratulating you on Lord Nelson's brilliant and important victory.

THE MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Dublin Barracks, November 11th, 1798.

My dear Pitt,

I ought to have answered your obliging letter sooner, but I waited for a letter from my agent respecting our arrears, which I was in hopes to have settled entirely, but which still wait for the declaration of our accounts, and in the meantime we are paid up exactly as you are and no further.

It has been very unfortunate that in the arrangements for the distribution of the British Militia serving in Ireland, care has not, in general, been taken to place them in such quarters as shall lessen the sacrifice which they have made for the public service; but part of this difficulty is to be charged upon the English orders for forming these troops

into distinct brigades, which were not to be changed—the consequence of which is, that three large corps, such as yours, must be very unequally quartered in point of comforts and convenience; and I fear that ultimately the health of these troops will, from the very rapid change in their system of diet and of accommodation, be very sickly even in quarters such as yours, where the duty is not heavy; but in others this important grievance is severely felt, and I know not how it can be obviated.

The British garrison in Dublin has, at this hour, 400 men sick and unfit for duty out of 3,500 men, in consequence of the extreme hard duty which, from the moment of our landing, has never left us the third night in bed, and for a great part of our service we have had but two reliefs. Still, however, we must persevere, unless we can be content to lose Ireland; for I fancy that we are all equally convinced that we alone have hitherto saved it. The very painful part of the consideration at present is the distracted state of this kingdom, so far as depends upon its government and its parliament. I see a tremendous storm gathering, and in the conduct of Lord C——, I see nothing but ignorance and incapacity as a civil governor, and on the part of the Irish, the most sovereign and undisguised contempt and hostility to measures that have abandoned to plunder and murder every

property and life that the banditti of the mountains chose to take in any part of Ireland.

I am not sorry that this has within these few days extended so close upon Dublin as to wake His Excellency from his slumbers, and by the time he is thoroughly awake his Parliament will be assembled, prepared to arouse him sufficiently to prevent his relapse.

All this, my dear Pitt, is most painful to me, who content myself with looking on; never having directly or indirectly departed from my resolution of not meddling with Irish politics.

I cannot see the greatest game that ever was put into the hands or power of Great Britain thrown away by folly, without feeling the most sensible concern, both as an English and Irishman.

However, le vin est tiré, il faut le boire, and I have only to hope that, amongst your imports from Waterford, you contrive to get some wine to mix with your water.

Adieu, believe me, ever most truly,

NUGENT BUCKINGHAM.

You will have heard that Tone cut his throat this morning; he will, however, live to be hanged. But William Curran has moved a Habeas Corpus, which the Court of His Excellency has granted, but which

is not obeyed. Lord Cornwallis's orders are that he is to be hanged to-morrow.

LORD CLARE TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Dublin, May 9th, 1799.

My dear Sir,

I have to regret your sudden departure from town for many reasons, and for none more strongly than that I was deprived of the opportunity of communicating with you on a subject in which I feel much interested. The miseries of the lower orders of the people in this country must shock every man of common humanity; and until they are alleviated, it is vain to hope for permanent tranquillity. I shall be happy to co-operate with the Speaker in every question which can be made for this most desirable purpose, and will very thankfully receive every communication which you will have the goodness to make to me, which will tend to its accomplishment.

I have the honour to be, my dear Sir,

With great respect,

Your faithful, humble servant,

CLARE.

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Horse Guards, 5th May, 1799.

My dear Sir,

I have many thanks to make you for your letter of the 19th of last month, in which you so clearly and satisfactorily represent the state of Ireland at that period, and as it also fully explained the disposition and expectation of the Dorset regiment, in regard to their continuance in Ireland, I availed myself of your permission to communicate your letter to the Duke of York; and I am authorized to say that it is among those of the regiments of English Militia intended to be relieved at Midsummer, subject, however, to a longer stay, should circumstances at that time make it absolutely necessary. This of course is thoroughly understood by the corps, and nothing short of the landing of a French army can cause your being detained. The French fleet being now at sea, and their destination doubtful, we are naturally full of anxiety for Ireland; the prevailing opinion, however, is, that their object is to enable the Cadiz fleet to form a junction with them, and thus combined to endeavour to retrieve their affairs in Italy by oversetting our naval force in the Mediterranean. A few days will now clear up this point.

The Austrians and Russians are making rapid

strides in Italy; the latter, on the 18th last month. were advanced to Cremona and Bologna. The French had thrown 15000 men in Mantua, and 5000 in Peschiera, after which the remainder of their army retreated across the Adda, and entrenched themselves at Lodi and Cassano. The extreme illness of the Archduke Charles had obliged him to resign the command of his army, for the moment, into the hands of his brother, the Archduke Joseph. The French had retreated out of the Tyrol and Grissons, and were combining their force in Switzerland. Should the enemy make good a landing in Ireland, I hope at your leisure moments you will favour me with a detail of your operations. I truly wish you safety and success,

And am, my dear Sir,
Your faithful, humble servant,
ROBERT BROWNRIGG.

The following letter from Lord Hugh Seymour may be acceptable as another illustration of the strong personal attachment inspired by Lord Gambier in his brother officers.

LORD HUGH SEYMOUR TO REAR-ADMIRAL GAMBIER.

'Sanspareil,' May 29th, 1799.

My dearest James,

I regret most sincerely that I was deprived of

the pleasure of seeing you before I left town, as I wished much to shake you by the hand; and in saying God bless you, to assure you once more in person of the sincere attachment which I bear you, and which it is one of my greatest comforts to believe is returned as fully on your part.

I have just received my orders to move to St. Helen's, which has given me great pleasure, as I am led to hope that it is a step to my getting away single, and it will at any rate enable me to get to rights, which is at present far from being the case, for, in compliance with the wish at the Navy Board, we are still receiving stores, though we have on board more than 100 tons beyond our proper quantity. The ship, however, bears it well, her ports being 5 feet 2 inches out of the water amidships. Lord Spencer, when I last saw him, thought it likely that we should have moved from hence with the Russians; but since I have seen them and learnt from themselves how ill they sail, I rejoice at the prospect of being clear of them, and indeed, since they have succeeded in their wish of changing all their galleys, I think that they are little likely to move from hence for a very long time to come.

God bless you, my dear James, remember me kindly to Mrs. G——, and believe me always,

Your sincerely attached friend,

(Signed) H. Seymour.

LORD HUGH SEYMOUR TO LORD GAMBIER.

'Sanspareil,' off the Lizard, 1799.

I thank you, my dearest James, for your very obliging letter of the 9th inst., which I received two days ago, and for the information which it contained respecting the arrangements you have lately made.

These, as you desire, shall remain secret with me until you authorize me to disclose them; though I take it for granted that the world is by this time in possession of what affects so large a number of our profession, the individuals of which do not possess beyond the rest of mankind the power of concealing what raises their consequence in the world.

I must acknowledge that I am much pleased with the generality of your plans, and a letter which I wrote to Lord Spencer will convince you that I am quite satisfied with the part of it which relates to myself, particularly as it appears to me capable of admitting at the same time of my being placed in fortune's way to the extent which your friendship and his made you wish should be the case, and that would gratify me in one of the first wishes of my heart, my seeing my wife, Lady Horatio, before I proceeded to the West Indies.

My dear James, let me hear from you now and then when you have leisure to write a few lines, and

believe always in the sincere regards and affection with which I am your attached friend.

(Signed) H. SEYMOUR.

I thought last night that the wind would have carried us into Torbay, but the weather is now moderate, and promises so well that I hope I shall be upon my rendezvous in the course of to-morrow.

A letter from Lady Spencer mentions in a few pleasant words events passing then in Italy.

LADY SPENCER TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Admiralty, May 30th, 1799.

My dear Mr. Pitt,

I am so strongly urged by those of whom I have the best opinion to trouble you on the subject of this letter, that I cannot resist their intercession; and I am pretty sure the motives which have induced them and myself to apply to you in favour of Mr. Robert James, jun., will find favour from you. They are as pure and disinterested as they can be—and the good of an honest and worthy character is all we have in view. I am so afraid of puzzling the case by stating it myself, that I think it most advisable to enclose you that statement which I received myself from the Harrisons, who

together constitute Lord Spencer's right hand, and on whose integrity and *lack of job* I should rely upon much more than my own.

What say you to the Neapolitan Royal colours flying on the Fort of Castellamare? General Macdonald evacuated Naples on the 25th inst., and I suppose was soon after swallowed and digested by Suvarrow.

All the Jacobins of Naples got into the Castle of St. Elmo, along with five hundred devoted French left there by Macdonald, and Lord Nelson in his letter received here this morning, after stating these particulars, and relating the capture of Salerno by Trowbridge, concludes by saying that in ten days from the date of his letter, the 30th of April, he has no doubt but that the King will be safely and joyfully received at Naples. What eventful times are these! how strangely fertile in improbable, almost impossible occurrences! Who would have foreseen, amongst other matters, that a warrior-cardinal, Cardinal Ruffo, should go on board an English man-of-war to consult with the captain of it, Captain Trowbridge, upon what was to be done in the warlike operations jointly carried on by them. Altogether, such a jumble is made in my brain of the events of this topsy-turvy world, that I am left without one clear idea. As for the Brest fleet, you'll not have to fight it; we suppose it is pretty certainly gone into the Mediterranean, and

Lord St. Vincent tacked to its tail. God bless you, my dear Mr. Pitt.

Believe me, ever faithfully yours,

LAVINIA SPENCER.

FROM THE EARL OF EUSTON* TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Newry, June 7th, 1799.

Dear Pitt,

This second trip across the Channel not having brought us nearer each other, the old Dorset and little Suffolk, will, I fear, scarcely renew their acquaintance this year, as we have received notice to prepare for embarcation, and our destination in England is quite at the extremity of the eastern district.

If the accounts in the Paris papers of the 24th ult. are true, which I conclude they are, as Government seems to be acting upon them, this country is freed from even threats of invasion for some months to come; and as I understand the Unionists are gaining strength daily by the temperate manner in which Government proceed upon this subject, I can't help thinking, for the first time, that a glimmering of light is appearing through the dreadful gloom that has so long overspread this wretched country.

The miserable, unprovided, and unprotected state of the poor must have excited your astonish-

* Afterwards Duke of Grafton.

ment, and worked your keener feelings upon this subject than we most of us possess.

Acts of outrage from the lower orders will follow imperiousness and oppression from those above them, therefore disorder must prevail here till the interests of the two countries become the same, and through the intimacy of the connection, a spirit of charity to the poor, and justice and civility to inferiors, shall diffuse itself among the people of property, and most especially the middle orders.

I find myself preaching, but I know you can make allowance for most human infirmities, and a greater weakness can scarcely be found than that of a man's filling near half a sheet of paper on a serious subject that he has never thought of sufficiently to write upon.

We reached this place to-day, from whence the Oxford are marched to our old quarters at Dundalk. It will give you pleasure to hear that the men have conducted themselves extremely well throughout, but most particularly so since they were relanded at Dublin, by understanding, without any fuss or haranguing, the ground upon which they were detained in this country.

Remember me kindly to our friend, George Pitt,* and let me hear, when you have no better employment, some account of your goings on.

* George Pitt, afterwards Lord Rivers.

As I don't know where your regiment is, I shall desire Colonel Littlehales to forward this letter to you. God bless you; believe me sincerely yours,

EUSTON.

Harland desires to be kindly remembered to you.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Cowslip Green, 30th August [1799].

My dear Sir Charles,

At length I am returned to my little habitation, after many successive attacks of dangerous sickness. My friends very earnestly dissuaded me from resuming my village labours, but I trust I am in the way of my duty, and that thought will render pain more tolerable. I have gone through one Sunday, but find the worst part of my complaint is that it makes all exertion very painful. I suffered so much from the idea that Patty was working herself to death to supply my lack of service, that I could not be restrained any longer from coming home, though the distressful state of two of my sisters is extremely depressing to my spirits. One has a kind of paralytic attack, with a grievous dejection, and has had a nurse and physician many months. This has made our

little cheerful cottage very dismal; my sisters have not been able to see any company the whole summer, and we have not even had a bell rung in the house. Lady Waldegrave and her daughter were to have spent part of this month with us, and it was with much regret I was obliged to put her off. If my sister does not mend, I fear I shall not be able to receive our friend Wilberforce, or even you; this last would grieve me excessively, should you really be disposed to realize your kind intentions in our favour. Pray let me know if there is the least chance of your coming, and I will hope to the last that things here may still enable us to receive you, as 'tis a pleasure we have long looked for.

I have some little idea I could be able to spare you a master of your own, if all things should be found to suit. He is a capital man, but I will tell you how things stand—his faults and his good qualities. He is about thirty-five years old, of a remarkable good appearance and conversation, very good sense and ready elocution, and has talents very useful among the poor. He was in trade, but failed for want of a capital. His wife is a pretty pleasing person, but alas! they have three or four children, the eldest of whom is fit to go out apprentice, the others little. He has great zeal and activity, has been a preacher in Mr. Wesley's connexion, and this very circumstance raises him

much persecution where he is; it is our new large parish, where they would prefer a Mahometan to a Methodist. If I lived in the same parish and had a constant eye over him, he would be exactly the thing, and we could restrain the earnestness of his zeal, which is the only fault laid to his charge. His morals seem to be unexceptionable; he is capable of a large undertaking, but he expects to be well paid, and is not satisfied with a good house and £35 a year, which I give him, with liberty to teach a few boys and girls of the farmers to write and cipher, for which they pay him. If you had a room large enough, he is capable, besides a Sunday and Weekly School, of instructing the grown-up people in the evening; but you or Mr. Kennedy should attend, or Mrs. Kennedy; with us he reads a sermon, prayer, and sings to 200 elderly people of a Sunday night. You might perhaps attract the neighbouring parishes, as your own is small. He has not the least idea of being removed, nor am I sure he would consent to it. But if I can spare him, and it be made worth his while, he might consent. Could you find him some employment under your steward to keep accounts, or write? This might a little mend his income; for both he and his wife, having been used to better life, like to be very neat, and better dressed than the salary we give allows. He has been expensive to us, as I paid

off some little debts in order to secure his services. They are certainly quite superior people for the station, but whether you have work enough for him to do to enter into so expensive a scheme, you must judge. He is very industrious, and having been used to business as a clerk, could make himself useful; he has great health and strength. Pray weigh the thing well, and let me know the result. For a mere little village schoolmaster, he is too clever, and it would not fill up his time. His fault is ambition, but it is the ambition to preach and to reform, which, though a good fault, I am obliged to check.

Mr. Serle's son, who is in this neighbourhood, spent the day with us yesterday. He is a most engaging youth, and a general favourite.

You will be glad to hear the sixth edition of my book is called for, before I have been able to get a copy of the fifth.

Our schools and meetings are too prosperous not to have many enemies, especially among the worldly clergy. We have this year more opposition than ever, which I hope may serve to check in us that presumption which is the too common result of success. New schemes and new openings are every day presenting themselves to us, but bodily health and strength are among our many other defects. Our circle is enlarged, and we have sometimes thirty miles a day to travel.

I hear with much concern of Mrs. Noel's indisposition, and with much interest of the prosperity of her young ones.

My sisters, especially Patty, desire their best remembrances.

And believe me,

Very sincerely and faithfully yours,

H. More.

I am not used to write such long letters, indeed I am seldom able to answer those I get; but the subject of this required explaining.

CHAPTER XXII.

Of the year 1801, there are two letters to Lord Gambier from the Marquis de Chabert, respecting whom, as not publicly known, a word of explanation may not be amiss. He had been a French Admiral under the old régime; and his individual qualities were a kind of ex-parte argument in favour of that untenable fabric. His intimacy with Lord Gambier originated in a curious, almost novel-like manner. The latter, when a midshipman, being taken prisoner by the French—the Marquis de Chabert, who commanded the enemy's squadron, treated him with a degree of personal kindness not to be forgotten. Twenty years later, when the great revolution violently swept almost every existing thing into the domain of history, the ex-admiral came to England as an emigrant, and the ex-midshipman returned with interest his former kindness.

Exile, with its attendant train of unaccustomed privations, brought out in harmonious combination

the fine qualities of the old Marquis. Manly to resist and patient to endure the pressure of personally undeserved adversity — bearing his trials with dignified self-reliance and Christian-like courtesy, yet accepting the deserved good offices of friendship with unexacting and grateful acknowledgment—his individual case stood forth before those who knew him a special plea for legitimacy.

THE MARQUIS DE CHABERT TO LORD GAMBIER.

A Londres le 23 Mai, 1801.

Mon cher amiral et digne ami,

Je suis bien touché de la bonté que vous avez eu de me donner personnellement de vos nouvelles par votre lettre du 24 Avril, quoique je fusse exact à en demander, soit à Madame votre épouse ou à Monsieur votre frère. Je vous prie de me rendre la justice de croire que je vous aurois prévenu, si celle que j'ai reçue de ma famille peu de jours après votre départ m'avoit donné le moindre sujet de satisfaction pour vous en informer, sachant combien votre tendre amitié pour moi vous le fait désirer. Mais les choses étoient toujours dans le même état, c'est-à-dire de continuation d'espérance et de vaine attente de succès.

Mais je me plais à croire que bientôt il n'en sera pas le même pour ce que je désire rélativement à vous, et que les succès notables au Nord et à

l'Orient donneront lieu à l'heureux événement qui, en vous délivrant des coups de vent et des grosses mers, vous ramenera au bonheur de vivre auprès de ce qui vous est cher, et à la vue d'un ami qui a le plus grand besoin de votre présence pour la consolation.

Si je ne craignois de vous inspirer de la jalousie, je vous dirois que, pour diminuer pendant quelques heures ma peine de votre absence, votre aimable épouse se trouvant un jour réunie avec ses deux sœurs et votre frère, a bien voulu leur joindre votre vieil ami à diner, pour lui faire partager leur plaisir de boire à votre chère santé.

L'Amiral Cornish a voulu aussi me procurer cette satisfaction avec les mêmes convives, mais malheureusement c'était un Jeudi, qui comme vous le savez est le jour de réunion des deux aveugles.

Notre bon ami Chaussegros et M. de Bossel sont bien sensibles à l'honneur de votre souvenir; vous devinez assez, sans que je vous le dise, tout ce que le premier s'empresse de faire à son ordinaire pour mon soulagement, et je ne dois pas me lasser de vous répéter combien vous continuez vous même d'y contribuer quoiqu' absent, notamment par le bon et sensuel repos que vous m'avez si obligeamment procuré, avec des soins que je n'oublierai jamais, et dont, par conséquent, c'est avec toute raison que je vous en renouvelle, comme je le fais chaque soir, en esprit mes remercimens.

J'espère, mon cher amiral, que cette sensibilité et ce discernement de l'étendue et de la délicatesse de vos procédés à mon égard, vous feront juger à quel point je suis aussi votre fidèle ami,

LE MARQUIS DE CHABERT.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

43, Newman Street, le 8 Octobre, 1801.

Mon cher amiral et digne ami,

Depuis que j'ai répondue à la charmante lettre, que vous me fîtes l'amitié de m'écrire peu après votre départ, je me suis contenté de demander avec empressement de vos nouvelles, soit à Monsieur votre frère, soit à Madame votre épouse, parce que je n'avois rien à vous mander que votre amitié pour moi put vous faire trouver intéressant. Mais la peine que je craignois de partager avec Madame à la plus longue continuation de votre absence, cessant par la bonne nouvelle de la paix, je me hâte de vous témoigner toute ma joye de m'être trompé, et d'avoir au contraire l'heureuse certitude de bonheur de vous revoir bientôt, et d'être à portée d'ouvrir de nouveau mon cœur à mon digne ami. En attendant, vous saurez que l'établissement projeté dont je vous avois fait part, a été malheureusement différé par l'obligation forcée où l'homme s'est trouvé d'aller remplir une commission que l'on supposoit avant la paix devoir durer cinq à six ans; il faut espérer qu'à présent le terme ne sera

pas long. Dieu le veuille. D'ailleurs l'on ne m'a rien mandé sur ce qui pourroit me regarder personnellement. Je dois vous dire encore, que mes amis ont saisi uni heureuse occasion pour me procurer un nouveau conducteur, qui par ses soins me fait oublier tous les torts de son prédécesseur.

Je ne vous dirai rien de notre ami Chaussegros, parce qu'il veut que je lui cède la plume pour avoir le plaisir de vous renouveler lui-même ses sentimens. M. de Bossel m'a bien recommandé de vous présenter ses respects; sa reconnoissance de vos bontés est toujours plus vive, et je ne saurois trop vous répéter combien il les mérite. Adieu pour cette fois, mon cher amiral, vous savez assez à quel point je suis de cœur et d'âme.

Votre tendre et fidèle ami,

Le Marquis de Chabert.

Le cher Marquis, veut bien me permettre d'exprimer à Monsieur l'amiral toute la joye que je ressens sur l'heureux événement qui va le ramener auprès d'une famille chérie et des amis dont il fait le bonheur.

A LETTER FROM THE MARQUIS DE CHABERT, 1802.

Mon cher amiral et digne ami,

Ma femme, et ma fille, connoissant ma triste situation, a, sans me consulter, fait expédier et

envoyer ici dans les premiers jours de Décembre toutes les pièces nécessaires pour me faire rentrer avec toute sûreté et recevoir auprès d'elles leurs soins affectueux, seuls propres à soulager le poids de mes infirmités.

Au moment ou j'allais vous en faire part, j'en ai été empêché par une fièvre bilieuse, ainsi que vous l'aurez appris par Madame Gambier qui j'avais fait prier par mon ami Chaussegros de vous le mander, en attendant que je peux le moi-même, ou que le traité definitif vous eut fait revenir à Londres avant mon départ.

Je dois aux soins du cher Doctor Blanc mon rétablissement. J'ai vu dans cette occasion avec sensibilité qu'il a eu pour moi les mêmes soins que dans ma maladie précédente, et que toute votre famille en général et chacun en particulier se sont empressés de m'envoyer tout ce qu'ils ont cru pouvoir contribuer à mon rétablissement, mais la rigueur de la saison a prolongé jusqu'à présent ma convalescence, et quoique très faible encore, je compte cependant d'entreprendre mon voyage dans un couple de jours ayant été assez heureux de trouver un galant homme qui, touché de mon état, veut bien se charger de me conduire à petites journées. Car vous saurez, mon cher amiral, que pour comble de malheur, j'ai perdu le peu de veu qui me restait ; ce que me met à la merci du premier venu. Juges d'apres celà, mon bon ami, si je dois

balançer à me rendre aux vives solicitations de tout ce que j'ai de plus cher dans ce monde, malgré la détresse ou je sais qu'elles sont et que je ne puis qu'augmenter.

Mais il faut espérer que la providence me fera retrouver quelques débris de fortune qui puissent remplaçer le secours que je reçevais ici de votre bienfaisante nation.

Il ne me reste plus, mon cher amiral et digne ami, qu'à vous assurer que je n'oublerai jamais les témoignages non équivoques de votre amitié, et de toute ce que votre bon cœur vous a porté à faire pour moi. Je serais bien heureux, si avant la fin de mes jours, ma femme, ma fille, et moi pouvions avoir le plaisir de vous voir à Paris—où malgré notre détresse, nous ferions de bon cœur tout ce qu'il seroit en notre pouvoir—une assurance que ma femme et ma fille me chargent de vous en donner, et à tout ce qui vous appartient ou intéresse.

Adieu, mon cher amiral et digne ami, conservez moi un peu dans votre souvenir, et soyez bien persuadé de toute l'estime et de l'amitié que vous conservera,

LE MARQUIS DE CHABERT.

P.S.—Mon digne et très méritant ami Chaussegros veut bien se charger de remettre à Madame Gambier les meubles et effets dont vous m'avez si

généreusement donné la jouissance, et auxquels j'ai mis le plus grand prix. Vous savez que cet ami, par la place qu'il occupait à Toulon—il ne peut, ni ne veut, retourner dans sa patrie—je vous prie, mon cher Amiral et digne ami, de l'en dédommager en lui continuant votre estime, à laquelle vous savez depuis longtemps qu'il a des droits.

P.P.S.—Monsieur de Chaussegros, en annonçant à Monsieur l'Amiral que leur ami commun est parti le 23, au soir, pour Douvres, le prie d'agréer l'assurance de son respectueux attachement, en attendant le jour heureux ou le traité définitif de la paix pourra lui procurer la satisfaction de le voir à Londres.*

Two letters of 1801, to Sir Charles Middleton are from Patty More.

MARTHA MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Bath, January 12th, 1801

My dear Sir,

I have delayed writing from day to day, hoping my sister Hannah would be able at last to write to you herself, but the prospect seems farther off than ever, and therefore I have formed my resolution of telling you how we go on, knowing from

* It will doubtless interest the reader to know that the Marquis was subsequently restored to his titles and honours.

long experience you are interested about us. The long dry season in the summer agreed remarkably well with my sister Hannah, and we were in hopes she would get strength sufficient to subdue the complaint she laboured under at your house; but alas! the long damp autumn succeeded, and completely overturned all the good produced by the warm weather. She does not write much at present, and till she is a little stronger her friends are so good to content themselves with hearing from me.

If you have seen much of our mutual friends in town, you have probably heard something, or perhaps a good deal, of our persecutions from a democratic Socinian Curate of the Church of England, who lives in the parish where we had one of our finest and most prosperous schemes. I scarcely know how, in the compass of a sheet of paper, to give you an idea of our sufferings and trials, nor of the unaccountable conduct of this son of Belial. Our master there is a most industrious, enlightened man, and has a very uncommon talent in instructing the lower orders of people, and had been uncommonly successful in this village. The Curate grew jealous of this man's success—the parish having been in a deplorable state of wickedness when we went into it. This very success we suspect produced the first seeds of envy. About a year ago he began to preach something very like

Socinianism, which raised a considerable talk in the country. We find he has laid a very deep plot to undermine all our schools, that they might fall at nearly the same moment. The first opening was by a letter when we were with you in the spring, and I think we mentioned it. On our return in the country, we found this particular school of Blagdon most flourishing, orderly, and peaceable, with their inveterate Curate behaving more like a *fiend* than a *Christian!* We went on for some months performing all our regular teachings there, as though the thunder was not rolling nearer and nearer. At length he [Mr. Beer] attacked our poor master's character, by getting some of the worst and lying people in his parish to swear absurd enthusiastic things against poor Young, the name of our master. Sir A. Elton, the leading character and most important magistrate in this part of the world, as well as our warm friend, was roused at this, and insisted upon his bringing all the witnesses forward, that Young might confront them, and bring people on his part to clear his fame. Sir A. was to go and protect Young, and Beer, as a justice, was to defend his own side; but what was Sir A's astonishment, when he arrived at the ale-house appointed by Beer for the business, to find he had collected all the decent laymen around us who are decided enemies to us and our schools, together with a few of the clergy

who have no taste for us. Such a scene passed, I cannot describe, of perseverance, zeal, and eloquence on the part of Sir A., and of impertinent officiousness on the part of these lay gentry, who had the impudence to form themselves into a jury, and had a chairman, and affected to condemn Young, our most excellent schoolmaster. The deep and diabolical conduct of Beer this day exceeds all credibility, nor can I give you any idea of it till we meet. When the whole was over, he had his emissaries ready to ring the bells, and had his little ale-house, where this court was held, illuminated. This business has destroyed us all, particularly my poor sister Hannah. In this way we have spent the last five months, but now observe the compensation. Beer's deep plots are at length unravelling; the country is in an uproar, and all against Beer.

I forgot to tell you we were obliged to put an end to the school about six weeks ago, and it was my lot to turn adrift upon the wicked world four hundred creatures, young and old. Conceive our astonishment only yesterday; the obstinate rector came, perfectly convinced of Beer's wickedness, and imploring us to open the school again. This was indeed truly gratifying; but we refused on account of his curate's Socinian principles—that what he taught at church we should unteach at school. This is the present state. My paper

would not allow me to tell you one quarter of our troubles. All our other schools *very* flourishing. I long to hear of yours. With our united regards,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Your ever obliged,

MARTHA MORE.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bath, February 9th, 1801.

My dear Sir,

As I sent you a long detail of our miseries, so I think it incumbent on me to gratify your kind feelings towards us, by informing you without delay of the favourable revolution in our affairs. The dark character of our persecuting curate is brought to light, his rector's eyes completely opened; and at the earnest entreaty of the said rector, I was at Blagdon a fortnight ago; restored our excellent master to his former situation, re-opened the school, and left everything in a most peaceable, comfortable manner. I am not going to end here. Our bishop and his son, the Chancellor of the Diocese, are both fully convinced of the base conduct and heretical preaching of this worthless clergyman, and the bishop has sent an order to have him dismissed. If we wished for a triumph, my dear Sir, we have it most completely; and the religious clergy and others of our friends,

are pouring in their kind congratulations upon us.

The joy of the poor people was so great when the news arrived that we were coming amongst them again, that we were obliged to get the principal gentleman there to call at the farmers' houses, to request there might be no appearance of joy or triumph exhibited in any part of the parish. On Sunday, the 25th, I went down, having desired the children all to be collected, and all to be done quietly, but to proceed to no business till I arrived, that the enemies might not say the deposed master got the children together and taught them of his own accord. When I arrived, near two hundred decent, clean creatures were collected together in the greatest order, including our young men and women, who, thank God, were not decoyed away. All was quiet, solemn, orderly, and indeed I may add very affecting. I proceeded to the first and important part of the business, namely, prayer. When that was over, I exhorted them, to the utmost of my poor abilities, upon the *loss* and *restoration* of the school; they were much affected. Many of the farmers came in to express their gratitude and joy. I impressed upon them the propriety of quiet, and that the best way to rejoice was upon their knees; they promised fair, and they fulfilled what they engaged to perform.

The evening was the moment to be dreaded, in

case of any indecent triumph over our enemies. The house was crowded in every part—not a spare inch to put a foot upon; men stood in rows all up the stairs; but so much decency and unaffected appearance of order and religion I scarcely ever beheld. Their fear of doing wrong or giving offence was so great that they seemed afraid to breathe aloud. I read them a sermon and prayer, and a little written address for the occasion, and they departed in the same quiet manner; and thus ends for the present our little Blagdon adventures. I hope you will not think me tedious, but I thought you would be interested for us. You will also rejoice to hear all our other schools are going on uncommonly well. My sister Hannah has had but a sad winter, the same complaint she was troubled with when at your house; she is rather better just now, and sometimes talks of the probability of visiting Teston. She desires me to add her most affectionate regards, and believe me, my dear Sir,

Your faithful and obliged

MARTHA MORE.

Two letters follow from Hannah More to Sir Charles Middleton, and one from Mr. Wilberforce to Mr. Morton Pitt—all of 1803.

HANNAH MORE TO SIR CHARLES MIDDLETON.

Barleywood, 7th April [1803].

My dear Sir Charles,

I seize the first moment I have been able to hold a pen for a good while, to thank you for your kind letter. It found me with *five others* of our family ill in bed, where we have been ever since. *I* feel much better to-day, but all are still great invalids. This epidemic is indeed a most trying complaint, and it pulls one down so sadly, that I should not have written till I was stouter, were it not that I was afraid you might, by expecting me and my sister Patty at Teston, be kept at an uncertainty. I have reproached myself that my reluctance to write made me so long delay telling you that we had resolved, for this year, to decline the very great pleasure of the Teston visit, which for such a great number of years has been productive of so much pleasure and comfort to me.

I know well how peaceful and quiet we should be with you, but we could not come to Teston without going to London, &c., and I have suffered so much from an incessant persecution *three years* this very day, that I have no great appetite for mixing with the world, but think I shall be better with my own quiet occupations at home, where, till this new illness, gardening has been a very interesting amusement to me. It is a very real con-

cern to me to hear so bad an account of Mrs. Noel. I fervently pray that it may please God to restore her valuable health, and long preserve her a blessing to her fine family. It would have been a great pleasure to us to have met her. I know few characters so really important or valuable. I have just heard of the death of our old friend Mr. Lewesley. He was one of the most singular characters I ever knew, but unquestionably devout. My friends are falling around me.

I have been now long inured to the blackest calumnies, and it has pleased God to give me great submission to His will. Murder, treason, and prostitution are among the crimes laid to my charge. You will not wonder at my profound silence to such allegations. It is my principle never to defend myself. My accusers are notorious Jacobins and Infidels; yet they are defended by the Anti-Jacobin Review, which little suspects what characters it is supporting. I wrote to my *own Bishop*, offering to withdraw my schools, as he is the only person to whom I think myself accountable. His Lordship, so far from desiring it, takes the schools under his protection, and has promised to shew them every encouragement in his power. My enemies' characters and motives are now well known in this neighbourhood. One of them is under a prosecution for a libel against the Member for Wells, who did not bear defamation

quite so tamely as I have done. I certainly can have no objection to *your* having a copy of my letter to Mr. Bowdler, though I forbid their being multiplied, lest it should by some accident get into print. And I have solemnly declared I would never make any answer. Unluckily I have not any perfect copy, nor am I able to transcribe it if I had. Should you see our friend who showed it you, he would perhaps lend it to you for the purpose you wish, otherwise I will try to make it out for you if I can.

Poor Young, my schoolmaster, who was threatened with a prison at Blagdon, has, in Ireland, had the Lord-Lieutenant to visit his schools, who expressed the highest approbation. His Excellency gave premiums to the boys, as did Lady Hardwicke to the girls.

You will give me a great satisfaction when you can send me better news of Mrs. Noel. I am glad to hear a good account of Louisa even from strangers.

I am too much fatigued to enter on the terrible subject of war, which may God avert. Patty is very poorly, but joins in kindest remembrances with, My dear Sir Charles,

Your very affectionate and sincere

H. More.

P.S.—Teston, I hear, is quite perfect. It would have been a great pleasure to me to have seen it.

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Cheltenham, May 26, 1803.

My dear Sir Charles,

Your kind letter, including a draft for £20 for my schools, would have been acknowledged immediately, had I not been anxiously waiting to get some further tidings of Mrs Noel, about whom I have felt very great solicitude; but I have never been able to hear anything about her since, except by a letter from Mr. W. Hoare from Mitcham; a letter which very much contributed to increase my concern, as it spoke of her being arrived at Clifton, but too much indisposed to be able to see any of her friends.

We hope we shall be allowed to return to Barleywood in about a fortnight, and I pray I may get better intelligence respecting Mrs. Noel, in whose most valuable and important life I feel deeply interested. Patty joins me in most affectionate regard.

I am, my dear Sir Charles,
Yours very faithfully and sincerely,
H. More.

MR. WILBERFORCE TO MR. MORTON PITT.

Near Bath, September 7th, 1803.

My dear Morton,

Dosed me, do you call it?—you really do your

composition great injustice by comparing it with Mr. Apothecary's—at least it never has been my good fortune, though few men of my standing have taken more medicine than myself, to find any of their drugs so palatable.

You really have gratified me highly—not merely by the proof which your letter affords of my holding a place in your friendly remembrance, which it is a pleasure to me to think that I possess, but by the good sense of your suggestions, which it is no compliment to you to say, discovers a large view of things, and mature combination and reflection.

It is to be regretted, my dear Morton, that you will suffer, or rather you have suffered, a constitutional shyness to grow upon you, so as to prevent your giving expression to your sentiments, where they could not but be listened to by all men of sense with deference, both on account of their own intrinsic merits, and the character of the speaker. This remark is forced from me by your very interesting letter.

I will take care to communicate to Mr. Stephen the hint you have thrown out, and enforce it by my own recommendation.

Nothing can be more just than your ideas concerning the true feeling of this country with regard to St. Domingo. I have not time to enlarge on them in reply, as, if I were to do so, I should only, I am persuaded, express what your own mind

suggests to you. I have just come to this place, a sweetly situated villa about three miles from Bath, where I shall drink the waters and live as quietly as possible.

Several late attacks of my constitutional complaint remind me of the necessity of thus going into dock, and I only regret my absence from Broomfield, because it will prevent my seeing you, for I fear it is too much to expect you to take a journey into the west, and it is the only drawback from the comforts of this situation (though it has its advantages too, as my friends and physicians say, who accuse me of being too fond of society) that I cannot offer you a bed. But I hope we shall have, before it be very long, an opportunity of talking over the interesting topics of your letter; and in the meantime, after having paid off an arrear of letters and business, which has accumulated in my hands from indisposition, &c., &c., I shall thoroughly consider them in all their bearings. But let me beg you to write to Addington what you have said to me concerning St. Domingo. Of course hinting that I advised you to do so, would be the only way to make him reject your letter and its excellent and deep advice.

You can scarcely conceive how rejoiced I am to get to a little retirement, and how necessary and salutary it is both to my mind and body. It is the grand object of every Christian to set his affections

on things above—to live under a strong impression of the reality of future and invisible things; and we are all apt to have these impressions weakened by living much in the world, in the hurry and turmoil of business, however usefully employed; not that we are to quit these and retire into the cloister, but occasional intervals of retirement are the medicine of the mind to them who are commanded to keep their hearts with all diligence. Mine is in urgent want of this salutary prescription. My children's dinner comes in, and puts an end to my lucubrations. For the present farewell.

You will gratify me highly by continuing your communication of any of your cogitations.

Believe me ever affectionately yours,

W. WILBERFORCE.

END OF VOL. I.

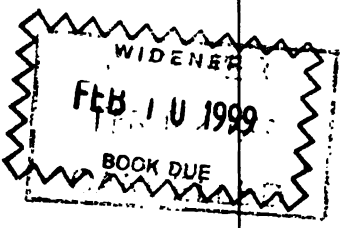
LONDON:
Printed by A. Schulze, 13, Poland Street.

25. Hillis to Naval Chronicles ought to be in the second volume.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.



44 004 334 884